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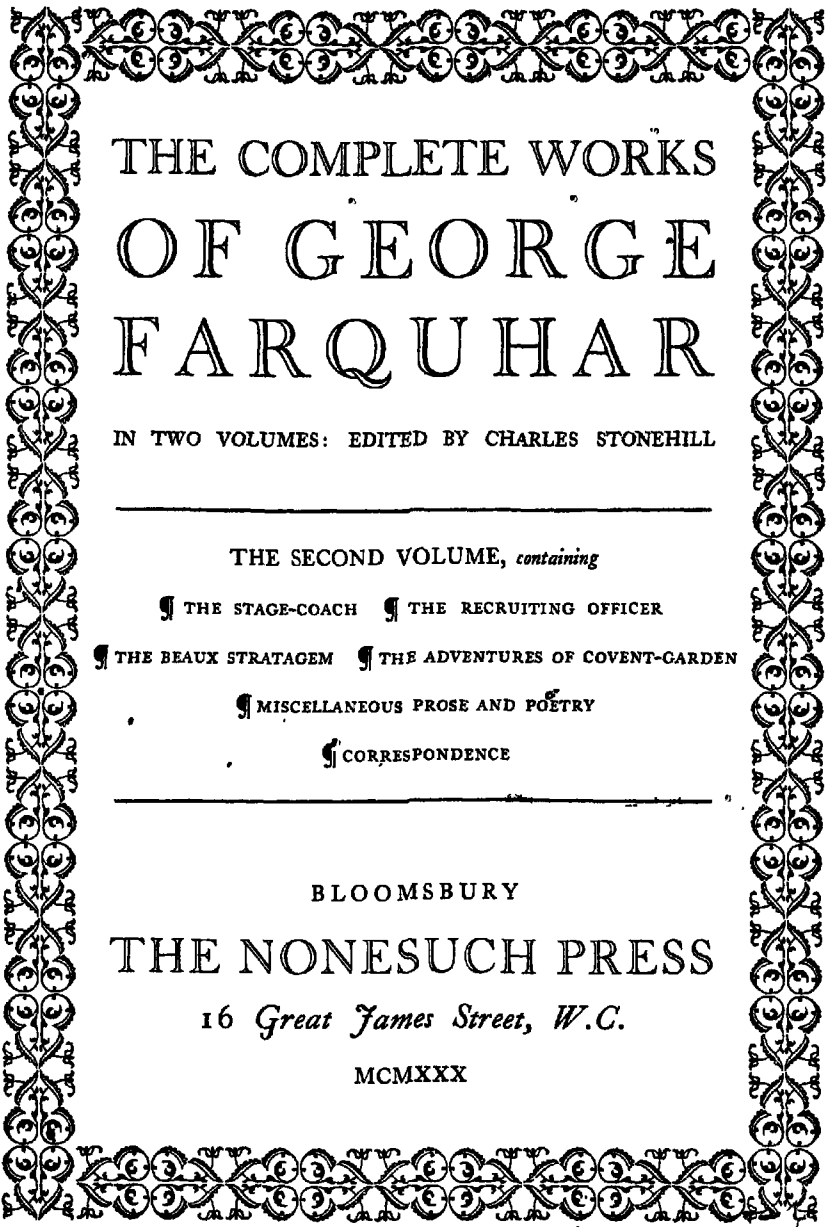
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THE WORKS OF
GEORGE FARQUHAR



THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GEORGE FARQUHAR

IN TWO VOLUMES: EDITED BY CHARLES STONEHILL

THE SECOND VOLUME, *containing*

¶ THE STAGE-COACH ¶ THE RECRUITING OFFICER
¶ THE BEAUX STRATAGEM ¶ THE ADVENTURES OF COVENT-GARDEN
¶ MISCELLANEOUS PROSE AND POETRY
¶ CORRESPONDENCE

BLOOMSBURY
THE NONESUCH PRESS

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paper (numbered 101 to 1000) and 100 sets on
English hand-made paper (numbered 1 to 100).*

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THE STAGE- COACH

A COMEDY

As it was

Acted at the New Theatre

I N

LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS

B Y

Her Majesties Servants

Source

THE *STAGE COACH* is a translation-adaptation from Jean de la Chapelle's *Les Carrosses d'Orleans*. Farquhar and his collaborator have indeed taken a great deal, literally and by suggestion, from this play, but with the alteration and omission of certain scenes and the insertion of others. The relations of the one play to the other can be seen in the collation following the textual notes to this play at the end of the volume. The lost key incident and the *dénouement* are original.

Theatrical History

THE STAGE COACH was first produced in company with Crowne's *Country Wit* at Lincoln's Inn Fields, on February 2nd, 1704. The success of the little farce was immediate, and for half a century it held its own against an increasing number of rival one-act plays.

In the same season as the London production, Farquhar took the play to Dublin, where it was produced at the Smock Alley Theatre. Here, as in England, it was well received, as was its author, who once more appeared upon the Dublin stage for his own benefit in the part of Sir Harry.

In the edition of Farquhar's Works, published by Ewing at Dublin, and edited by Thomas Wilkes, there is a new Prologue, written by one Mr. Samuel Philips, presumably the actor, and "Spoken upon the Revival of this Comedy at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, some years since, when acted for the Benefit of the Author." This reference is something of a mystery. At the time when Farquhar would have been in circumstances to warrant Philips' lines,

*And out of charity be pleas'd to spare
The half-starv'd poet, tho' you damn the player,*

Lincoln's Inn Fields was practically closed, and a careful scrutiny of the advertisements of the times shows no performance at all around this date bar two at the Queen's Theatre, Haymarket, April 14th and May 26th, 1707, the latter of which dates is too late to benefit the author of the play. Nor is there any indication, according to the advertisement, that the performance was for Farquhar's benefit. It is to be supposed that this was either a private performance, which is highly improbable, or that we have an instance of how unreliable could be the eighteenth-century editor.

Booth was still playing Capt. Basil when the farce was produced at Drury Lane in 1709. Pack had been advanced to the part of Squire Somebody, with Bullock as Jolt, "Dicky" Norris, Micher, and Mrs. Bradshaw as Isabella.

The Stage Coach in the form of a ballad-opera was probably originally an Irish production, and of a much later date than its original form. The first production with new songs, and greatly enlarged, was at the Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, on April 2nd, 1730, for the combined benefit of the Widow Eastham and Mr. Le Roux, the box-keeper. It was repeated ("never performed but once") on May 13, 1731, for the benefit of Thomas Griffith. It is possible that Griffith, some of whose lyrics are preserved in Allan Ramsay's collection, had composed the new songs which had been introduced into Farquhar's comedy.

In the same year, February 22nd, to be precise, *The Stage Coach, a New Opera in Two Acts*, was produced at the newly opened theatre in Goodman's Fields. This was possibly the very same version as the Irish production, divided, for the sake of convenience, into two acts. In any event, it was not a success, and the new version of the play was never printed.

THE STAGE-COACH .

Yates played Nicodemus, and Thomas Mozeen (the author of *Young Scarron*) Captain Basil, when Drury Lane produced the play in 1745 (advertised as "Not Acted 10 years.") Barrington took the part of Macahone; Collins, Micher; and Miss Mivors; Isabella. Nine years later, at the same theatre, Weston was playing as Nicodemus.

But from the middle of the eighteenth century, the stage was flooded with short farces, and the Burlesque became the popular rage. With these more modern productions, *The Stage Coach* soon ceased to compete, and was revived, I believe, but on one occasion during the last twenty-five years of the century.

T H E
Epistle Dedicatory
T O

Samuel Bagshaw, Esquire

S I R,

When the Age declineth from her primitive Vertue, and the Silken Wits of the Time (as Learned Johnson calls 'em) disgracing Nature, and Harmonious Poesie, are transported with many illiterate and prodigious Births, it is not safe to appear without Protection. I have read that Lucilius (one, who in his time, had the repute of a Learned Person) was wont to say, that he would not have his Writings Read or Perus'd, either by Learned or Illiterate Readers; because the former might have a more clear notion and conception of things than himself, the latter understood nothing. But I shall assume the Confidence to be of a different Opinion from him; and insert this Petition into my Letany, that I may meet with Learned and Judicious Readers. Ignorance being the only Enemy that I can fear; it being (as my Lord Verulam has well observ'd) infallibly true, that he that hath no Vertue himself, ever envieth Vertue in others; for Mens Minds will either feed upon their own Good, or upon others Evil, and who wanteth one will prey upon the other, at least, strive to come at even Hand, by depressing it with black mouth'd Obloquy and Detraction. With these (as with evil Genius) the most Learned and Deserving Men have ever been haunted, and as dark Shadows do no less attend Beautiful than Deformed Bodies in brightest Sun shine, so as well the best Men, as their best Actions, are still waited on by (those Brats of Ignorance or Malice) Detraction and Calumnies. For confirming the Truth of which, I shall need no farther to search the Rolls of Antiquity, than to look back upon those Times, in which Johnson (that Son of Wit) did by the clear and piercing Rays of his Wit and Judgment, dissipate all mists of Ignorance, and reform the Errors of the Stage; and yet, though he shined so bright in Wits Horizon, were there not wanting some barren Clods of dull Earth, who being incapable of receiving the least Ray of Wit themselves from his quickening Influence, (as Niobe preferr'd her own earthly Brood before Apollo and Diana, the Cæstital Twins of Latona) dar'd prefer the spurious issue of their own Brain before this great Apollo, and endeavour'd to Eclipse the Glory of his Heavenly Endowments, but with how bad success they attempted it, his Incomparable Play (the Poetaster) made in derision, of them, sufficiently declares. And although like a petty inconsiderable

THE STAGE-COACH

Star, I could not expect to be taken notice of in the presence of that glorious Sun, nor dare to entertain such high Conceptions of my self, as to hope to be named with him ; yet I'll take the Confidence to declare to the World, that tho' my weak Abilities can hold no proportion with those rich Gifts of Nature, of which he was Master, yet I can Glory, I resemble him in this, that I am assaulted with the Ignorance of partial and prejudicial Readers ; as has sufficiently appeared by a piece I lately Publish't, which because it looked upon all with an Impartial Eye, and (remote from servile Flattery) spared not nearest Relations, taxing not their Persons but their Vices, is hated for speaking Truth, but those gall'd Camels whom it toucht to the quick, their Anger I as much scorn as pity. But (Worthy Sir) I too much press upon the assurance of your Patience, by dwelling so long upon a Subject which derogates from what is Customary in Dedications, but since Dedicators of late, make the praises they give their Patrons so extravagant, that they become Abuses, I shall omit Writing what I think. Only this, Works of this Nature have always assumed this privilege, to aspire the noblest for their Protectors, and (thank Heaven) in all Ages there wants not a succession of some candid Dispositions, who (in spite of Malice and Ignorance) dare countenance Poetry, and the Professors. How such an Excellent and Divine part of Humanity should fall under the least Contempt, or arm the petulancy of Writers to declaim against her, I know not, but I guess the Reason, that having their Souls darkned, and rejoycing in their Errors, are offended at the Lustre of those Arts that would enlighten them : but the Fates have not so ill befriended our Studies, as to expose them to Contempt, without the Protection of such whose Ability of Judgment can both wipe off all Aspersions, and dignifie Desert. Amongst the worthy Patrons of Learning, that can best vindicate her Worth, you are not the least ; and because Custom and Respect to Noble Friends, gives a privilege to Dedicate our Endeavours where they may find Admittance, I have made bold to present this Piece to your noble Patronage.

(Sir,) You have the Fame for Piety and Love to your Country, and have so equally ballanc'd your Actions in these disemper'd Times, that you have not only merited the Title Apollo gave to Socrates, but have drawn all Mens Eyes, Loves and Admiration upon you. Amongst the number of which your Honourers, I humbly tender this Offering ; and though it is naked of Worth, yet the property of your Acceptance will be shelter sufficient to it, and him, who, next to your Pardon, shall endeavour to deserve the Title of,

SIR,

Your most Humble,

and Faithful Servant,

In all Observance.

PROLOGUE

POets in former Days, without Disputes,
Turn'd Men to Gods, transform'd the Gods to Brutes :
Our poets change the Scene, but with this odds,
Make Men the Brutes ; make nothing of the Gods.
'Tis but a Word with them, hey—presto—pass,
Jove's made a Bull, an Alderman an Ass.
Strange Wonders still have been perform'd this way,
As you have seen in many a careless Play.
The Beau, that's all the Morning charm'd, to view
In his dear Glass, his Wig, his Shape, his Shooe ;
That courts his smiling form with easie Leer,
Pleased with his Likeness there,—he hates it here.
I've known a Lady rise, perhaps, at Six,
Slip on her Gown, and to her Toylet fix.
For some four Hours, nay five, to chuse her Airs,
But first she lays out half an Hour at Prayers.
With Paint, and Pins, and Wash, she makes a pothor,
This Curls awry, and this, and that, and s'other.
And what's all this for?—faith 'tis past my reach! •
Oh! —————
She must be fine, to hear the Doctor preach.
A Lady, if undrest at Church, looks silly,
One cannot be devout in dishabilly.
This Lady shure must strangely love her Toylet,
And yet a Poet, at one dash shall spoil it.
In short, they can do any thing to please ye,
I've known an Audience meet here, gay and easie,
In Humour good, as ever here was seen,
And in an Hour, the House intire has been,
By charms of dullness, murder'd with the Spleen. }

A NEW PROLOGUE

Spoken upon the Revival of this Comedy, at the Theatre in Lincoln-Inn-Fields, some Years since, when acted for the Benefit of the AUTHOR.

Written by Mr. Samuel Philips.

Like some abandon'd mistress of the town,
By long enjoyment stale and nauseous grown,
A thousand little cunning tricks she tries,
To appear more tempting in her lover's eyes ;
Studies each hour new arts to increase her charms,
And draw him back to her once lovely arms :
But all in vain, in vain the nymph does labour,
And racks invention to regain your favour,
Nothing will do, since you're resolv'd to leave her.

This is our case ; what projects han't we try'd,
In hopes you'd stick the closer to our side?
Both day and night toil'd with incessant pains,
To increase your pleasures, and augment our gains :
Nay, when we found we'd nothing here wou'd do,
We ransack'd the whole globe to find out new,
And all for such ungrateful souls as you.
Do what we cou'd, you left us here alone,
Our Fate and your unkindness to bemoan.
To poor Monimia you unpity'd, mourn'd,
Her moving sighs, alas! were all return'd,
By a more piercing, echoing, hollow sound.

Yet after all th' unkindness you have shown,
[Such easy fools as we were never known]
We'd persevere again, renew our toil,
Wou'd you but crown our labours with a smile ;
And, as a proof, we here this night present you
With something new, which will, we hope, content you.
And if at last, this the stray'd town reclaims,
We're fully satisfy'd for all our pains ;
Your once-low'd Stage its drooping head shall raise,
And from its rival boldly snatch the bays.

A NEW PROLOGUE

*But yet, if after all you'll not relent,
But steadfastly are on our ruin bent,
Don't with the guilty slay the innocent.
To-night, at least, let's your compassion share,
And out of charity be pleas'd to spare
The half-starv'd poet, tho' you damn the playmen.*

Dramatis Personæ

<i>Micher</i> , Uncle to the Squire.	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
Captain <i>Basil</i> , in Love with <i>Isabella</i> .	Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
Squire <i>Somebody</i> , a Clownish Country Gentle- man, pretender to <i>Isabella</i> .	Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .
<i>Macahone</i> , an <i>Irishman</i> .	Mr. <i>Tattnal</i> .
<i>Fetch</i> , Servant to Captain <i>Basil</i> .	Mr. <i>Pack</i> .
<i>Tom. Jolt</i> , the Stage-Coach-Man.	Mr. <i>Trout</i> .
Constable.	Mr. <i>Lee</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Isabella</i> , Niece to <i>Micher</i> , in Love with Captain <i>Basil</i> .	Mrs. <i>Prince</i> .
<i>Dolly</i> , Maid of the Inn.	Mrs. <i>Hunt</i> .

SCENE:

An Inn between *London* and *Chester*, the Time of Action
the same with that of Representation.

THE STAGE-COACH

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Fetch, with a Cloak-bagg and Pistols.

Fetch. **H**ere! House! where are you all? now we've supped I'll see if my Masters Bed be ready; *Tom, John, Robin*, where a plague are ye? all Deaf! no attendance in these Country Inns!—why this is worse than the Rose Tavern after Play; the Sun Tavern after Change, or the Devil Tavern after Church.

Enter Dolly.

Dol. D'ye call, Sir.

Fet. Call, Sir! what a plague! E'gad 'tis a pretty Girl! hark you Child, do you serve Travellers upon the Road here?

Dol. Yes, Sir.

Fet. Kiss me then.

Dol. That's the Chambermaids business, de you want any thing else? I'm in hast.

Fet. What room does my Master lie in?

Dol. The Castle.

Fet. And what room do I lie in?

Dol. The Garret.

Fet. Very well, and what room do you lie in?

Dol. Under yee.

Fet. Say no more—I'll but take a Dram to digest my Supper, lay these things in my Masters Chamber, then I'll talk with you in yours.

[Takes the things.]

Dol. Are your Pistols charged?

Fet. Yes, yes, we always go Charged, Child, a brace of Bullets, I'll assure you.

[Exit Dolly.]

Enter Captain Basill.

Capt. What a tedious, tiresome, dull, jolting vehicle is a Stage Coach, we that are in it are more fateagued than the beasts that Draw it, this unlucky hurt of mine, *Fetch*, that I got lately, has hindred my riding post, and thrown me into this confounded Company, a big belli'd Farmers Daughter, an Irish Wit, a canting Quaker, a City Whore, and a Country Parson.

THE STAGE-COACH

Fet. And a disbanded Captain, Sir, for want of a strolling Lawyer, or a Nurse, and a Child to make up a clever Stage-Coach sett.

Capt. Ay, the swell'd Country Puss plagued me with her screaming and wry faces, the profound Teague with his Nonsense, the Quaker with the Spirit, the Whore with the Flesh, and the fat Parson with both.

Fet. Truly, Sir I pity you; for I don't think there was in the whole Company a Man of Parts but you and I.

Capt. But must I be tormented two days more with this Coach before I get to *London*.

Fet. Too true, Sir.

Capt. How can you tell?

Fet. No body better, Sir, my Father in *London* has an Employment about the Coaches.

Capt. What's his Employment?

Fet. Sir, he's a very worthy Citizen that attends at *Blossum's Inn* in the quality of a Ticket Porter.

Capt. I must get to *London* sooner or I ruin my affairs; let me talk with the Coachman; if it be possible I'll make him stretch for me, call him hither. [Exit Fetch.]

Enter Macahone staring about him.

Capt. P'shaw, here's that Irish booby.

Ma. Be me shoul, 'tis a brave House! shure the Shenteleman of this Tavern must be some Person of Quality——Oh my Dear Master Captain, I am your most loving and much honoured Friend.

Capt. Our acquaintance, Sir, is a little too short for so much familiarity.

Ma. Our acquaintance too short, Dear Joy! it is threescore miles long, and by Saint *Patrick* I wou'd be very joyful for being your especial Friend, because I am afraid we shall never meet again.

Capt. May I crave your name, Sir.

Ma. My name is *Torlough Havver Macahone* of the Parish of *Currough-abegely*, in the County of *Tiperary*, Esquire, where is my Mansionhouse, for me and my Predecessors after me.

Capt. Very well; and pray, Sir, what affairs carry you to *London*.

Mac. No affairs my dear Joy: for I have transacted my business in *London* before I came there.

Capt. That is somewhat an odd way of doing business.

Mac. By my shoul it is the quickest way, tho I was going to *London* to make my Fortune.

Capt. How, Sir?

Mac. Why by the Law Friend, or Phisick, or a Merchants Wife, or Backgammon, or any of these honourable professions, 'tis all the same to *Macahone* I faith, but I have made my fortune already by my Goships hand.

THE STAGE-COACH

Capt. How pray, Sir?

Mac. Because my dear Joy you are my intimate friend, and a stranger I will communicate that secret into your Stomach. The fine Lady in the Coach; Madam Strowler is a rich Merchants Wife in *Vinegar-yard* by *Drury-Lane* in *London*, and she is fallen in down-right Affections with me, and treats me with mighty Civility, permitting me to pay the reckoning for her in every place.

Capt. Honest *Jenny* the Orange-wench has snapt this booby, and 'en'e let her make a hand of him. [*Aside.*] Are you sure she's rich?

Mac. Be me shoul, she shew'd me a Diamond as big as a Potatoe: And faith it look't almost as clear as Glass: And she keeps her flying Chariot too, she told me so her self, and be me shoul I am so cunning, that if another had told me so, I had not believed him.

Capt. You are plaguy cunning indeed, Sir.

Mac. O Chra, Dear Joy we are all so, upon my shoul; let an Irishman alone to make his Fortune, he is as cunning as no man alive—But my Dear Joy, I wish I were after going to Bed to digest my Supper—Here are two Beds in your Chamber; and pray my Dear Friend tell me, do you intend to lie in 'em both?

Capt. 'Tis probable Sir, I shall make use but of one.

Mac. Then, Sir, with your leave, and no permissions, I shall be after using t'other, but pray let me not incommode your person, if you intend to lie in both the Beds.

Capt. Not at all, Sir—Booby.

[*Aside.*]

Mac. Sir, I am your most obliging Servant.

Capt. Coxcomb.

[*Aside.*]

Mac. I render you many thanks.

[*Exit Mac.*]

Enter Fetch and Coachman.

Capt. Honest Jolt, how is't! what shall I give thee to drink?

Jolt. Thank ye Master, what you please. Here's rare Nants in the House; a Cogue or so will do no harm.

Capt. Here *Fetch*, bring us half a pint. [*Exit Fetch.*] Well Jolt, Can'st do a Man a kindness upon occasion.

Jolt. A kindness! ay Master, an that be all, we Coachmen are all mighty civil fellows you know.

Capt. Are your Horses good?

Jolt. Good! special Cattle Master. A *London* Doctor wou'd have set up his Coach with 'em, if we had trusted to the Fall of the Leaf. And but t'other day, here one of your Stockjobbers hired them for an Election, e'cod they had almost got him the place.

THE STAGE-COACH.

Enter Fetch with Brandy.

Capt. Here Jolt pull it off.

Jolt. Your Health Master. [*Drinks.*] Rare stuffe after my twelve Eggs, and pound of Bacon.

Capt. Well, *Jolt*, can I be at *London* to morrow night?

Jolt. To morrow night! ay Master [*Drinks*] if you can fly.

Capt. See here *Jolt*, [*Shews Money*] my business is pressing, a good share of this Purse is thine, if thou wilt hasten our Journey.

Jolt. If that be all [*Drinks*] 'tis done, we are to be in *London* the day after to morrow by ten a Clock at night. Now Master to oblige you, de see, I'll be there by nine.

Capt. Is the fellow Mad? I tell thee I must be there to morrow.

Jolt. Ay so you may if you can fly, 'tis a long way Master, and the Roads are Deep, and I won't spoil my Horses, they are dearer to me poor Beasts than my Wife and Children.

Fet. Thou silly fool, thou hast no more sence than thy Horses, why there's enough in that Purse to bribe thy very Master, the Duke of *Mantua*, and 3 or 4 German Princes.

Jolt. Well what there's in't, there's in't. [*Peeps in the Pot, throws is down.*] What do you prate for. These Beau Footmen, are as Cock a hoop of late as if they had places at Court. I am an honest Man, Bribes won't pass i'th' Country now; besides I must not baulk my Stages [*aside*] the Inn-keepers have bribed me already. [*Exit Jolt.*]

Capt. Well tho' it kill me I must ride Post.

Fet. But pray, Sir, what makes you in such hast?

Capt. Why this letter from my Mistress [*Reads*].

You've heard I've lost my dear Mother. My Uncle to whose care I am left, not considering your pretentions, is resolved to marry me to another, but what's worse the Old Gentleman has got my Writings, and I must seem to comply with his desires. If you would prevent my being made a most unfortunate Creature fly to my relief, my dear Basill, with all the speed which your love and my distress require.

Isabella.

I am afraid I shall come too late, run to the Post-house. Get us Horses and we'll mount this moment, but whom have we here.

Fet. Some of the Company that came in the *London Coach*; that supp'd on t'other side o'th' House. [*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First Act.

THE STAGE-COACH

ACT II.

*Enter Esq. Somebody with a Band-box, with other Luggage
and a Mask and Fan, &c.*

Sq. Come Mrs. *Isabell*, wouns why don't you come away—I've gotten your things. Bless us, what a parcel of Luggage these Women carry about them—and the poor Lover here must be subject to the Slavery of Banboxes. Why Mrs. *Isabell*—why don't you come away. I am as tired as a Scotch Pedler under his Pack.

*Enter Isabella starts at the sight of Basil, whom she meets
with Fetch his Man.*

Is. Ha!

Sq. Ha! What's the matter, my dear Wife that is to be?

Is. I miss my Watch, I fear I have left it in the Room where we Supped, pray go see.

Sq. Ay, by all means; here look to your things; there are Strangers about. [Exit Sq.]

Capt. Ha! what do I see; look *Fetch* is not that *Isabella*?

Is. My dear Basil!

Capt. My *Isabella*! what Miracle has brought thee hither? [they embrace.]

Is. You received my Letter.

Capt. Here it is, and it has brought me so far on my Journey to you.

Is. My Uncle, who knows you only by Name, dreading your return to London, has thought fit to hurry me down to the Country House of that Blockhead that I've sent just now on a Fools Errand, under pretence of losing my Watch. My Uncle is at the Bar haggling with the Landlady, and is to come presently into the Room where we lie. Now if you can find a way to rescue me from the old Knave and the young Fool,—but here he comes, he's the Son of Sir *Aminadab Somebody* in Lancashire.

Enter Squire.

Sq. Gone, Gone! No watch to be found, Gentlewoman, odd you'll make a rare Wife, if you lose your things thus aforehand. I won't lend you mine, I wo't not.

Isa You need not, Sir, for the Watch is found again, I had only put it in a wrong Pocket.

Sq. Then that's thirty Pounds in my Pocket.

Capt. Sure I should know that Voice and Face too! Sir, are not you related to the Family of the *Somebodies*?

THE STAGE-COACH

Sg. Yes Sir, my Father is Sir *Aminadab Somebody*, Baronet,——And I am his eldest Son by the first venture, *Nicodemus Somebody*, Esquire.

Capt. Sir, I am proud to embrace the Son of my old Friend, Sir *Aminadab*. Pray what Lady is that with you?

Sg. 'Tis only my Mistress, at your Service; we want but a Parson, a Wedding Dinner, a pair of clean Sheets, and a Sack-posset, to send us the way of all Flesh.

Capt. Then Sir, upon your account, I'll presume to pay my Respects to the Lady.

Sg. Sir, you are a very respectful Person truly. Well, how d'you like her now? hey! wo'not she make a rare Titt for *Somebody*? She's a little in the dumps at present, but we'll dump her out of that I'll warrant you.

Capt. What out of humour, Madam, and so near your Marriage?

Sg. Ay,——there was a certain Captain that loved her, and she loved that certain Captain, Now I know not how the De'el the Fellow had dwindled himself into Mothers favour, and gotten her consent, but as good Fortune would have it, the old Woman was pleased to go where all old Women should go; and so Uncle *Mischer* being a very honest Man, and mighty fit for a Guardian, (but having a deadly aversion for a Red Coat) struck up a bargain with Father for me; and so we are going down to our House, to take possession of the Premises; so this same scoundrel of an Officer is like to be disbanded, and she's mad, forsooth, devilish mad, that she can't serve under him; poor Dog, he's like to be broke on all sides.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, silly Fellow, he'll hang himself, that's certain; what should Soldiers do else in time of Peace.

Sg. Ah my dear Friend, I should be glad if they were 'all hang'd, but for the sake of the *French*. Perhaps you may know this same Captain, 'tis one *Basil*, a poor insignificant Ring-leader of fifty Rogues, ha, ha, ha.

Capt. *Basil*, I know him, bloody Rogues he leads, indeed.

Sg. And he the saddest Rogue of 'em all, ha, ha, ha!

Jr. If you thought this Captain overheard you, you durst not talk at this rate.

Sg. Durst not, say you? Odzookers I fear neither Man, Woman nor Child: and I wou'd tell him so to his Face, when my dear Friend stands by me here.

Capt. Softly, Madam, my Friend *Nicodemus Somebody* is a Person whom you ought to regard, in time you'll have no cause to complain.

Sg. Ah dear Sir, you do me more Honour than I deserve; but don't you think that I am much fitter for her turn than this same Raggamuffin.

Capt. There's no comparison, Sir, and I think no Body can tell better than I. So I can assure the Lady, this is like to be the last trouble you shall ever give her.

THE STAGE-COACH

Sq. Well said, I'faith. E'cod I have gotten a 'good Friend here, and did not think on't.

Is. Ay, but if *Basil* were here, he wou'd be too hard for your Friend and you both.

Capt. Why, what wou'd you do if *Basil* were here?

Is. I would run away with him to the next Parson, and leave *Nicodemus* in the lurch.

Sq. *Nicodemus* thanks you with all his Heart. Did not I tell you now how she was bewitched by this Captain? the De'els in these Captains I think! E'cod I've a mind to be a Captain my self, and now I think on't, my dear Friend, I am a Captain of the Militia, and that you know is a kind of a Captain. But do not you think we that pay these Captains are not better Men than they?

Is. Well, but we could do it, Sir, and you never the wiser, for while my Uncle and you were fast asleep, I could steal out of my Chamber, fly into *Basils* Arms, and he should have a Coach ready to hurry me to *London*, before you were awake the next Morning.

Sq. Odszookers she's a cunning Jade; but for all that I shall have a rare Wife of her.

Capt. Well Madam, I understand you, we shall take care of that matter.

Sq. Ay, ay, so we will; my dear Friend and I here, shall watch your Waters, I'll warrant you. Oh, here's Uncle *Micher*.

Enter Micher with a Bill.

Mich. Oh the Cut-throat Dog! here's a Bill for you! that fat Jade at the Bar yonder, will score her self to the Devil before any Solicitor, Taylor, Physick, or Tipple Poysoner in *Europe*. [Gives the Squire the Bill.]

Sq. [Reads] For Bread and Beer, eight Shillings and ten Pence; Here's as much Bread and Drink as would serve all the *French* in *Spittle-Fields* for a Week. For a Calves Head and Bacon, ten Shillings. For a boild Pig and Colly-flowers, (that I bespoke) nine Shillings. For a Red Herring, (that was your Supper Uncle) one Shilling. For a Bottle of Harts-horn, (that was your Supper Mistress) seven Pence. Hey day! what's here? Mull'd Sack, Dumplings, Cheese, Oranges, Toast and Butter, Fruit, Sallad, Wine, Cards, Brandy, Tarts and Tobacco. In all two Pounds, thirteen Shillings and eleven Pence three Farthings, besides Fire. Deel Fire the House.

Mich. Well, well, how shall we curry this Club? There's the old Woman that has the Kings-Evil, and she that stops the Coach every Minute to go behind a Bush, they won't pay as much as we.

Sq. But they shall. And for your part Mistress, you shall pay but a Crown, because you eat nothing. And because you may not think your self hardly dealt by, I'll sing you a Song about a Stage Coach.

THE STAGE-COACH .

A SONG

(I.)

Let's Sing of Stage-Coaches,
And fear no Reproaches,
For Riding in one,
But gayly be Jogging,
Whilst Whistling and Flogging
The Coachman drives on,
With a hay, gee up, gee up, hay ho,
With a Hay gee Dobin, hay ho ;
Hay, gee up, gee up, gee up, hay ho,
Gee up, gee up, gee up, hay ho,
With a hay gee Dobin, hay ho.

(II.)

In Coaches thus growling,
Who would not be rowling,
With Nymphs on each side,
Still prating and playing,
Our Knees interlaying,
We merrily Ride,
With a hay, &c.

(III.)

The harder you're Driving,
The more 'tis revving ;
Nor fear we to fall,
For if the Coach tumble,
We'll have a rare Jumble,
And then up Tails all ;
With a hay, &c.

(IV.)

Here Chance kindly mixes,
All sorts and all Sexes,
More Females than Men,
We squeeze 'em, we ease 'em,
The Jolting does please 'em,
Drive jollily then.
With a hay, &c.

THE STAGE-COACH

Squ. You must be merry in a Stage Coach. Never be sad when you are abroad.

Mic. Well, now lets go to bed that we may be the sooner out of this Confounded Inn next morning.

Squ. Well dear Friend, the best friends must part, tho it be Man and Wife, as the saying is: But if you can step home with me 'tis but hard by about fourscore, and ten miles off, and stay there aweek, I'll make you so drunk you shan't find your way home again in a Month.

Capt. Sir, you must excuse me, I am otherwise engag'd.

Squ. Then my dear friend good night.

Isa. Good night, Sir.

Capt. Good night, Madam. I hope you'll be in a better humour to Morrow. [*Exeunt Squ. and Micher leading out Isabella.*] Here's Fortune *Fetch*, run my good Lad, get Horses upon any terms or some Callash, Charriot, Coach, any thing to hurry us to London. Fly, in the mean time I'll run to my Chamber and get every thing ready. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Jolt.

Jolt. Hush! Mum's the word. There's a plaguy Candle stands in my sight, out informer. I'll spoil your peeping [*puts it out*]. The house is full, and Beds are scarce therefore I can't lye in my own. So good Wife, at home by your leave! we Travellers are forc'd sometimes to lye two in a Bed——'Tis main dark, rare driving now in a deep road, and a rough way.

Odsnigs, if *Dolly* now should be skittish and won't let me. I'll knock at her Chamber Door however; and if the Door will open, well said Door, I'll enter, and if *Dolly* will do like the rest of her Crew, well said *Dolly*! Pox on't here's a light. 'Tis not yet right Caterwawling time. So——I'll steal off till anon. [*Exit Jolt.*]

The end of the Second Act.

ACT III.

*Enter Capt. with his things, Fetch
meeting him with a Light.*

Capt. Well *Fetch*.

Fet. I have done your business, Sir,—I've found in this very Inn a Callash, with four good Horses that should have gone empty to London

THE STAGE-COACH

to morrow morning, I have agreed with the Coachman to go with you immediately, he's to be ready at a whistle.

Capt. That was lucky. I have got my things, and here they shall lie till *Isabella* comes out, I wish she were here.

Fet. Sir, Sir, I think I hear a noise.

Capt. Put out the Candle then, and let us step into that Corner, for here we must wait for her. *[Out the Candle.]*

Enter Jolt.

Jolt. Now the Coast is clear—I have had a strange hankering after this same *Doll* a great While, and for her sake I set up here at the Angel. Now if she won't be Civil d'you see, I'll carry my guests to the Saracens Head, where I shall have the Horsler to take care of my Horses, and the Maid to take care of me. Now for her door.

Fet. Ods my life, Sir, we've forgot one thing, the Gate is locked up by this time, how shall we get out.

Capt. That's horrible unlucky, what shall we do?

Jolt. Hush! I hear somebody—should this be some Rogue now creeping to *Dolly*! I'll put a Spoke in his Wheele.

Fet. Stay I've thought on't. The Maids a good tractable Wench, she'll do whatever we'd have her.

Jolt. Will she so, you Dog? Sirrah, I'll take care of that.

Fet. I'll knock at her door and try, for a peice of money I'll warrant she'll do the job.

Jolt. Perhaps I may do your job first, you Caterwawling Son of a Whore.

Fet. 'Tis main Dark, and 'tis well if I scape a good dab of the Nose here [*groping about.* *Jolt strikes him with his butt end of his Whip.*] O confound that Post, 'tis plaguy hard. Her door is hereabouts, 'tis on this side of the House I'm sure. [*Jolt strikes him again.*] Ha! what's that? another Post? ware the third time. Oh sure here's the door, I'll knock [*His Jolt in the Teeth.*] *Dolly, Dolly*, plague on't she's asleep. Sure I'm right. Where's the Keyhole, oh I've found it. [*Feels his mouth.*] Oh the Devil, the Devil help, help, Sir, I've got my finger here in a rat trap.

Capt. Where art thou?

Jolt. Gee, gee, ho, hay gee ho.

[Jolt whips him.]

Fet. Murther, Murther, help, help!

Capt. Hold, hold, you Dog, or I'll kill you.

[Drawes.]

Jolt. Gee ho, gee ho, hay gee ho.

Fet. Murther, murther, help, help, the Devil lays me on.

Enter Ostler with a light.

Ost. What's the matter? what's the matter?

Jolt. Come on, gee, gee, ho, my heart's almost broken.

[Whips on.]

THE STAGE-COACH

Ost. What a Devil d'you mean Master *Jolt*?

Jolt. What's the matter? what's all this bustle for. [Tawning.]

Ost. What are you Drunk or Mad? or Dreaming?

Jolt. What would you have? where am I? hey ho! is it you? *Phil* the *Ostler*?

Odsnigs, I thought I had been a Bed, I dreamt my Coach stuck in *Hockley in the Hole*, and I was licking my Horses, till I made 'em Smoak again. I beg your pardon Gentlemen for taking you for my Beasts.

Enter Dolly.

Dol. What's the matter here? are not you ashamed to disturb people at this time of Night?

Fet. You are come in good time Child to save that Rogue a good beating, for now we've other business, a word with you. [Takes her aside.]

Capt. Get you gone you rascal, or I'll cut your Ears off you Dog. And you here with your light go, and leave us to our business. [Exit *Ostler*.]

Jolt. Adzooks now they are driving the bargain. [Jolt goes to the Door.] I Cod, I'll overturn the Coach to morrow in a Slough to cool that Dog of a Captains Courage in a Puddlc. [Exit *Dolly*.]

Fet. The Towns our own, Sir, I've given the Wench a Guinea, she consented and I've got the Key.

Jolt. The Key! A plague on her Lock, now has the Minx granted at once what she has denied me this twelve months, but that Guinea is the Devil at a Key-hole, I'll warrant 'twou'd open a thousand Spring-locks in *Covent Garden*. I'll watch and see what all this will come to.

Enter Isabella with a small Trunk.

Isa. I'm afraid I've made *Basil* wait too long; he should be hereabouts. Captain where are you, Captain.

Capt. My Dear.

Jolt. My Dear! ah, the damn'd Jade, she comes out to him now.

Enter Micher groping.

Mich. What does she walk in her Sleep! where can she go at this time of night. I'm resolved I'll watch her.

Isa. Captain where are you?

Capt. Here! here!

Mich. Captain! sure she can't have her Captain here.

Jolt. Odsnigs they are going to Bed, but I shall spoil their Sport.

Isa. Come I'm got out at last, and what's more, I've got my Writings.

[*Mich. lays hold of the Coachman.*]

Mich. Ay you young baggage have I caught you, lights, lights there.

Isa. Ha! I hear my Uncles voice! let's loose no time.

THE STAGE-COACH.

Capt. Lets away my Dear—— [*Fetch takes up the things.* Exit Capt.*

Isa. and Fet. *Fet. drops the Key of the Gate.*

Mich. Lights, lights there.

Enter Ostler with a light.

Ost. What's the matter here again?

Mich. Ha! what a Devil! who are you!

[*To Jolt.*

Jolt. And who are you, and that be all.

Mich. Where's my Neice? ah you Pimp, you're in the Plot too. Where's that damned Rogue the Captain.

Jolt. Your Neice! the Captain has other work in hand, but this is a rare time to kill Horses with him, if you want the Captain, Sir, you'll find him in that room with his Whore.

Mich. Oh! the Devil! the Dog make my Neice a Whore, I'll have him hanged, get a Constable, help, help, Theeves, Murder, Fire, a Rape; a Constable, a Constable.

Enter Squire Yawning.

Squ. Here, what a Devil's the matter? Can't you let a body sleep among yee?

Mich. Oh *Nichodemus*! we are all undone, the Captain has been here and got away your Mistress into that room, and what they're doing Heaven knows.

[*Sq. goes to the door and listens.*

Sq. Ha! I hear some noise: I hear some noise within. Why don't you break the door Unkle.

Mich. Why don't you?

Sq. She's your Neice.

Mich. She's your Wife that must be.

Sq. I can't tell that now.

Mich. Then let's have a Constable.

Sq. Ay, ay, a Constable, a Constable.

Jolt. I'll run call up my Landlord, he's a Constable. [*Exit Jolt.*

Several people appear on each side the Stage above in Night-Caps and Gowns.

1st. What's the matter there? A Man may as well sleep in a Paper Mill as in one of these Confounded Inns, what noise is that below? are the people mad?

2. Are you all distracted here! Is the Devil in the people? What's the matter below? Why do you make such a noise?

1st. Will no body tell us the meaning of this uproar?

Sq. Why nothing friend is the matter, no harm, only a Gentleman is making me a Cuckhold a little before my time.

THE STAGE-COACH

2d. Oh is that all! that's a small fault.

1st. How a small fault say you. Why he deserves death by the Law, hanging's too good for him.

Enter Landlord with his Constables Staffs.

Const. Here, where are these people? bring 'em before me.

Sq. Ah dear, Sir, I'm glad you are come, here, here, in that room.

Const. Come out here. I charge you to come out, I am an Officer. What—won't you come out, in the Queen's name, why then stay there in the Devil's name. Break open the door. [*Jolt breaks open the Door.*]

Const. Why don't you go in now?

Jolt. Why don't you go in, you are an Officer?

Const. Then I charge you go in before me.

Jolt. Let the Squire go in, 'tis his Business.

Sq. Let my Uncle go in, 'tis more his Business than mine.

Mich. Come, we'll all go in, though he be a Captain, he's but one.

Sq. Ay, ay, we'll all go in. [*They all go in.*]

Enter Dolly at the other Door.

Dol. What can they be searching for in my Chamber?

Sq. The Devil a thing is there, but an old pair of Boddice, a broken backt Chair, a Quire of Ballads, a Flock-Bed, and a green Chamber-Pot. [*They all re-enter.*]

Dol. Why, Gentlemen, the People that you want are gone,—they took the Key from me, and went out.

Sq. Gone! Oh ye Skies! *Sic transit Gloria Mundi.*

Mich. Here, here, let's follow 'em.

Sq. Ay, ay, Horses, Coaches, Spurs, Whips, Splaterdashes, Gambadoes, Boots, Sashoons, away.

Const. Hold, hold, I Command you hold; what's here the Key of the great Gate, they must be in the House still, if the Maid did not let 'em out.

Dol. Not I, upon my Word, Sir.

Const. Then they must have dropt the Key, and are in the House still.

Sq. Huzzah! have at 'em then! Swords, Halberts, Quarter-Staves, Muskets, Pikes and Pocket Pistols.

Mich. Find 'em out, find 'em out then.

[*Exit Constable, Jolt and Servants.*]

Why don't you go help 'em, Nephew?

Sq. Uncle, I'll stay and keep you Company.

Enter Captain in a Night-Gown.

Capt. What's the meaning of all this Noise? a Man can't sleep for you.

Sq. Ah my dear Friend, stand by me now, who should be here but

THE STAGE-COACH.

that same damned Rogue of a Captain that we talked of, and has run away with my Mistress.

Capt. The Devil he did! and how will you use him when he is found?

Sq. Use him! I'll Pump him, I'll souse him, Flea him, Carbonade him, and eat him alive.

Capt. But barkee, Sir, don't make such a Noise, you'll disturb my Wife.

Sq. What, Sir, are you Married?

Capt. Married, and Bedded too since I saw you.

Sq. To whom?

Enter Isabella and the rest.

Capt. To this Lady, Sir.

Squ. Uncle!

[*Micher and the Squire look at one another.*]

Mich. Nephew!

Squ. Speak you, Sir, you are the older Man.

Mich. Married, say you! it cannot be, how could you be Married so suddenly?

Capt. Very luckily, Sir, we intended indeed to have done it more decently, but my Blockhead dropt the Key, and being stopt that way, we saw a Light in the Parsons Chamber that travelled with me, we went up, found him smocking his Pipe. He first gave us his Blessing, and then lent us his Bed.

Squ. He was a very civil Gentleman truly.

Mich. This won't pass upon me, what Evidence have you for this.

Enter Macahone.

• *Mac.* Be me Shoul he needs no Evidence, for I am one, I was called to be a Witness, his Man did waken me before I was asleep. And if you will believe no Body, you may go up and ask the Ministers.

• *Capt.* And in return, my dear Countryman, I'll take care to do you service, in relation to your pretended Merchants Wife.

Mich. Then since it is so, much good may't do you with your no Fortune, her Mother did not leave her a Groat.

Squ. I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

Isa. Sir, that will appear otherwise by my Writings.

Mich. Writings! what Writings? I have no Writings of yours.

Capt. No more you have not Sir, for here they are.

Mich. Confusion! then I know what I've lost.

Squ. And so do I too. I've lost my Labour, I've lost my Friend, I've lost my Uncle, and I've lost my Wife.

*But since the Coach such Novelties has bred,
The Squire's unmarried, and the Captain wed;
I'll be revenged and go—I'll go to Bed.*

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE

Praise a fair Day at Night, the Proverb says,
And 'tis the Evening that must Crown all Plays.
When first this Farce was acted, 'twas unknown
To th' Author, and before 'twas Feathered, flown ;
He now consents, that you shou'd see't once more,
Cause it hath more faults, than it had before.
He knows there is a snarling Self i'th'Town,
That do condemn all Wit, except their own ;
Were this Farce ne're so good, it shou'd not take,
Nothing must pass that Gentlemen do make.
As in the Pit I sate, I heard one say,
There ne're was poorer Language in a Play
And told his Neighbour, that much he fear'd the vile
Composure wou'd go near to spoil his Stile :
Another Damn'd the Scene with full mouth'd Oaths,
Because it was not dress'd in better Cloaths ;
And rather wish'd each Actor might be mute,
Then he should lose the sight of a fine Suit.
Oh Wit ! and Judgment both ! what they do raise
To Prejudice, is here the greatest praise.
Would it be proper, think you, for a Swain
To put on Buskins, and a lofty Strain?
Or should a home bred Maid such Phrases vent,
As at the Court, your Ladies Compliment?
Or Country Putt, he who did never know,
The Art of Dress, or Beau, Lord like to go
In Silks or Sattins? Or a serving Lass,
Wear by her side a Watch, or Looking-Glass?
Faith Gentlemen, such Solecisms as these,
Might have done well in the Antipodes ;
It argues a strange Ignorance to call
Every thing foolish, that is Natural.
If only Monsters please you, you must go
Not to the Stage, but to a Bartholomew Show,
Where Elephant, Ox, Ass, and Rider grow. }
The Author aims not to shew Wit, but Art,
Nor did he strive to Pen the Speech, but Part.
He could have Writ high Lines, and this I know,
His pains were double to descend so low.

EPILOGUE

*Good Voices fall and rise ; and Virgil, who
Did Georgicks make, did Write the Æneids too.
The Picture of a Beggar, and a King,
Do equal praises to a Painter bring,
Meadows and Groves in Landskips please the Eye,
As much as Court, or City Bravery.
In short, be pleas'd or not, he begs no Fame.
He sought your Mirth, more than a Poets Name.*

A NEW EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Captain Basil.

Written by Mr. Philips.

AT length, gallants, with whipping, and much flogging,
And ribs most sorely bruised by jolts and jogging ;

Safely am I arriv'd at th' land of matrimony,
[A land, I'm told, that flows with milk and honey]

In which, accompany'd with my loving wife,
I intend to travel out the small remains of life :

If I've mistook the path, and gone amiss,
And 'stead of th' promis'd land of happiness,
Find it a barren, curs'd, uneven soil,

O'er-run with briars, and not worth my toil :

How shall I curse the authors of my sin,
Who with fine gilded words first drew me in,
And noos'd the cred'lous wretch fast in the marriage gin ?

But all in vain, for there is no relief
To heal my sorrows, and correct my grief ;
No pray'rs, no tears can wash away my crime,

Nothing will do, unless aloft I climb,
And fairly rouse myself a second time :

Yet that, perhaps, may like the first, deceive ;
Therefore let what will come, I'll e'en contented live.

If my kind spouse i'ncontinency is given,
That's not amiss, for cuckolds go to Heaven :

Besides, of late, a cuckold and a rogue
Are the two only men who're most in vogue.

To cuckoldom the citizens lay claim,
They, cunning knaves, [submitting all to gain]

Know 'tis the chief step to a golden chain ;
And, I dare say, there's not one to be found,
But first wore horns, and then the scarlet gown.

To roguery the courtiers most pretend,
Yet it finds neighb'ring cit no backward friend ;

That, like the other, to preferment leads,
Then sure he cannot fail that both paths treads.

The latter——

THE STAGE-COACH.

*As being an officer, I understand,
Knows how to cheat, as well as to command :
Yet I don't doubt but that my spouse is kind,
And then too soon I shall the former find.*

THE
RECRUITING
OFFICER

A COMEDY

As it is ACTED

AT THE

Theatre Royal

IN

Drury Lane,

By

Her Majesty's Servants.

— *Captique dolis, donisque coacti.*

Virg. Lib. II. *Æneid.*

Source

MOST of the characters in *The Recruiting Officer* were taken from life. (A list of them is given in the Introduction.)

In Shadwell's *Woman-Captain* are to be found recruits upon the stage, and the barest hint of Sylvia.

Astrologers such as Kite are not infrequent. There is Foresight in Congreve's *Love for Love*, Mopus in Wilson's *The Cheats*, and the astrologer in the Earl of Orrery's *Guzman*; while in *The Astrologer* (1668, founded on T. Corneille's *Feint Astrologue*) there is a scene quite suggestive of that between Kite and Melinda.

In spirit, *The Recruiting Officer* is quite fresh, and entirely original. No contemporary dramatist had thus taken his play into the country, and imbibed its spirit. *Bury Fair*, while outside of London, has all the spirit and intrigue of town, with all its mannerisms, and cannot be compared with the tone and setting of *The Recruiting Officer*.

Theatrical History

THE RECRUITING OFFICER was performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane with great and immediate success. The first performance was on April 8th, 1706, and the play was repeated April 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 17th and 20th; and on June 11th and 20th. At Bath, a special gala performance was given on September 16th, and when Dorset Gardens opened its season on the 24th of October of the same year, it was again with the *Recruiting Officer*, which was repeated on November 1st, 14th, 18th and 30th. Rich's company, which had gone over to Swiney at the Queen's Theatre, Haymarket, played it in opposition on November 14th and 18th, and on the 19th and 20th of December of its first year. Rich, with a new company, including Cibber and Estcourt of the original cast, played *The Recruiting Officer* at Drury Lane in December. The popularity of the play was unabated for at least half a century.

Pinkethman, who was a droll actor, usually cast in odd or comic parts, particularly distinguished himself in the early days of *The Recruiting Officer*. Having relieved Fairbank as Thomas Appletree, he was addressed (Act II, scene iii) by Wilks in the part of Capt. Plume. "Here, my lad. (*Gives him money.*) Now your name?" "Why, don't you know my name, Bob?" he replied, "I thought every fool had known that." Wilks, in a rage, whispered to him, "Tummas Appletree." But Pinkethman was not to be deceived. "Thomas Appletree? Thomas Devil! My name is Will Pinkethman." Then, turning from Capt. Plume, he addressing the gallery for confirmation—"Hark ye, friends, don't you know my name?" "Yes, Master Pinkey," came a voice from above, "we know it very well." Pinkey turned to Wilks in triumph. But the audience soon disabused him by a great outcry of catcalls.

Bullock, who played the part especially named for him, is coupled with Pinkethman in the *Tatler*, No. 188. "Bickerstaff" quotes the following letter which he says he has just received: *SIR, Finding by your Paper, No. 182, that you are drawing Parallels between the greatest Actors of the Age; as you have already begun with Mr. Wilks and Mr. Cibber, we desire that you should do the same Justice to your humble Servants, William Bullock and William Penkethman.*

In reply to this supposed communication, Steele wrote this account:

Mr. William Bullock and Mr. William Penkethman are of the same Age, Profession, and Sex. They both distinguish themselves in a very particular Manner under the Discipline of the Crabtree, with only this Difference, That Mr. Bullock has the most agreeable Squawl, and Mr. Penkethman the more graceful Shrug. Penkethman devours a cold Chick with great Applause; Bullock's Talent lies chiefly in Sparagrass. Penkethman is very dextrous at conveying himself under a Table; Bullock is no less active at jumping over a Stick. Mr. Penkethman has a great deal more Money, but Mr. Bullock is the taller Man.

Revivals of *The Recruiting Officer* were so many and so frequent that one can but give a few selections of the more important casts. Ryan was one of the most successful

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Captains Plume. Despite the handicap of a shrill treble voice, this actor distinguished himself in many dashing rôles. And for that of a soldier, his physiognomy must have particularly suited; for, in an unlucky fray with some watermen, in the early part of his theatrical career, he received a blow on the nose which permanently displaced that feature; and several years later he was attacked by a set of ruffians who put a brace of bullets through his jaw, completing his martial appearance. By the way, this is the same Lacy Ryan who killed Kelley in a brawl at the "Sun," in Long Acre, in 1718.

Ryan appeared, and very successfully, as Plume at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1730, with his friend Quin as Balance; Chapman as Brazen; Mrs. Younger, Sylvia; Mrs. Bullock, Melinda; Miss Holliday, Rose; and Mrs. Egleton (ex-Mrs. Giffard), Lucy.

On the occasion of Peg Woffington's first appearance at Covent Garden she played opposite Ryan in the part of Sylvia. The younger Cibber played Brazen, Roscoe, Kite; Mrs. Ware, Mrs. Vincent, and Mrs. Kilby played Melinda, Rose, and Lucy, respectively. Quin continued in his former rôle of Balance.

It was during this run that a most amusing scene took place between Peg Woffington and Quin. Quin, having presumably drunk rather too freely, got along fairly well until the second scene of the second act. But when Balance addresses his daughter, a slight mishap occurred. "How old were you when your Mother was married?" said Quin. There was a moment's silence, broken by a few uncertain titters. Peg Woffington tried to smooth it over; "What, Sir?" she enquired politely. "Pshaw," returned Quin, "I mean, how old were you when your mother was *born*?" This was too much for the composure of either actress or audience, and pandemonium broke loose.

David Garrick's first appearance on the stage was as Aboan in Southerne's *Oroonoko* at Ipswich, where he acted under the stage name of Lyddal. Giffard was very pleased with his performance, and brought him to Goodman's Fields where he was billed on October 19th, 1741, as "*The Part of King Richard by A Gentleman (Who never appeared on any Stage)*." It was but a few months after this first appearance in London that we find him (January 14th, 1742) in the humble rôle of Costar Pearman. On that occasion, Giffard himself and Yates were the two Captains. But before the end of the year, in fact on the anniversary of his first acting in London, the young Garrick was appearing at Drury Lane as Captain Plume, with Charles Macklin as Brazen.

Barry took the rôle of Captain Plume for the first time at Covent Garden on April 1st, 1756. Sparks, whose benefit it was, played Kite. At Drury Lane, October 3rd, 1758, Palmer played Plume, and O'Brien appeared for the first time as Capt. Brazen. Barry was Kite; Taswell, Bullock; Austen, Worthy; Miss Macklin, Sylvia; and Miss Hippisley, Rose.

Smith and Woodward played the rival Captains at Covent Garden, in 1763, with Mrs. Lessingham as Sylvia; Mrs. Davies, Rose; Mrs. Vincent, Melinda; and Mrs. Pitt, Lucy.

Crawford's first appearance in the rôle of Plume was at Drury Lane, the night of Mrs. Cargill's benefit, April 18th, 1781. King played Brazen; Palmer, Kite; Farren, Worthy. Mrs. Crawford played Sylvia; Mrs. Cargill, Rose; Miss Farren, Melinda, for the first time; Miss Hale, Lucy.

Ten years later the younger Bannister was playing the leading rôle at Drury Lane, with Dodd as Brazen; Palmer as Kite; Mrs. Jordan taking the part of Sylvia; Mrs.

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Ward, Melinda; Mrs. Edwards, Lucy. Miss Pope played Rose for the first time on April 27th, 1791, with the above cast; the play was billed as "Not acted 12 years."

Captain Plume was most ably played by Charles Kemble at the Haymarket, July 3rd, 1797. Sylvia was played by Miss De Camp; Rose, by Mrs. Gibbs. Kemble played the same part at Covent Garden in November, 1812, with Jones as Brazen; Mrs. H. Johnstone as Sylvia; Mrs. Egerton, Melinda; Mrs. S. Booth, Rose; and Mrs. Gibbs as Lucy. Early in 1819 he revived the part with considerable success, the play being acted twelve times. With him, on that occasion, appeared Green, as Brazen; Wrench, as Kite; Mrs. Chatterley, as Sylvia; Mrs. Chester, Melinda, and Miss Nelson, Rose.

Stanley played the lead in the Drury Lane production of October 20th, 1818. He himself did well, but the supporting cast was such a failure that the play was withdrawn after the first performance. Mrs. Mardyn, who first appeared on the stage two years before as Amelia Wildenheim, in *Lover's Vows*, and Mrs. Alsop, whose debut was made at about the same time as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, played the parts of Sylvia and Melinda.

Throughout the nineteenth century *The Recruiting Officer* was one of the most popular plays in the repertory of provincial companies.

The Incorporated Stage Society gave a production of *The Recruiting Officer* at the Haymarket Theatre, on January 24th, 1916. Murray Carrington played the lead, with Nicholas Hannen as Captain Brazen. Sir Nigel Playfair appeared as Kite, and H. K. Ayliff, Roy Byford, and Frank Cochrane as the three countrymen. Jane Savile was Sylvia; Violet Farebrother, Melinda, and Pauline Sangster, Rose.

TO
All Friends round
THE
WREKIN

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I Nstead of the mercenary Expectations that attend Addresses of this nature, I humbly beg, that this may be received as an Acknowledgment for the Favours you have already confer'd; I have transgress'd the Rules of Dedication in offering you any thing in that style, without first asking your leave: But the Entertainment I found in *Shropshire* commands me to be grateful, and that's all I intend.

'Twas my good fortune to be order'd some time ago into the Place which is made the Scene of this Comedy; I was a perfect Stranger to every thing in *Salop*, but its Character of Loyalty, the Number of its Inhabitants, the Alacrity of the Gentlemen in recruiting the Army, with their generous and hospitable Reception of Strangers.

This Character I found so amply verify'd in every Particular, that you made Recruiting, which is the greatest Fatigue upon Earth to others, to be the greatest Pleasure in the World to me.

The Kingdom cannot shew better Bodies of Men, better Inclinations for the Service, more Generosity, more good Understanding, nor more Politeness than is to be found at the Foot of the *Wrekin*.

Some little Turns of Humour that I met with almost within the Shade of that famous Hill, gave the rise to this Comedy; and People were apprehensive, that, by the Example of some others, I would make the Town merry at the expence of the Country Gentlemen: But they forgot that I was to write a Comedy, not a Libel; and that whilst I held to Nature, no Person of any Character in your Country could suffer by being expos'd. I have drawn the Justice and the Clown in their *Puris Naturalibus*; the one an apprehensive, sturdy, brave Blockhead; and the other a worthy, honest, generous Gentleman, hearty in his Country's Cause, and of as good an Understanding as I could give him, which I must confess is far short of his own.

I humbly beg leave to interline a Word or two of the Adventures of the Recruiting Officer upon the Stage. Mr. Rich, who commands the Company for which those Recruits were rais'd, has desir'd me to acquit him before

THE RECRUITING OFFICER .

the World of a Charge which he thinks lyes heavy upon him for acting this Play on Mr. *Durfey's* Third Night.

Be it known unto all Men by these Presents, that it was my Act and Deed, or rather Mr. Durfey's; for he wou'd play his Third Night against the First of mine. He brought down a huge Flight of frightful Birds upon me, when (Heaven knows) I had not a Feather'd Fowl in my Play, except one single Kite: But I presently made Plume a Bird, because of his Name, and Brazen another, because of the Feather in his Hat; and with these three I engag'd his whole Empire, which I think was as great a Wonder as any in the Sun.

But to answer his Complaints more gravely, the Season was far advanc'd, the Officers that made the greatest Figures in my Play were all commanded to their Posts abroad, and waited only for a Wind, which might possibly turn in less time than a Day: And I know none of Mr. *Durfey's* Birds that had Posts abroad but his *Woodcocks*, and their Season is over, so that he might put off a Day with less Prejudice than the Recruiting Officer cou'd, who has this farther to say for himself, that he was posted before the other spoke, and could not with Credit recede from his Station.

These and some other Rubs this Comedy met with before it appear'd. But on the other hand, it had powerful Helps to set it forward: The Duke of *Ormond* encourag'd the Author, and the Earl of *Orrery* approv'd the Play——My *Recruits* were reviewed by my General and my Colonel, and could not fail to pass Muster, and still to add to my Success, they were rais'd among my Friends round the *Wrekin*.

This Health has the advantage over our other celebrated Toasts, never to grow worse for the wearing 'Tis a lasting Beauty, old without Age, and common without Scandal. That you may live long to set it cheerfully round, and to enjoy the abundant Pleasures of your fair and plentiful Country, is the hearty Wish of,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

Geo. Farquhar.

THE PROLOGUE

I*N Ancient Times, when Hellen's fatal Charms
Rous'd the contending Universe to Arms,
The Græcian Council happily deposes
The Sly Ulysses forth—to raise Recruits.
The Artful Captain found, without delay,
Where Great Achilles, a Deserter lay
Him Fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan Blows
Him Greece requir'd—against their Trojan Foes
All the Recruiting Arts were needful here
To raise this Great, this tim'rous Volunteer
Ulysses well could talk—He stirs, he warms
The warlike Youth—He listens to the Charms
Of Plunder, fine Lac'd Coats, and glist'ring Arms
Ulysses caught the Young Aspiring Boy,
And list'd him who wrought the Fate of Troy.
Thus by Recruiting was bold Hector slain ·
Recruiting thus Fair Hellen did regain
If for One Hellen such prodigious things
Were acted, that they ev'n list'd Kings,
If for one Hellen's artful vicious Charms
Half the transported World was found in Arms,
What for so Many Hellens may We dare,
Whose Minds, as well as Faces, are so Fair?
If, by One Hellen's Eyes, Old Greece cou'd find
It's Homer fir'd to write—Ev'n Homer Blind,
The Britains sure beyond compare may write,
That view so many Hellens every Night.*

}

Dramatis Personæ

M E N.

M R. <i>Ballance</i> ,	{	Three Justices,	{	Mr. <i>Keen</i> .
Mr. <i>Scale</i> ,			{	Mr. <i>Philgran</i>
Mr. <i>Scruple</i> ,	{	Two Recruiting Officers,	{	Mr. <i>Kent</i> .
Mr. <i>Worihy</i> , a Gentleman of <i>Shropshire</i> ,			{	Mr. <i>Wilhams</i> .
Captain <i>Plume</i> ,			{	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
Captain <i>Brazen</i> ,			{	Mr. <i>Cibber</i> .
<i>Kite</i> , Serjeant to <i>Plume</i> ,			{	Mr. <i>Estcourt</i> .
<i>Bullock</i> , a Countrey Clown,	{	Two Recruits,	{	Mr. <i>Bullock</i>
<i>Coslar Pear-masn</i> ,			{	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .
<i>Tho. Apple-Tree</i> ,			{	Mr. <i>Fairbank</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Mehnda</i> , a Lady of Fortune,	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i>
<i>Silvia</i> , Daughter to <i>Ballance</i> , in Love with <i>Plume</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Oldfield</i> .
<i>Lucy</i> , <i>Mehnda</i> 's Maid,	Mrs. <i>Sapsford</i> .
<i>Rose</i> , a Countrey Wench,	Mrs. <i>Mounifort</i>

Constable, Recruits, Mob, Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, *SHREWSBURY*.

T H E

Recruiting Officer

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Market-Place*——*Drum beats the Granadeer-March.*

Enter Serjeant Kite, follow'd by the Mob.

Kite [*making a Speech*] IF any Gentlemen Soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve her Majesty, and pull down the *French King*, if any Prentices have severe Masters, any Children have undutiful Parents, if any Servants have too little Wages, or any Husband too much Wife, let them repair to the Noble Serjeant *Kite*, at the Sign of the *Raven*, in this good Town of *Shrewsbury*, and they shall receive present Relief and Entertainment.

Gentlemen, I don't beat my Drums here to insnare or inveigle any Man, for you must know, Gentlemen, that I am a Man of Honour. Besides, I don't beat up for common Soldiers, no, I list only Granadeers, Granadeers, Gentlemen——Pray Gentlemen observe this Cap——This is the Cap of Honour, it dubs a Man a Gentleman in the drawing of a Tricker; and he that has the good Fortune to be born six Foot high, was born to be a Great Man——Sir, [*To one of the Mob.*] Will you give me leave to try this Cap upon your Head?

Mob. Is there no harm in't? Won't the Cap list me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can,——Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Mob. Are you sure there be no Conjuraction in it, no Gunpowder-plot upon me?

Kite.——No, no, Friend; don't fear, Man.

Mob. My mind misgives me plaguely——Let me see it—— [*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of Sweat and Brimstone, pray, Serjeant, what Writing is this upon the Face of it?

Serj. *The Crown, or the Bed of Honour.*

Mob. Pray now, what may be that same *Bed of Honour*?

Serj. O, a mighty large Bed, bigger by half than the great Bed of *Ware*, ten thousand People may lie in't together, and never feel one another.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Mob. My Wife and I wou'd do well to lie in't, for we don't care for feeling one another—But do Folk sleep sound in this same *Bed of Honour*?

Serj. Sound! Ay, so sound that they never wake.

Mob. Wauns! I wish again that my Wife lay there.

Serj. Say you so? Then I find Brother——

Mob. Brother! Hold there Friend, I'm no Kindred to you that I know of, as yet——Lookye Serjeant, no coaxing, no wheedling d' ye see; if I have a mind to list, why so——If not, why 'tis not so——Therefore take your Cap and your Brotherhood back again, for I an't dispos'd at this present Writing——No coaxing, no Brothering me, Faith.

Kste. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it. Sir, I have serv'd twenty Campaigns——But, Sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a Man every inch of you, a pretty young sprightly Fellow——I love a Fellow with a Spirit, but I scorn to coax, 'tis base; tho' I must say, that never in my Life have I seen a better built Man: How firm and strong he treads, he steps like a Castle! But I scorn to wheedle any Man——Come, honest Lad, will you take share of a Pot?

Mob. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my Penny with the best he that wears a Head, that is, begging your Pardon Sir, and in a fair way.

Kste. Give me your hand then; and now Gentlemen, I have no more to say but this——Here's a Purse of Gold, and there is a Tub of humming Ale at my Quarters, 'tis the Queen's Money, and the Queen's Drink; She's a generous Queen, and loves her Subjects——I hope, Gentlemen, you won't refuse the Queen's Health.

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kste. Huzza then, huzza for the Queen, and the Honour of *Shropshire*.

All Mob. Huzza

Kste. Beat Drum—— [Exeunt, Drum beating the *Granadeer-March*.]

SCENE [II], the same.

Enter Plume in a Riding Habit.

Plume. By the *Granadeer-March* that shou'd be my Drum, and by that Shout it shou'd beat with Success——Let me see——[Looks on his Watch.] Four a Clock——at ten Yesterday Morning I left *London*——A hundred and twenty Miles in thirty Hours, is pretty smart riding, but nothing to the Fatigue of Recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to *Shrewsbury*, noble Captain, from the Banks of the *Danube* to the *Severn* side, noble Captain, you are welcome.

° THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Plume. A very elegant Reception indeed, Mr. *Kite*, I find you are fairly enter'd into your Recruiting Strain—Pray what Success?

Kite. I have been here but a Week, and I have recruited five.

Plume. Five! Pray, What are they?

Kite. I have list'd the strong Man of *Kent*, the King of the Gypsies, a *Scotch* Pedlar, a Scoundrel Attorney, and a *Welsh* Parson.

Plume. An Attorney! Wer't thou mad? List a Lawyer! Discharge him, discharge him this Minute.

Kite. Why Sir?

Plume. Because I will have no Body in my Company that can write, a Fellow that can write, can draw Petitions—I say, this Minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the Parson?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Umh——He plays rarely upon the Fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means—But how stands the Country affected? Were the People pleas'd with the News of my coming to Town?

Kite. Sir, the Mob are so pleas'd with your Honour, and the Justices and better sort of People are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do our Business——But, Sir, you have got a Recruit here that you little think of.

Plume. Who?

Kite. One that you beat up for last time you were in the Country; you remember your old Friend *Molly* at the *Castle*?

Plume. She's not with Child, I hope.

Kite. No, no, Sir,—She was brought to Bed Yesterday.,

Plume. *Kite*, you must Father the Child.

Kite. Humph—And so her Friends will oblige me to marry the Mother.

Plume. If she shou'd, we'll take her with us, she can wash you know, and make a Bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon Occasion, but your Honour knows that I'm marry'd already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the back of the Muster-Roll. [*Draws out the Muster-Roll.*] Let me see—*Imprimis*, Mrs. *Sheely Snuckereyes*, she sells Potatoes upon *Ormond-Key* in *Dublin*—*Peggy Guzzle*, the Brandy Woman at the Horse-Guard at *Whitehall*—*Dolly Waggon*, the Carrier's Daughter in *Hull*—*Madamoselle Van-Bottomflat* at the *Buss*—Then *Jenny Okam* the Ship-Carpenter's Widow at *Portsmouth*, but I don't reckon upon her, for she was marry'd at the same time to two Lieutenants of Marines, and a Man of War's Boatswain.

Plume. A full Company, you have nam'd five—Come, make 'em half a Dozen, *Kite*——Is the Child a Boy or a Girl?

Kite. A Chopping Boy.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Plume. Then set the Mother down in your List, and the Boy in mine; enter him a Granadeer by the Name of *Francis Kite*, absent upon *Furlow*—I'll allow you a Man's Pay for his Subsistence, and now go comfort the Wench in the Straw.

Kite. I shall, Sir.

Plume. But, hold, have you made any Use of your *German Doctor's* Habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir; and my Fame's all about the Country, for the most famous Fortune-teller that ever told a Lye, I was oblig'd to let my Landlord into the Secret for the Convenience of keeping it so, but he's an honest Fellow, and will be trusty to any Roguery that is confided to him: This Device, Sir, will get you Men, and me Money, which I think is all we want at present—But yonder comes your Friend, Mr. *Worthy*—Has your Honour any farther Commands?

Plume. None at present [*Exit Kite.*] 'tis indeed the Picture of *Worthy*, but the Life's departed

Enter Worthy

Plume. What! Arms a-cross, *Worthy*! Methinks you shou'd hold 'em open when a Friend's so near—The Man has got the Vapours in his Ears I believe. I must expel this melancholy Spirit.

*Spleen, thou worst of Fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee by this Magick Blow*

[Slaps Worthy on the Shoulder.]

Wor Plume! My dear Captain, welcome, safe and sound return'd!

Plume. I 'scap'd safe from *Germany*, and sound I hope from *London*, you see I have lost neither Leg, Arm, nor Nose—Then for my inside, 'tis neither troubled with Sympathies nor Antipathies, and I have an excellent Stomach for roast Beef

Wor Thou art a happy Fellow, once I was so

Plume What ails thee, Man? No Inundations nor Earthquakes in *Wales*, I hope? Has your Father rose from the dead, and reassum'd his Estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then, you are marry'd surely

Wor No.

Plume Then you are mad, or turning Quaker

Wor Come, I must out with it—Your once gay roving Friend is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantick, constant Coxcomb.

Plume. And pray, What is all this for?

Wor. For a Woman

Plume. Shake hands Brother, if you go to that—Behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a Coxcomb as your Worship.

• THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a Regiment——But for a Woman, 'sdeath, I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one; and can the Love of one bring you into this Pickle? Pray, who is this miraculous *Hellen*?

Wor. A *Hellen* indeed, not to be won under a ten Year's Siege, as great a Beauty, and as great a Jilt

Plume. A Jilt! Pho——Is she as great a Whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities——But who is she? Do I know her?

Wor. Very well

Plume. Impossible—I know no Woman that will hold out a ten Year's Siege.

Wor. What think you of *Melinda*?

Plume. *Melinda*! Why she began to capitulate this time Twelvemonth, and offer'd to surrender upon honourable Terms, and I advis'd you to propose a Settlement of five hundred Pound a Year to her, before I went last abroad

Wor. I did, and she hearken'd to't, desiring only one Week to consider, when, beyond her Hopes, the Town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my Siege into a Blockade

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady *Richly* her Aunt in *Flintshire* dies, and leaves her at this critical time twenty thousand Pound

Plume. Oh the Devil, what a delicate Woman was there spoil'd! But by the Rules of War now, *Worthy*, your Blockade was foolish—After such a Convoy of Provisions was enter'd the Place, you cou'd have no thought of reducing it by Famine—You shou'd have redoubled your Attacks, taken the Town by Storm, or have dy'd upon the Breach.

Wor. I did make one general Assault, and push'd it with all my Forces, but I was so vigorously repuls'd, that despairing of ever gaining her for a Mistress, I have alter'd my Conduct, given my Addresses the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a Wife

Plume. So, as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty, and because you approach'd her as a Goddess, she us'd you like a Dog

Wor. Exactly

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all——Come *Worthy*, your obsequious and distant Airs will never bring you together; you must not think to surmount her Pride by your Humility—Wou'd you bring her to better Thoughts of you, she must be reduc'd to a meaner Opinion of her self——Let me see——The very first thing that I wou'd do, shou'd be to lie with her Chamber-maid, and hire three or four Wenches in the Neighbourhood to report that I had got them with Child. Suppose we lampoon'd all the

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

pretty Women in Town, and left her out? Or what if we made a Ball, and forgot to invite her, with one or two of the Ugliest.

Wor. These wou'd be Mortifications, I must confess,—But we live in such a precise, dull Place, that we can have no Balls, no Lampoons, no—

Plume. What! No Bastards! And so many Recruiting Officers in Town; I thought 'twas a Maxim among them to leave as many Recruits in the Country as they carry'd out.

Wor. No body doubts your Good-will, Noble Captain, in serving your Country with your best Blood—Witness our Friend *Molly* at the *Castle*—There have been Tears in Town about that Business, Captain.

Plume. I hope *Silvia* has not heard of't.

Wor. O Sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor *Silvia*.

Plume. Your Affairs had put my own quite out of my Head. 'Tis true, *Silvia* and I had once agreed to go to Bed together, cou'd we have adjust'd Preliminaries, but she wou'd have the Wedding before Consummation, and I was for Consummation before the Wedding—We cou'd not agree, she was a pert obstinate Fool, and wou'd lose her Maidenhead her own way, so she may keep it for *Plume*.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other Conditions?

Plume. Your Pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no Conditions at all, if I shou'd, I'm resolv'd never to bind my self to a Woman for my whole Life, till I know whether I shall like her Company for half an Hour—Suppose I marry'd a Woman that wanted a Leg? Such a thing might be, unless I examin'd the Goods before-hand; if People wou'd but try one another's Constitutions before they engag'd, it wou'd prevent all these Elopements, Divorces, and the Devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the Town did not stick to say, That—

Plume. I hate Country Towns for that Reason—If your Town has a dishonourable Thought of *Silvia*, it deserves to be burnt to the Ground—I love *Silvia*, I admire her frank, generous Disposition, there's something in that Girl more than Woman, her Sex is but a foil to her—The Ingratitude, Dissimulation, Envy, Pride, Avarice, and Vanity of her Sister Females, do but set off their Contraries in her—In short, were I once a General, I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith you have reason, for were you but a Corporal, she wou'd marry you—But my *Melinda* coquets it with every Fellow she sees—I lay fifty Pound she makes love to you

Plume. I'll lay fifty Pound that I return it, if she does—Lookye, *Worthy*, I'll win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, Faith, I wou'd not give a Fig for the Conquest, without the Credit of the Victory

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, a word in your Ear

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but Friends.

Kite. You know, Sir, that you sent me to comfort the good Woman in the Straw, Mrs. *Molly*—My Wife, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. Oho, very well—I wish you Joy, Mr. *Kite*

Kite. Your Worship very well may,—for I have got both a Wife and a Child in half an Hour,—but as I was a saying, you sent me to comfort Mrs. *Molly*—My Wife, I mean. But what d'ye think Sir? She was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how?

Kite. Why, Sir, a Footman in a blue Livery had brought her ten Guineas to buy her Baby Cloaths.

Plume. Who, in the Name of Wonder, cou'd send them?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I must whisper that—Mrs. *Silvia* [*Whispers* *Plume*

Plume *Silvia*! Generous Creature

Wor. *Silvia*! Impossible

Kite. Here be the Guinea's, Sir, I took the Gold as part of my Wife's Portion. Nay farther, Sir, she sent word that the Child shou'd be taken all imaginable Care of, and that she intended to stand God-mother. The same Footman, as I was coming to you with this News, call'd after me, and told me that his Lady wou'd speak with me—I went; and upon hearing that you were come to Town, she gave me half a Guinea for the News, and order'd me to tell you, That Justice *Balance* her Father, who is just come out of the Country, wou'd be glad to see you

Plume. There's a Girl for you, *Worthy*—Is there any thing of Woman in this? No, 'tis noble and generous, Manly Friendship, show me another Woman that wou'd lose an Inch of her Prerogative that way, without Tears, Fits, and Reproaches. The common Jealousie of her Sex, which is nothing but their Avarice of Pleasure, she despises, and can part with the Lover, tho' she dies for the Man—Come *Worthy*—Where's the best Wine? For there I'll quarter

Wor. *Horton* has a fresh Pipe of choice *Barcelona*, which I wou'd not let him pierce before, because I reserv'd the Maidenhead of it for your welcome to Town.

Plume. Let's away then—Mr. *Kite*, wait on the Lady with my humble Service, and tell her, That I shall only refresh a little, and wait on her

Wor. Hold, *Kite*—Have you seen the other Recruiting Captain?

Kite. No, Sir

Plume. Another, who is he?

Wor. My Rival in the first place, and the most unaccountable Fellow—But I'll tell you more as we go. [*Exeunt*

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

SCENE [III], *An Apartment.*

Melinda and Silvia Meeting.

• *Mel.* Welcome to Town, Cosin *Silvia* [*Salute.*] I envy'd you your Retreat in the Country, for *Shrewsbury*, methinks, and all your Heads of Shires, are the most irregular Places for living; here we have Smoak, Noise, Scandal, Affectation, and Pretension, in short, every thing to give the Spleen, and nothing to divert it——Then the Air is intolerable.

Sil. Oh! Madam, I have heard the Town commended for its Air.

Mel. But you don't consider, *Silvia*, how long I have liv'd in it; for I can assure you, that to a Lady the least nice in her Constitution, no Air can be good above half a Year, Change of Air I take to be the most agreeable of any Variety in Life.

Sil. As you say, Cosin *Melinda*, there are several sorts of Airs, Airs in Conversation, Airs in Behaviour, Airs in Dress, then we have our Quality Airs, our sickly Airs, our reserv'd Airs, and some times our impudent Airs.

Mel. Pshaw—I talk only of the Air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste——Have not you, *Silvia*, found a vast Difference in the Taste of Airs?

Sil. Pray Cosin, are not Vapours a sort of Air? Taste Air! You may as well tell me I might feed upon Air, but prithee, my dear *Melinda*, don't put on such Airs to me, your Education and mine were just the same, and I remember the time when we never troubled our Heads about Air, but when the sharp Air from the *Welsh* Mountains made our Noses drop in a cold Morning at the Boarding-School.

Mel. Our Education, Cosin, was the same, but our Temperaments had nothing alike, you have the Constitution of a Horse——

Sil. So far as to be troubled with neither Spleen, Cholick, nor Vapours, I need no Salt for my Stomach, no Hart's-horn for my Head, nor Wash for my Complexion, I can gallop all the Morning after the Hunting Horn, and all the Evening after a Fiddle in short, I can do every thing with my Father but drink and shoot flying; and I'm sure I can do every thing my Mother cou'd, were I put to the Tryal.

Mel. You're in a fair way of being put to't, for I'm told, your Captain is come to Town.

Sil. Ay, *Melinda*, he is come, and I'll take care he shan't go without a Companion.

Mel. You're certainly mad, Cosin.

Sil. And there's a Pleasure sure, in being mad,
Which none but Mad-men know.

• THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Mel. Thou poor Romantick *Quixote*, hast thou the Vanity to imagine that a young sprightly Officer that rambles over half the Globe in half a Year, can confine his Thoughts to the little Daughter of a Country Justice in an obscure corner of the World?

Sil. Pshaw! What care I for his Thoughts? I shou'd not like a Man with confin'd Thoughts, it shows a Narrowness of Soul. Constancy is but a dull, sleepy Quality at best; they will hardly admit it among the Manly Vertues, nor do I think it deserves a Place with Bravery, Knowledge, Policy, Justice, and some other Qualities that are proper to that noble Sex. In short, *Melinda*, I think a Petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I'm heartily tir'd of my Sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an Appendix to our Sex, that you can't so handsomly get rid of in Petticoats as if you were in Breeches—O' my Conscience, *Silvia*, hadst thou been a Man, thou hadst been the greatest Rake in *Christendom*

Sil. I shou'd endeavour to know the World, which a Man can never do thoroughly without half a hundred Friendships, and as many Amours. But now I think on't, how stands your Affair with Mr *Worthy*?

Mel. He's my Aversion.

Sil. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, Madam?

Sil. I say, that you shou'd not use that honest Fellow so inhumanely, he's a Gentleman of Parts and Fortune, and beside that he's my *Plume's* Friend, and by all that's sacred, if you don't use him better, I shall expect Satisfaction

Mel. Satisfaction! You begin to fancy your self in Breeches in good earnest—but to be plain with you, I like *Worthy* the worse for being so intimate with your Captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly Coxcomb.

Sil. Oh! Madam—You never saw him, perhaps, since you were Mistress of twenty thousand Pound, you only knew him when you were capitulating with *Worthy* for a Settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, Madam?

Sil. My Meaning needs no Interpretation, Madam

Mel. Better it had, Madam—for methinks you're too plain.

Sil. If you mean the Plainness of my Person, I think your Ladyship as plain as me to the full

Mel. Were I assur'd of that, I shou'd be glad to take up with a Rakely Officer as you do

Sil. Again! Look'e, Madam—You're in your own House

Mel. And if you had kept in yours, I shou'd have excus'd you.

Sil. Don't be troubl'd, Madam—I shan't desire to have my Visit return'd.

•

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an end of this, the better.

Sil. I'm easily advis'd to follow my Inclinations—So Madam—
Your humble Servant. [Exit.]

Mel. Saucy thing!

Enter Lucy.

Lu. What's the matter, Madam?

Mel. Did you not see the proud Nothing, how she swells upon the Arrival of her Fellow?

Lu. Her Fellow has not been long enough arriv'd to occasion any great swelling, Madam—I don't believe she has seen him yet

Mel. Nor shan't if I can help it, let me see—I have it—Bring me Pen and Ink—Hold, I'll go write in my Closet.

Lu. An answer to this Letter, I hope, Madam— [Presents a Letter.]

Mel. Who sent it?

Lu. Your Captain, Madam—

Mel. He's a Fool, and I'm tir'd of him, send it back unopen'd.

Luc. The Messenger's gone, Madam—

Mel. Then how shall I send an Answer? call him back immediately, while I go write. [Exeunt severally.]

[The End of the First Act]

ACT II.

SCENE [I]; An Apartment.

Enter Justice Ballance and Plume

Ball. Look'e, Captain, give us but Blood for our Money, and you shan't want Men, I remember, that for some Years of the last War, we had no Blood nor Wounds but in the Officers Mouths, nothing for our Millions but News Papers not worth a reading, our Armies did nothing but play at Prison Bars, and hide and seek with the Enemy, but now ye have brought us Colours, and Standards, and Prisoners, odsmylife, Captain, get us but another Mareschal of France, and I'll go my self for a Soldier

Plume. Pray, Mr. Ballance, how does your fair Daughter?

Ball. Ah! Captain, what is my Daughter to a Mareschal of France? We're upon a nobler Subject, I want to have a particular Description of the Battel of Hochstet.

Plume. The Battel, Sir, was a very pretty Battel as one shou'd desire to

• THE RECRUITING OFFICER

see, but we were all so intent upon Victory, that we never minded the Battel; all that I know of the matter is, our Generals commanded us to beat the *French*, and we did so, and if he pleases to say the word, we'll do't again—But pray, Sir, how does Mrs. *Silvia*?

Ball. Still upon *Silvia*! For shame, Captain—You're engag'd already, wedded to the War, War is your Mistress, and it is below a Soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a Mistress, I confess, but as a Friend, Mr. *Ballance*.

Ball. Come, come, Captain, never mince the matter, wou'd not you debauch my Daughter if you cou'd?

Plume. How Sir! I hope she is not to be debauch'd.

Ball. Faith but she is, Sir, and any Woman in *England* of her Age and Complexion, by a Man of your Youth and Vigour. Look'e, Captain, once I was young, and once an Officer as you are; and I can guess at your Thoughts now by what mine were then, and I remember very well, that I wou'd have given one of my legs to have deluded the Daughter of an old plain Country Gentleman, as like me as I was then like you.

Plume. But, Sir, was that Country Gentleman your Friend and Benefactor?

Ball. Not much of that

Plume. There the Comparison breaks, the Favours, Sir, that—

Ball. Pho! I hate Speeches, if I have done you any Service, Captain, 'twas to please my self, for I love thee, and if I cou'd part with my Girl, you shou'd have her as soon as any young Fellow I know; but I hope you have more Honour than to quit the Service, and she more Prudence than to follow the Camp. But she's at her own Disposal, she has fifteen hundred Pound in her Pocket, and so, *Silvia*, *Silvia*

[Calls.]

Enter *Silvia*

Sil. There are some Letters, Sir, come by the Post from *London*, I left them upon the Table in your Closet

Ball. And here is a Gentleman from *Germany* [Presents *Plume* to her] Captain, you'll excuse me, I'll go read my Letters and wait on you [Exit

Sil. Sir, you're welcome to *England*

Plume. You are indebted to me a Welcome, Madam, since the Hopes of receiving it from this fair Hand, was the principal Cause of my seeing *England*

Sil. I have often heard, that Soldiers were sincere. Shall I venture to believe publick Report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private Insurance, for I swear, Madam, by the Honour of my Profession, that whatever Dangers I went upon, it was with the Hope of making my self more worthy of your Esteem, and if ever I had Thoughts of preserving my Life, 'twas for the Pleasure of dying at your Feet.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Sil. Well, well, you shall die at my Feet, or where you will; but you know, Sir, there is a certain Will and Testament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My Will, Madam, is made already, and there it is, [*Gives her a Parchment.*] and if you please to open that Parchment, which was drawn the Evening before the Battel of *Blenheim*, you will find whom I left my Heir.

[*Silvia opens the Will and reads.*]

Sil. Mrs. *Silvia Ballance*—Well, Captain, this is a handsome and a substantial Compliment, but I can assure you I am much better pleas'd with the bare Knowledge of your Intention, than I shou'd have been in the Possession of your Legacy, but methinks, Sir, you shou'd have left something to your little Boy at the *Castle*

Plume. That's home, [*Aside.*] my little Boy! Lack-a-day, Madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine; why the Girl, Madam, is my Serjeant's Wife, and so the poor Creature gave out that I was Father, in hopes that my Friends might support her in case of Necessity, that was all, Madam,—my Boy! No, no.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Master has receiv'd some ill News from *London*, and desires to speak with you immediately, and he begs the Captain's Pardon that he can't wait on him as he promis'd

Plume. Ill News! Heavens avert it, nothing cou'd touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy Gentleman afflicted, I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assur'd that if my Life and Fortune can be any way serviceable to the Father of my *Silvia*, she shall freely command both

Sil. The Necessity must be very pressing, that wou'd engage me to do either.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE [II] *changes to another Apartment.*

Enter Ballance and Silvia.

Sil. Whilst there is Life there is hope, Sir, perhaps my Brother may recover.

Ball. We have but little reason to expect it Dr *Kilman* acquaints me here, that before this comes to my hands, he fears I shall have no Son—Poor *Owen*! But the Decree is just, I was pleas'd with the Death of my Father, because he left me an Estate, and now I'm punish'd with the Loss of an Heir to inherit mine I must now look upon you as the only Hopes of my Family, and I expect that the Augmentation of your Fortune will give you fresh Thoughts and new Prospects

Sil. My desire of being punctual in my Obedience, requires that you wou'd be plain in your Commands, Sir

• THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Ball. The Death of your Brother makes you sole Heiress to my Estate, which three or four Years hence will amount to twelve hundred Pound *per Annum*; this Fortune gives you a fair Claim to Quality and a Title, you must set a just Value upon your self, and in plain Terms, think no more of Captain *Plume*.

Sil. You have often commended the Gentleman, Sir .

Bal. And I do so still, he's a very pretty Fellow, but tho' I lik'd him well enough for a bare Son-in-Law, I don't approve of him for an Heir to my Estate and Family, fifteen hundred Pound, indeed, I might trust in his hands, and it might do the young Fellow a Kindness, but oddsmylife, twelve hundred Pound a Year wou'd ruine him, quite turn his Brain. A Captain of Foot worth twelve hundred Pound a Year! 'Tis a Prodigy in Nature: Besides this, I have five or six thousand Pounds in Woods upon my Estate, Oh! That wou'd make him stark mad, for you must know that all Captains have a mighty Aversion to Timber, they can't endure to see Trees standing, then I shou'd have some Rogue of a Builder by the help of his damn'd Magick Art transform my noble Oaks and Elms into Cornishes, Portals, Sashes, Birds, Beasts, Gods and Devils, to adorn some magotty, new-fashioned Bauble upon the *Thames*, and then you shou'd have a Dog of a Gardner bring a *Habeas Corpus* for my *Terra Firma*, remove it to *Chelsea* or *Twitnam*, and clap it into Grass-plats and Gravel-walks.

Enter a Servant

Ser. Sir, here's one below with a Letter for your Worship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Ball. Come, show me the Messenger *[Exit with Servant]*

Sil. Make the Dispute between Love and Duty, and I am Prince *Prettyman* exactly——If my Brother dies, Ah! poor Brother, if he lives, Ah! poor Sister——'Tis bad both ways, I'll try it again, follow my own Inclinations and break my Father's Heart, or obey his Commands and break my own, worse and worse——Suppose I take it thus——A moderate Fortune, a pretty Fellow and a Pad,—or a fine Estate, a Coach and six, and an Ass—That will never do neither.

Enter Ballance and Servant.

Ball. Put four Horses into the Coach. *[To the Servant who goes out.]*
Silvia

Sil. Sir.

Ball. How old were you when your Mother dy'd?

Sil. So young that I don't remember I ever had one, and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Ball. Have I ever deny'd you any thing you ask'd of me?

Sil. Never, that I remember.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Ball. Then *Silvia*, I must beg that once in your Life you wou'd grant me a Favour.

Sil. Why shou'd you question it, Sir?

Ball. I don't, but I wou'd rather counsel than command—I don't propose this with the Authority of a Parent, but as the Advice of your Friend, that you wou'd take the Coach this Moment and go into the Country.

Sil. Does this Advice proceed from the Contents of the Letter you receiv'd just now?

Ball. No matter, I shall be with you in three or four days, and then give you my Reasons—But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn Promise.

Sil. Propose the thing, Sir.

Ball. That you will never dispose of your self to any Man, without my Consent.

Sil. I promise.

Ball. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise, That I will never dispose of you without your own Consent, and so *Silvia*, the Coach is ready, farewell [*Leads her to the Door and returns*] Now she's gone, I'll examine the Contents of this Letter a little nearer. [*Reads.*]

S I R,

M*y Intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a Secret from him that he had from his Friend Captain Plume, and my Friendship and Relation to your Family oblige me to give you timely notice of it, the Captain has dishonourable Designs upon my Cousin Silvia, Evils of this Nature are more easily prevented than amended, and that you wou'd immediately send my Cousin into the Country is the Advice of,*

S I R, Your humble Servant,

MELINDA

Why the Devil's in the young Fellows of this Age, they're ten times worse than they were in my time, had he made my Daughter a Whore, and forswore it like a Gentleman, I cou'd have almost pardon'd it, but to tell Tales before-hand is monstrous! Hang it, I can fetch down a Woodcock or Snipe, and why not a Hat and Feather? I have a Case of good Pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy

Ball. *Worthy*, your Servant

Wor. I'm sorry, Sir, to be the Messenger of ill News

Ball. I apprehend it, Sir, you have heard that my Son *Owen* is past Recovery.

Wor. My Advices say he's dead, Sir

Ball. He's happy, and I am satisfy'd, the Strokes of Heaven I can bear, but Injuries from Men, Mr *Worthy*, are not so easily supported

• THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Wor. I hope, Sir, you are under no Apprehension of. Wrong from any Body?

Ball. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my Honour, Sir, in believing I cou'd know any thing to your Prejudice without resenting it as much as you shou'd.

Ball. This Letter, Sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the Person that sent it, informs me that *Plume* has a Design upon *Silvia*, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay, then Sir, I must do my self Justice, and endeavour to find out the Author. [*Takes up a piece of the Letter.*] Sir, I know the Hand, and if you refuse to discover the Contents, *Melinda* shall tell me. [*Going*]

Ball. Hold, Sir, the Contents I have told you already, only with this Circumstance, that her Intimacy with Mr. *Worthy* had drawn the Secret from him.

Wor. Her Intimacy with me!—Dear Sir, let me pick up the pieces of this Letter, 'twill give me such a hank upon her Pride, to have her own an Intimacy under her hand, 'twas the luckiest Accident [*Gathering up the Letter*] The Aspersions, Sir, was nothing but Malice, the Effect of a little Quarrel between her and Mrs. *Silvia*

Ball. Are you sure of that, Sir?

Wor. Her Maid gave me the history of part of the Battel just now, as she overheard it

Bull. 'Tis probable, I am satisfy'd

Wor. But I hope, Sir, your Daughter has suffer'd nothing upon the Account?

Ball. No, no—Poor Girl, she is so afflicted with the News of her Brother's Death, that to avoid Company she beg'd Leave to be gone into the Country

Wor. And is she gone?

Ball. I cou'd not refuse her, she was so pressing, the Coach went from the Door the Minute before you came—

Wor. So pressing to be gone, Sir—I find her Fortune will give her the same Airs with *Melinda*, and then *Plume* and I may laugh at one another.

Ball. Like enough—Women are as subject to Pride as we are, and why may'nt great Women as well as great Men forget their old Acquaintance?—But come—Where's this young Fellow, I love him so well, it wou'd break the Heart of me to think him a Rascal—I'm glad my Daughter's gone fairly off tho' [*Aside*] Where does the Captain quarter?

Wor. At *Horton's*, I'm to meet him there two Hours hence, and we shou'd be glad of your Company.

Ball. Your pardon, dear *Worthy*, I must allow a Day or two to the Death of my Son; the Decorum of Mourning is what we owe the World, because they pay it to us afterwards. I'm yours over a Bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

SCENE [III], *the Street.*

Enter Kite, with one of the Mob in each hand, drunk Kite sings.

*Our Prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel Master's Shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the Hills and far away—Over the Hills, &c*
[*The Mob sing the Chorus.*]

*We all shall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
That scold and brawl both Night and Day,
Over the Hills and far away—Over the Hills, &c.*

Kite Hey Boys—Thus we Soldiers live, drink, sing, dance, play, we live, as one shou'd say—We live—"Tis impossible to tell how we live—We're all Princes—Why—Why you're a King—You're an Emperour, and I'm a Prince—Now—an't we—

1st Mob No, Serjeant—I'll be no Emperour

Kite No!

1st Mob No, I'll be a Justice of Peace.

Kite A Justice of Peace, Man!

1st Mob. Ay, wauns will I, for since this Pressing Act they are greater than any Emperour under the Sun

Kite Done, you're a Justice of Peace, and you're a King, and I'm a Duke, and a Rum Duke, an't I?

2d Mob No, but I'll be no King

Kite. What then?

2d Mob I'll be a Queen

Kite A Queen!

2d Mob. Ay, Queen of England—That's greater than any King of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said! Faith Huzza for the Queen. [*All Huzza*] But heark'e, you Mr Justice, and you Mr Queen, did you ever see the Queen's Picture?

1st and 2d Mob No, no

Kite. I wonder at that, I have two of 'em set in Gold, and as like her Majesty, God bless the Mark [*He takes two Broad Pieces out of his Pocket.*] See here, they're set in Gold [*Gives one to each.*]

1st Mob. [*Looking earnestly upon the Piece.*] The wonderful Works of Nature!

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

2d Mob. What's this written about? Here's a Posy, I believe, *Ca-ro-lus*—What's that, Sergeant?

Kite O *Carolus*—Why *Carolus* is Latin for Queen *Ann*, that's all.

2d Mob. 'Tis a fine thing to be a Scollard, Sergeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the Compass of a Crown.

Kite. A Crown! Never talk of buying—'Tis the same thing among Friends you know, I present them to you both, you shall give me as good a thing, put them up, and remember your old Friend, when I'm *over the Hills and far away*. [Singing]

[They sing and put up the Money.]

Enter Plume singing.

*Over the Hills, and o're the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain,
The Queen commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills and far away.*

Come on my Men of Mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye; who are these hearty Lads?

Kite Off with your Hats, Ouns, off with your Hats, this is the Captain, the Captain.

1st Mob We have seen Captains afore now, mun

2d Mob. Ay, and Lieutenant Captains too, Flesh, I'se keep on my Nab

1st Mob And I'se scarcely doff mine for any Captain in *England*, my Vether's a Frenholder

Plume. Who are these jolly Lads, Sergeant?

Kite A couple of honest brave Fellows, that are willing to serve the Queen, I have entertain'd them just now as Volunteers under your Honour's Command.

Plume And good Entertainment they shall have, Volunteers are the Men I want, those are the Men fit to make Soldiers, Captains, Generals.

1st Mob Wauns, *Tummas*, What's this? Are you listed?

2d Mob Flesh, not I, are you, *Costar*?

1st Mob Wauns, not I

Kite What, not listed! Ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest, Faith.

1st Mob. Come, *Tummas*, we'll go whome.

2d Mob Ay, ay, come

Kite. Home! For shame, Gentlemen, behave your selves better before your Captain—Dear *Tummas*, honest *Costar*—

2d Mob. No, no, we'll be gone

[Going.]

Kite. Nay, then I command you to stay, I place you both Centinels in this place for two Hours to watch the Motion of St. *Mary's* Clock you,

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

and you the Motion of St. *Chad's*, and he that dare stir from his Post till he be relieved, shall have my Sword in his Guts the next Minute.

Plume. What's the matter, Serjeant—I'm afraid you're too rough with these Gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, Sir, they disobey Command, Sir, and one of them shou'd be shot for an Example to the other

1st Mob. Shot! *Tummas*

Plume. Come, Gentlemen, what is the matter?

1st Mob. We don't know, the noble Serjeant is pleas'd to be in a Passion, Sir—But—

Kite. They disobey Command, they deny their being listed

2d Mob. Nay, Serjeant, we don't downright deny it neither, that we dare not do for fear of being shot, but we humbly conceive in a civil way, and begging your Worship's Pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known, have either of you receiv'd any of the Queen's Money.

1st Mob. Not a brass Farthing, Sir

Kite. Sir, they have each of them receiv'd three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence, and 'tis now in their Pockets.

1st Mob. Wauns! If I have a Penny in my Pocket, but a bent Six-pence, I'll be content to be listed, and shot into the Bargain

2d Mob. And, I, look'e here, Sir

1st Mob. Ay, here's my Stock too, nothing but the Queen's Picture that the Serjeant gave me just now

Kite. See there, a broad Piece, three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence, the t'other has the Fellow on't

Plume. The Case is plain, Gentlemen, the Goods are found upon you, those Pieces of Gold are worth three and twenty and Six-pence each

1st Mob. So it seems that *Carolus* is three and twenty Shillings and Six pence in Latin

2d Mob. 'Tis the same thing in the *Greek*, for we are listed

1st Mob. Flesh, but we an't *Tummas*, I desire to be carry'd before the Mayor, Captain. [*While they talk, the Captain and Serjeant whisper*

Plume. 'Twill never do, *Kite*, your damn'd Tricks will ruine me at last, I won't lose the Fellows tho', if I can help it—Well, Gentlemen, there must be some Trick in this, my Serjeant offers here to take his Oath that you're fairly listed

1st Mob. Why, Captain, we know that you Soldiers have more Liberty of Conscience than other Folks, but for me or Neighbour *Coffar* here to take such an Oath, 'twou'd be downright Perjuraton

Plume. Look'e, you Rascal, you Villain, if I find that you have impos'd upon these two honest Fellows, I'll trample you to Death, you Dog! come, how was't?

° THE RECRUITING OFFICER

2d *Mob.* Nay, then we will speak, your Serjeant, as you say, is a Rogue, begging your Worship's Pardon—And——

1st *Mob.* Nay, *Tummas*, let me speak, you know I can read? and so, Sir, he gave us those two pieces of Money for Pictures of the Queen by way of a Present.

Plume. How! By way of a Present! The Son of a Whore! I'll teach him to abuse honest Fellows like you, Scoundrel, Rogue, Villain, &c.
[Beats the Serjeant off the Stage, and follows him out]

Both *Mob.* O brave Noble Captain, huzza, a brave Captain, Faith

1st *Mob.* Now *Tummas*, *Carolus* is Latin for a beating! This is the bravest Captain I ever saw, Wauns, I have a Month's mind to go with him.

Re-enter Plume.

Plume. A Dog! To abuse two such pretty Fellows as you, Look'e, Gentlemen, I love a pretty Fellow, I come among you here as an Officer to list Soldiers, not as a Kidnapper, to steal Slaves.

1st *Mob.* Mind that, *Tummas*

Plume. I desire no Man to go with me, but as I went my self I went a Volunteer, as you or you may go, for a little time carry'd a Musket, and now I command a Company

2d *Mob.* Mind that, *Costar*, a sweet Gentleman.

Plume. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you, the Queen's Money was in your Pockets, my Serjeant was ready to take his Oath that you were listed, but I scorn to do a base thing, you are both of you at your Liberty

1st *Mob.* Thank you, Noble Captain,—I cod, I cannot find in my Heart to leave him, he talks so finely

2d *Mob.* Ay, *Costar*, wou'd he alway hold in this Mind

Plume. Come, my Lads, one thing more I'll tell you, you're both young tight Fellows, and the Army is the place to make you Men for ever. every Man has his Lot, and you have yours, What think you now of a Purse full of French Gold out of a Monsieur's Pocket, after you have dash'd out his Brains with the But of your Firelock? eh!——

1st *Mob.* Wauns, I'll have it, Captain, give me a Shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the World

2d *Mob.* Nay, dear *Costar*, duna, be advis'd.

Plume. Here, my Heroe, here are two Guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do farther for thee

2d *Mob.* Duna take it, duna, dear *Costar*

[Cries and pulls back his Arm.]

1st *Mob.* I wull, I wull, Wauns, my Mind gives me that I shall be a Captain my self, I take your Money, Sir, and now I'm a Gentleman.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Plume. Give me thy hand——And now you and I will travel the World o're, and command wherever we tread—Bring your Friend with you if you can *[Aside.*

1st *Mob.* Well, *Tummas*, must we part?

2d *Mob.* No, *Costar*, I cannot leave thee——Come, Captain, *[Crying.]* I'll e'ne go along too; and if you have two honest, simpler Lads in your Company than we twa been——I'll say no more——

Plume Here, my Lad. *[Gives him Money.]* Now your Name?

1st *Mob.* *Thummas Appletree*

Plume. And yours?

2d *Mob.* *Costar Pearmain*

Plume. Born where?

1st *Mob.* Both in *Herefordshire*

Plume. Very well, Courage, my Lads, now we will sing *Over the Hills and far away.*

*Courage, Boys, 'tis one to ten,
But we return all Gentlemen, &c.*

[The End of the Second Act]

A C T III.

SCENE [I], *The Market-Place.*

Plume and Worthy

Wor I Can't forbear admiring the Equality of our two Fortunes. We lov'd two Ladies, they met us half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their Arms, Fortune drops into their Laps, Pride possesses their Hearts, a Maggot fills their Heads, Madness takes 'em by the Tails, they snort, kick up their Heels, and away they run

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the Shore—a couple of poor melancholy Monsters—What shall we do?

Wor I have a Trick for mine, the Letter you know, and the Fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a Trick for mine.

Wor What is't?

Plume I'll never think of her again

Wor No!

• THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Plume No; I think my self above administ'ring to the Pride of any Woman, were she worth twelve thousand a Year, and I han't the Vanity to believe I shall ever gain a Lady worth twelve hundred, the generous good-natur'd *Silvia*, in her Smock I admire, but the haughty scornful *Silvia*, with her Fortune, I despise

A S O N G

1.

*C*ome, fair one, be kind
You never shall find
A Fellow so fit for a Lover
The World shall view
My Passion for you,
But never your Passion discover.

2

I still will complain
Of your Frowns and Disdain,
Tho I revel thro' all your Charms:
The World shall declare,
That I die with Despair,
When I only die in your Arms

3

I still will adore,
And love more and more,
But, by Jove, if you chance to prove cruel
I'll get me a Miss
That freely will kiss,
Tho' I afterwards drink Water-gruel.

What! Sneak out o' Town, and not so much as a Word, a Line, a Complement! 'Sdeath, how far off does she live? I'd go and break her Windows.

Wor Ha, ha, ha, ay, and the Window Bars too to come at her. Come, come Friend, no more of your rough Military Airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite Captain, Sir, look yonder, she's a coming this way, 'tis the prettiest cleanest little Tit——

Plume. Now, *Worthy*, to show you how much I'm in Love—Here she comes, and what is that great Country Fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, Sir.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

*Enter Rose and her Brother Bullock, Rose with a Basket
on her Arm, crying Chickens*

Rose Buy Chickens, young and tender——young and tender Chickens.

Plume. Here, you Chickens——

Rose Who calls?

Plume Come hither, pretty Maid

Rose. Will you please to buy, Sir?

Wor. Yes, Child, we'll both buy

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair, market for your self, come, my Child, I'll buy all you have

Rose. Then all I have is at your Service.

[*Curtsies.*

Wor Then I must shift for my self, I find

[*Exit.*

Plume Let me see——Young and tender, you say?

[*Chucks her under the Chin.*

Rose. As ever you tasted in your Life, Sir

[*Curtsies*

Plume. Come, I must examine your Basket to the Bottom, my Dear.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your hand, feel, Sir, I warrant my Ware as good as any in the Market

Plume. And I'll buy it all, Child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume Come then, we won't quarrel about the Price, they're fine Birds, pray what's your Name, pretty Creature.

Rose. Rose, Sir. My Father is a Farmer within three short Mile o' th' Town, we keep this Market, I sell Chickens, Eggs, and Butter, and my Brother *Bullock* there sells Corn.

Bull. Come, Sister, hast ye, we shall be late a whome.

[*All this while Bullock whistles about the Stage.*

Plume Kite!

[*He tips the wink upon Kite, who returns it.*

Pretty Mrs. Rose! You have——Let me see——How many?

Rose A Dozen, Sir——And they are richly worth a Crown

Bull Come *Ruose, Ruose*, I sold fifty Stracke o' Barley to Day in half this time, but you will higgel and higgel for a Penny more than the Commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, Oaf? I can make as much out of a Groat, as you can out of four-pence, I'm sure——The Gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a Chapman, I know how to make the best on him——And so, Sir, I say, for a Crown Piece the Bargain is yours

Plume Here's a Guinea, my Dear

Rose. I can't change your Money, Sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed but you can——My Lodging is hard by, you shall bring home the Chickens, and we'll make Change there.

[*Goes off, she follows him.*

• THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these *Hussars* eat up a Ravelin for his Breakfast, and afterwards pick his Teeth with a Palisado.

Bull. Ay, you Soldiers see very strange things——But pray Sir, what is a Ravelin?

Kite. Why 'tis like a modern minc'd Pye, but the Crust is confounded hard, and the Plumbs are somewhat hard of Digestion!

Bull. Then your Palisado, pray what may he be?——Come, *Ruose*, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your Palisado is a pretty sort of Bodkin, about the Thickness of my Leg.

Bull. That's a Fib, I believe [*Aside*]——Eh, where's *Ruose*? *Ruose!* *Ruose!* 's flesh, where's *Ruose* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the Captain.

Bull. The Captain! Wauns, there's no pressing of Women, sure.

Kite. But there is, Sir.

Bull. If the Captain shou'd press *Ruose*, I shou'd be ruin'd, which way went she——O! The Devil take your Rablins and Palisadoes [*Exit.*]

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest *Bullock*, or I shall miss of my Aim.

Enter Worthy

Wor. Why, thou'rt the most useful Fellow in Nature to your Captain, admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, Sir, I understand my Business, I will say it, you must know, Sir, I was born a Gypsie, and bred among that Crew till I was ten Year old, there I learn'd Canting and Lying, I was bought from my Mother *Cleopatra* by a certain Nobleman for three Pistols, who liking my Beauty made me his Page; there I learn'd Impudence and Pimping; I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's Linen, and drinking my Lady's Brandy, and then turn'd Bailiff's Follower, there I learn'd Bullying and Swearing——I at last got into the Army, and there I learn'd Whoring and Drinking——So that if your Worship pleases to cast up the whole Sum, *viz.* Canting, Lying, Impudence, Pimping, Bullying, Swearing, Whoring, Drinking, and a Halbard, you will find the Sum Total will amount to a Recruiting Sergeant.

Wor. And pray, what induc'd you to turn Soldier?

Kite. Hunger and Ambition——The Fears of Starving and Hopes of a Truncheon, led me along to a Gentleman with a fair Tongue and fair Perriwig, who loaded me with Promises; but I gad 'twas the lightest Load that I ever felt in my Life——He promis'd to advance me, and indeed he did so——To a Garret in the *Savoy*——I ask'd him why he put me in Prison, he call'd me lying Dog, and said I was in Garrison, and indeed

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

'tis a Garrison that may hold out till Doom's-day before I shou'd desire to take it again; but here comes Justice *Ballance*.

Enter Ballance and Bullock.

Ball. Here, you Serjeant, where's your Captain? Here's a poor foolish Fellow comes clamouring to me with a Complaint, that your Captain has press'd his Sister, do you know any thing of this Matter, *Worthy*?

Wor. Ha, ha, ha, I know his Sister is gone with *Plume* to his Lodgings to sell him some Chickens.

Ball. Is that all? The Fellow's a Fool.

Bull. I know that, an't please you; but if your Worship pleases to grant me a Warrant to bring her before you for fear o'th' worst.

Ball. Thou art a mad Fellow, thy Sister's safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too

[*Aside.*

Wor. Hast thou no more Sense, Fellow, than to believe that the Captain can list Women?

Bull. I know not whether they list them, or what they do with them, but I'm sure they carry as many Women as Men with them out of the Country.

Ball. But how came you not to go along with your Sister?

Bull. Luord, Sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the Day I shall die, but this Gentleman, here, not suspecting any Hurt neither, I believe—You thought no Harm, Friend, did ye?

Kite. Lack-a-day, Sir, not I—Only that I believe I shall marry her to Morrow.

[*Aside*

Ball. I begin to smell Powder—Well, Friend, but what did that Gentleman with you?

Bull. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine Story of a great Fight between the *Hungarians*, I think it was, and the *Irish*, and so, Sir, while we were in the heat of the Battel, the Captain carry'd off the Baggage

Ball. Serjeant, go along with this Fellow to your Captain, give him my humble Service, and I desire him to discharge the Wench, tho' he has list'd her

Bull. Ay—And if he ben't free for that, he shall have another Man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest Friend—You shall go to my Quarters instead of the Captain's

[*Aside*]

[*Exeunt Kite and Bullock.*

Ball. We must get this mad Captain his Compliment of Men, and send him a packing, else he'll over-run the Country.

Wor. You see, Sir, how little he values your Daughter's Disdain.

Ball. I like him the better, I was much such another Fellow at his Age; I never set my Heart upon any Woman so much as to make me uneasy at the Disappointment, but what was very surprising both to my self and

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Friends, I chang'd o'th' sudden from the most fickle Lover to be the most constant Husband in the World, but how goes your Affair with *Mehnda*?

Wor. Very slowly, *Cupid* had formerly Wings, but I think in this Age he goes upon Crutches, or I fancy *Venus* has been dallying with her Cripple *Vulcan* when my Amour commenc'd, which has made it go on so lamely, my Mistress has got a Captain too, but such a Captain! As I live yonder he comes.

Ball Who? That bluff Fellow in the Sash. I don't know him.

Wor But I engage he knows you, and every Body at first sight, his Impudence were a Prodigy, were not his Ignorance proportionable, he has the most universal Acquaintance of any Man living, for he won't be alone, and no body will keep him Company twice, then he's a Cæsar among the Women, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the Maid, he swears he has lain with the Mistress, but the most surprizing part of his Character is his Memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the World

Ball I have met with such Men, and I take this good-for-nothing Memory to proceed from a certain Contexture of the Brain, which is purely adapted to Impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the Owner having no Thoughts of his own to disturb them. I have known a Man as perfect as a Chronologer as to the Day and Year of most important Transactions, but be altogether ignorant of the Causes, Springs, or Consequences of any one thing of moment, I have known another acquire so much by Travel, as to tell you the Names of most Places in *Europe*, with their Distances of Miles, Leagues or Hours, as punctually as a Post-boy, but for anything else, as ignorant as the Horse that carries the Mail.

Wor This is your Man, Sir, add but the Traveller's Privilege of lying, and even that he abuses, this is the Picture, behold the Life!

Enter Brazen

Braz Mr *Worthy*, I'm your Servant, and so forth—Heark'e my Dear——

Wor Whispering, Sir, before Company is not Manners, and when no body's by, 'tis foolish

Braz. Company! *Mort de ma vie*, I beg the Gentleman's Pardon, who is he?

Wor. Ask him

Braz So I will——My Dear, I'm your Servant, and so forth, your Name, my Dear?

Ball. Very *Laconick*, Sir.

Braz *Laconick*, a very good Name truly, I have known several of the *Laconicks* abroad, poor *Jack Laconick*! He was kill'd at the Battle of *Landen*.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

I remember that he had a blew Ribbond in his Hat that very Day, and after he fell, we found a piece of Neat's Tongue in his Pocket.

Ball. Pray Sir, did the *French* attack us, or we them, at *Landen*?

Braz. The *French* attack us! Oons, Sir, are you a Jacobite?

Ball. Why that Question?

Braz. Because none but a Jacobite cou'd think that the *French* durst attack us—No, Sir, we attack'd them on the—I have reason to remember the time, for I had two and twenty Horses kill'd under me that Day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you rid mighty hard.

Ball. Or perhaps, Sir, like my Countryman, you rid upon half a dozen Horses at once

Braz. What d'e mean, Gentlemen, I tell you they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by Cannon-shot, except six that I stak'd to Death upon the Enemies *Chevaux de Frise*.

Ball. Noble Captain, may I crave your Name?

Braz. *Brazen*, at your Service.

Ball. Oh, *Brazen*! A very good Name, I have known several of the *Brazens* abroad.

Wor. Do you know Captain *Plume*, Sir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to *Frank Plume* in *Northamptonshire*—Honest *Frank*! Many, many a dry Bottle have we crack'd hand to fist, you must have known his Brother *Charles* that was concern'd in the *India* Company, he marry'd the Daughter of Old *Tongue-Pad* the Master in Chancery, a very pretty Woman, only squinted a little, she dy'd in Child-bed of her first Child, but the Child surviv'd, 'twas a Daughter, but whether 'twas call'd *Margaret* or *Marjory*, upon my Soul I can't remember—But, Gentlemen [*Looking on his Watch*] I must meet a Lady, a twenty thousand Pounder presently, upon the Walk by the Water—*W'orihy*, your Servant, *Laconick*, yours. [*Exit.*]

Ball. If you can have so mean an Opinion of *Melinda*, as to be jealous of this Fellow, I think she ought to give you Cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining her self a Lover, as to set me up a Rival, were there any Credit to be given to his words, I shou'd believe *Melinda* had made him this Assignment, I must go see—Sir, you'll pardon me

Ball. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a Man of Business, but what have we got here?

Enter Rose singing what she pleases

Rose. And I shall be a Lady, a Captain's Lady, and ride single upon a white Horse with a Star, upon a Velvet Side-saddle, and I shall go to *London* and see the Tombs and the Lions, and the Queen. Sir—an't please your

• THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Worship, I have often seen your Worship ride thro' our Grounds a hunting, begging your Worship's Pardon—Pray what may this Lace be worth a Yard? *[Showing some Lace.]*

Ball Right *Mecheln*, by this Light! Where did you get this Lace, Child?

Rose. No matter for that, Sir, I come honestly by't.

Ball. I question it much.

Rose. And see here, Sir, a fine Turkey-shell Snuff-box, and fine Mangeree, see here; *[She takes Snuff affectedly]* the Captain learnt me how to take it with an Air.

Ball Oho, the Captain! Now the Murder's out, and so the Captain taught you to take it with an Air?

Rose. Yes, and give it with an Air, too—Will your Worship please to taste my Snuff? *[Offers the Box affectedly.]*

Ball. You'r a very apt Scholar, pretty Maid, and pray what did you give the Captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have myth Mother for a Soldier, and two or three Sweet-hearts that I have in the Country, they shall all go with the Captain, O he's the finest Man, and the humblest withal, wou'd you believe it, Sir? He carry'd me up with him to his own Chamber with as much Familiarity as if I had been the best Lady in the Land.

Ball O he's a mighty familiar Gentleman as can be

Rose But I must beg your Worship's Pardon, I must go seek out my Brother Bullock. *[Runs off singing.]*

Ball If all Officers took the same Method of Recruiting with this Gentleman, they might come in time to be Fathers as well as Captains of their Companies

•
Enter Plume singing.

Plume.

*But it is not so
With those that go
Thro' Frost and Snow
Most apropos,
My Maid with the Milking-pail.*

[Takes hold on Rose.]

How, the Justice! Then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd, and executed

Ball Oh, my Noble Captain

Rose And my Noble Captain too, Sir.

Plume 'Sdeath, Child, are you mad?—Mr *Ballance*, I am so full of Business about my Recruits, that I ha'n't a Moment's time to—I have just now three or four People to—

Ball. Nay, Captain, I must speak to you.

Rose. And so must I too, Captain.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Plume. Any other time, Sir; I cannot for my Life, Sir——

Ball. Pray, Sir

Plume. Twenty thousand things—I wou'd but—now, Sir, pray——
Devil take me—I cannot—I must— [Breaks away.]

Ball. Nay, I'll follow you

Rose. And I too

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

SCENE [II], *the Walk, by the Severn side.*

Enter Melinda and her Maid Lucy.

Mel. And pray, was it a Ring, or Buckle, or Pendants, or Knots, or in what Shape was the Almighty Gold transform'd that has brib'd you so much in his Favour?

Luc. Indeed, Madam, the last Bribe I had was from the Captain, and that was only a small piece of *Flanders* edging for Pinners

Mel. Ay, *Flanders* Lace, is as constant a Present from Officers to their Women, as something else is from their Women to them. They every Year bring over a Cargo of Lace to cheat the Queen of her Duty, and her Subjects of their Honesty.

Luc. They only barter one sort of prohibited Goods for another, Madam.

Mel. Has any of them been bartering with you, Mrs. Pert, that you talk so like a Trader?

Luc. Madam, you talk as peevishly to me as if it were my Fault, the Crime is none of mine tho' I pretend to excuse it, tho' he shou'd not see you this Week can I help it? But as I was saying, Madam, his Friend Captain *Plume* has so taken him up these two Days——

Mel. Psha! wou'd his Friend, the Captain, were ty'd on his Back, I warrant he has never been sober since that confounded Captain came to Town. The Devil take all Officers, I say, they do the Nation more harm by debauching us at home, than they do good by defending us abroad. No sooner a Captain comes to Town, but all the young Fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a Man to our selves.

Luc. One wou'd imagine, Madam, by your Concern for *Worthy's* absence, that you shou'd use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for his Absence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing said to me these two Days: One may like the Love, and despise the Lover, I hope, as one may love the Treason, and hate the Traytor. Oh! here comes another Captain, and a Rogue that has the Confidence to make Love to me, but indeed I don't

• THE RECRUITING OFFICER

wonder at that, when he has the Assurance to fancy himself a fine Gentleman.

Luc. If he shou'd speak o'th' Assignation, I shou'd be ruin'd [*Aside.*]

Enter Brazen

Braz. True to the Touch, Faith [*Aside.*] I'll draw up all my Complements into one grand Platoon, and fire upon her at once

*Thou peerless Princess of Salopian Plains,
Envy'd by Nymphs, and worship'd by the Swans,
Behold how humbly do's the Severn glide,
To greet thee Princess of the Severn side.*

Madam, I'm your humble Servant, and all that, Madam——A fine River this same *Severn*, do you love Fishing, Madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy Amusement for Lovers

Braz. I'll go buy Hooks and Lines presently, for you must know, Madam, that I have serv'd in *Flanders* against the *French*, in *Hungary* against the *Turks*, and in *Tangier* against the *Moors*, and I was never so much in Love before, and split me, Madam, in all the Campaigns I ever made I have not seen so fine a Woman as your Ladyship

Mel. And from all the Men I ever saw I never had so fine a Complement, but you Soldiers are the best bred Men, that we must allow

Braz. Some of us, Madam, but there are Brutes among us too, very sad Brutes, for my own part, I have always had the good Luck to prove agreeable. I have had very considerable Offers, Madam, I might have marry'd a *German* Princess worth Fifty thousand Crowns a Year, but her Stove disgusted me, the Daughter of a *Turkish Bashaw* fell in Love with me too when I was Prisoner among the Infidels, she offer'd to rob her Father of his Treasure, and make her Escape with me, but I don't know how, my time was not come, Hanging and Marriage, you know, go by Destiny, Fate has reserved me for a *Shropshire* Lady with twenty thousand Pound——Do you know any such Person, Madam?

Mel. Extravagant Coxcomb! [*Aside.*] to be sure a great many Ladies of that Fortune wou'd be proud of the Name of Mrs. *Brazen*.

Braz. Nay, for that matter, Madam, there are Women of very good Quality of the Name of *Brazen*.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O! are you there, Gentleman?——Come, Captain, we'll walk this way, give me your Hand

Braz. My Hand, Heart's Blood and Guts are at your Service——Mr. *Worthy*,—your Servant, my Dear. [*Exit leading Melinda.*]

Wor. Death and Fire! this is not to be born

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, Faith.

Wor. What?

Plume. The *March Beer* at the *Raven*, I have been doubly serving the Queen,—raising Men, and raising the Excise—Recruiting and Elections are good Friends to the Excise.

Wor. You an't drunk?

Plume No, no, whimsical only, I cou'd be mighty foolish, and fancy my self mighty witty; Reason still keeps its Throne, but it nods a little, that's all

Wor. Then you're just fit for a Frolick?

Plume As fit as close Pinners for a Punk in the Pit.

Wor. There's your Play then, recover me that Vessel from that *Tangerine*.

Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is she mann'd?

Wor. By Captain *Brazen* that I told you of to Day, the *Frigot* is call'd the *Melinda*, a first Rate I can assure you, she sheer'd off with him just now on purpose to affront me, but according to your Advice I wou'd take no notice, because I wou'd seem to be above a Concern for her Behaviour, but have a care of a Quarrel

Plume No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my Cups but with an Oyster Wench or a Cook Maid, and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down. But heark'e my Friend, I will make Love, and I must make Love,—I tell'e what, I'll make Love like a Platoon.

Wor. A Platoon! how's that?

Plume I'll kneel, stoop and stand, Faith, most Ladies are gain'd by Platooning.

Wor. Here they come, I must leave you .

[*Exit*

Plume Soh—Now I must look as sober and demure as a Whore at a Christning.

Enter Brazen and Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, Madam?

Mel. A Brother Officer of yours, I suppose.

Braz. Ay!—My Dear

[*To Plume*

Plume. My Dear!

[*They run and embrace*

Braz My dear Boy, how is't, —Your Name, my Dear? if I be not mistaken, I have seen your Face

Plume I never see your's in my Life, my Dear—But there's a Face well known as the Sun's, that shines on all, and is by all ador'd.

Braz Have you any Pretensions, sir?

Plume Pretensions!

Braz That is, Sir, have you ever serv'd abroad?

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Plume. I have serv'd at Home, Sir; For Ages serv'd this cruel Fair—
And that will serve the turn, Sir.

Mel. Soh—Between the Fool and the Rake, I shall bring a fine spot
of Work upon my hands—I see *Worthy* yonder, I cou'd be content to be
Friends with him wou'd he come this way. *[Aside.]*

Braz. Will you fight for the Lady, Sir?

Plume. No, Sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding.

*Thou Peerless Princess of Salopian Plains,
Envy'd by Nymphs, and worshipp'd by the Swains*

Braz. Oons, Sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Prithee be quiet, I shall be out.

*Behold how humbly do's the Severn glide
To greet thee, Princess of the Severn side.*

Braz. Don't mind him, Madam, if he were not so well drest I
shou'd take him for a Poet, but I'll show the Difference presently—
Come, Madam, we'll place you between us, and now the longest Sword
carries her. *[Draws, Melinda shrieks.]*

Enter Worthy.

Mel. Oh! Mr. *Worthy*, save me from these Madmen

[Runs off with Worthy]

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, why don't you follow, Sir, and fight the bold
Ravisher?

Braz. No, Sir, you're my Man.

Plume. I don't like the Wages, and I won't be your Man

Braz. Then you're not worth my Sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it cost?

Braz. It cost my Enemies thousands of Lives, Sir

Plume. Then they had a dear Bargain

Enter Silvia drest in Man's Apparel

Sil. Save ye, save ye, Gentlemen

Braz. My Dear, I'm yours

Plume. Do you know the Gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will presently—Your Name, my Dear.

Sil. *Wilfull*, *Jack Wilfull*, at your Service.

Braz. What! The *Kentish Wilfulls*, or those of *Staffordshire*?

Sil. Both Sir, both, I'm related to all the *Wilfulls* in *Europe*, and I'm
Head of the Family at present

Plume. Do you live in the Country, Sir?

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Sil. Yes, Sir, I live where I shou'd; I have neither Home, House, nor Habitation beyond this spot of Ground.

Braz. What are you, Sir?

Sil. A Rake.

Plume. In the Army I presume.

Sil. No, bñt I intend to list immediately—Look'e, Gentlemen, he that bids me fairest shall have me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a Corporal this Minute.

Plume. A Corporal! I'll make you my Companion, you shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me

Plume. You shall lie with me, you young Rogue. [Kisses her]

Braz. You shall receive your Pay, and do no Duty.

Sil. Then you must make me a Field-Officer

Plume. Pho, pho, I'll do more than all this, I'll make you a Corporal, and give you a Brevet for Serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, Sir?

Sil. Yes

Braz. Then your Business is done, I'll make you Chaplain to the Regiment.

Sil. Your Promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse, there is one *Plume* that I hear much commended in Town, pray which of you is Captain *Plume*?

Plume. I'm Captain *Plume*

Braz. No, no, I am Captain *Plume*.

Sil. Hey day!

Plume. Captain *Plume*, I'm your Servant, my Dear

Braz. Captain *Brazen*, I'm yñurs—The Fellow dare not fight

Enter Kite, goes to whisper Plume

Kite. Sir, if you please—

Plume. No, no, there's your Captain—Captain *Plume*, your Serjeant here has got so drunk he mistakes me for you

Braz. He's an incorrigible Sot—Here, my Hector of *Holbourn*, forty Shillings for you

Plume. I forbid the Banes—Look'e, Friend, you shall list with Captain *Brazen*

Sil. I will see Captain *Brazen* hang'd first, I will list with Captain *Plume*, I'm a free-born *Englishman*, and will be a Slave my own way—Look'e, Sir, will you stand by me? [To *Brazen*.]

Braz. I warrant you, my Lad

Sil. Then I will tell you, Captain *Brazen* [To *Plume*] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent Coxcomb.

• THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Braz Ay, ay, a sad Dog.

Sil A very sad Dog, give me the Money Noble Captain *Plume*

Plume. Hold, hold, then you won't list with Captain *Brazen*?

Sil I won't.

Braz Never mind him, Child, I'll end the Dispute presently, heark'e,
my Dear. [Takes *Plume* to one side of the Stage, and enters him in dumb Show

Kite Sir, he in the plain Coat is Captain *Plume*, I'm his Serjeant, and will take my Oath on't

Sil What! Are you Serjeant *Kite*?

Kite At your Service

Sil. Then I wou'd not take your Oath for a Farthing.

Kite A very understanding Youth of his Age! Pray Sir, let me look you full in the Face.

Sil Well, Sir, what have you to say to my Face?

Kite The very Image and Superscription of my Brother, two Bullets of the same Caliber were never so like; sure it must be *Charles*, *Charles*——

Sil What d'ye mean by *Charles*?

Kite The Voice too, only a little Variation in C fa ut flat, my dear Brother, for I must call you so, if you shou'd have the Fortune to enter into the most Noble Society of the Sword, I bespeak you for a Comrade.

Sil No, Sir, I'll be your Captain's Comrade if any body's

Kite Ambition! There again, 'tis a noble Passion for a Soldier, by that I gain'd this glorious Halberd Ambition! I see a Commission in his Face already, pray noble Captain give me leave to salute you

[Offers to kiss her

Sil What! Men kiss one another!

Kite We Officers do, 'tis our way; we live together like Man and Wife, always either kissing or fighting—But I see a Storm a coming

Sil Now, Serjeant, I shall see who is your Captain by your knocking down the t'other

Kite My Captain scorns Assistance, Sir

Braz How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your Sword? But you're a young Fellow, and have not been much abroad, I excuse that, but prithee resign the Man, prithee do, you're a very honest Fellow

Plume You lye, and you're a Son of a Whore

[Draws, and makes up to *Brazen*.

Braz [Retiring] Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for the Lady?

Plume I always do, but for a Man I'll fight Knee deep, so you lye again [Plume and *Brazen* fight a Traverse or two about the Stage, *Silvia* draws, and is held by *Kite*, who sounds to Arms with his Mouth, takes *Silvia* in his Arms, and carries her off the Stage

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Braz. Hold——Where's the Man?

Plume Gone

Braz. Then what do we fight for? [*Puts up*] Now let's embrace, my Dear

Plume. With all my heart, my Dear, [*Puts up.*] I suppose *Kate* has list'd him by this time.

Braz. You're a brave Fellow, I always fight with a Man before I make him my Friend, and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards—And now I'll tell you a Secret, my dear Friend that Lady that we frighted out o' the Walk just now I found in Bed this Morning, so beautiful, so inviting—I presently lock'd the Door—But I'm a Man of Honour—But I believe I shall marry her nevertheless, her twenty thousand Pound you know will be a pretty Convenience. I had an Assignment with her here, but your coming spoil'd my Sport, curse ye, my Dear,—But don't do so again

Plume No, no, my dear, Men are my Business at present. [*Exeunt.*]

[*The End of the Third Act*]

A C T IV.

SCENE [I] of the *Walk continues.*

Rose and Bullock meeting.

Rose Where have you been, you great Booby, you're always out o'th' way in the time of Preferment?

Bull Preferment! who shou'd prefer me?

Rose I wou'd prefer you, who shou'd prefer a Man but a Woman? Come throw away that great Club, hold up your Head, cock your Hat, and look big

Bull Ah! *Ruose, Ruose*, I fear somebody will look big sooner than Folk think of, this genteel Breeding never comes into the Country without a Train of Followers——Here has been *Cartwheel* your Sweet-heart, what will become o' him?

Rose Look'e, I'm a great Woman, and will provide for my Relations, I told the Captain how finely he could play upon the Tabor and Pipe, so he has set him down for a Drum-Major

Bull Nay, Sister, why did not you keep that Place for me? You know I always lov'd to be a drumming, if it were but on a Table, or on a Quart Pot.

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Enter Silvia.

Sil. Had I but a Commission in my Pocket I fancy my Breeches wou'd become me as well as any ranting Fellow of 'um all; for I take a bold Step, a rakish Toss, a smart Cock, and an impudent Air to be the principal Ingredients in the Composition of a Captain—What's here, *Rose*, my Nurse's Daughter! I'll go and practice—Come, Child, kiss me at once, [*Kisses Rose*] And her Brother too!—Well, honest Dungfork, do you know the Difference between a Horse Cart, and a Cart Horse, eh?

Bull. I presume that your Worship is a Captain by your Cloaths and your Courage

Sil. Suppose I were, wou'd you be contented to list, Friend?

Rose No, no, tho' your Worship be a handsome Man, there be others as fine as you, my Brother is engag'd to Captain *Plume*.

Sil. *Plume*! do you know Captain *Plume*?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me.——He took the very Ribbands out of his Shirt Sleeves, and put them into my Shoes—See there——I can assure that I can do any thing with the Captain

Bull. That is, in a modest way, Sir.——Have a care what you say, *Ruose*, don't shame your Parentage

Rose Nay, for that matter I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the Captain, but what I may do with any body else

Sil. Soh!——and pray what do you expect from this Captain, Child?

Rose I expect, Sir! I expect,——but he order'd me to tell nobody—but suppose that he shou'd promise to marry me

Sil. You shou'd have a care, my Dear, Men will promise any thing before-hand.

Rose I know that, but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bull. Wauns, *Ruose*, what have you said?

Sil. Afterwards! after what?

Rose After I had sold him my Chickens,—I hope there's no Harm in that, tho' there be an ugly Song of Chickens and Sparagus

Enter Plume.

Plume What! Mr *W'ilfull*, so close with my Market Woman!

Sil. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside*] Close, Sir! ay, and closer yet, Sir——Come, my pretty Maid, you and I will withdraw a little——

Plume No, no, Friend, I han't done with her yet.

Sil. Nor have I begun with her, so I have as good a Right as you have

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent Fellow.

Sil. Sir, I wou'd qualifie my self for the Service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the Service?

Sil. Yes, Sir. So let her go.

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Rose. Pray, Gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the Girl's own Choice——Will you belong to me, or to that Gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

Plume. Now the natural Inconstancy of her Sex begins to work. [*Aside.*

Rose. Pray, Sir, what will you give me?

Bull. Don't be angry, Sir, that my Sister shou'd be Mercenary, for she's but young.

Sis. Give thee, Child!——I'll set thee above Scandal, you shall have a Coach with six before and six behind, an Equipage to make Vice fashionable, and put Virtue out of Countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's easily done, I'll do more for thee, Child, I'll buy you a Furbuloc-Scarf, and give you a Ticket to see a Play.

Bull. A Play! Wauns, *Ruose*, take the Ticket, and let's see the Show.

Sis. Look'e, Captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with Captain *Brazen* this Minute

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my Title?

Sis. I will

Plume. Take her—I'll change a Woman for a Man at any time

Rose. I have heard before indeed that you Captains use to sell your Men. [*Crys*

Bull. [*Crying*] Pray, Captain, don't send *Ruose* to the *West Indies*

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, *West-Indies*! no, no, my honest Lad, give me thy Hand, nor you, nor she shall move a Step farther than I do——This Gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs *Rose*

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, Sir, as the Captain wou'd?

Sis. I can't be altogether so kind to you, my Circumstances are not so good as the Captain's——but I'll take care of you, upon my Word

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her,—she shall live like a Princess, and her Brother here shall be—what wou'd you be?

Bull. Ah! Sir, if you had not promis'd the Place of Drum-Major.

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd—but what think ye of Barrack-Master? You're a Person of Understanding, and Barrack-Master you shall be —— But what's become of this same *Cartwheel* you told me of, my dear?

Rose. We'll go fetch him——Come, Brother Barrack-Master——We shall find you at home, noble Captain? [*Exit R and B.*

Plume. Yes, yes—and now, Sir, here are your forty Shillings.

Sis. Captain *Plume*, I despise your Listing-money, if I do serve, 'tis purely for Love——of that Wench I mean, for you must know, that among my other Sallies, I have spent the best part of my Fortune in search of a Maid, and cou'd never find one hitherto, so you may be assur'd that I won't sell my Freedom under a less Purchase than I did my Estate,——so before I list I must be certify'd that this Girl is a Virgin.

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Plume. Mr. *Walsfull*, I can't tell how you can be certify'd in that point, till you try, but upon my Honour she may be a Vestal for ought that I know to the contrary.—I gain'd her Heart indeed by some trifling Presents and Promises, and knowing that the best Security for a Woman's Soul is her Body, I wou'd have made my self Master of that too, had not the Jealousie of my impertinent Landlady interpos'd.

Sst. So you only want an Opportunity for accomplishing your Designs upon her.

Plume. Not at all, I have already gain'd my Ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her Followers; the Women, you know, are the Loadstones every where—gain the Wives, and you're caress'd by the Husbands; please the Mistresses, and you are valu'd by their Gallants, secure an Interest with the finest Women at Court, and you procure the Favour of the greatest Men. So kiss the prettiest Country Wenches, and you are sure of listng the lustiest Fellows. Some People may call this Artifice, but I term it Stratagem, since it is so main a part of the Service—Besides, the Fatigue of Recruiting is so intollerable, that unless we cou'd make our selves some Pleasure amidst the Pain, no mortal Man wou'd be able to bear it.

Sst. Well, Sir, I'm satisfy'd as to the Point in Debate—But now let me beg you to lay aside your Recruiting Airs, put on the Man of Honour, and tell me plainly what Usage I must expect when I'm under your Command.

Plume. You must know in the first place then, that I hate to have Gentlemen in my Company, for they are always troublesome and expensive, sometimes dangerous, and 'tis a constant Maxim among us, That those who know the least, obey the best —Notwithstanding all this, I find something so agreeable about you, that engages me to court your Company, and I can't tell how it is, but I shou'd be uneasy to see you under the Command of any body else.—Your Usage will chiefly depend upon your Behaviour, only this you must expect, that if you commit a small Fault I will excuse it, if a great one, I'll discharge you, for something tells me I shall not be able to punish you.

Sst. And something tells me, that if you do discharge me 'twill be the greatest Punishment you will inflict; for were we this moment to go upon the greatest Dangers in your Profession, they wou'd be less terrible to me, than to stay behind you —And now your Hand,—this lists me—and now you are my Captain

Plume. Your Friend—[*Kisses her.*] 'Sdeath! there's something in this Fellow that charms me.

Sst. One Favour I must beg—This Affair will make some Noise, and I have some Friends that wou'd censure my Conduct if I threw my self into the Circumstances of a private Centinel of my own Head, I must

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therefore take care to be impress'd by the Act of Parliament, you shall leave that to me——

Plume. What you please as to that——Will you lodge at my Quarters in the mean time? You shall have part of my Bed.

Sil. O fie, lye with a Common Soldier!——wou'd not you rather lye with a common Woman?

Plume. No, Faith, I am not that Rake that the World imagines; I have got an Air of Freedom, which People mistake for Lewdness in me, as they mistake Formality in others for Religion; the World is all a Cheat, only I take mine which is undesign'd to be more excusable than theirs, which is hypocritical, I hurt no body but my self, and they abuse all Mankind——Will you lye with me?

Sil. No, no, Captain, you forget *Rose*; she's to be my Bed-fellow you know

Plume I had forgot, pray be kind to her.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest Misfortune in Nature for a Woman to want a Confident, we are so weak that we can do nothing without Assistance, and then a Secret racks us worse than the Cholick; I'm at this Minute so sick of a Secret, that I'm ready to faint away——help me, *Lucy*

Luc. Bless me, Madam, what's the matter?

Mel Vapours only——I begin to recover——if *Silvia* were in Town, I could heartily forgive her Faults for the Ease of discovering my own

Luc You're thoughtful, Madam, am not I worthy to know the Cause?

Mel. You're a Servant, and a Secret wou'd make you saucy.

Luc Not unless you shou'd find fault without a Cause, Madam.

Mel Cause or not Cause, I must not lose the Pleasure of chiding when I please, Women must discharge their Vapours some where, and before we get Husbands, our Servants must expect to bear with 'um

Luc Then, Madam, you had better raise me to a degree above a Servant. You know my Family, and that five hundred Pound wou'd set me upon the Foot of a Gentlewoman, and make me worthy the Confidence of any Lady in the Land, besides, Madam, 'twill extremely encourage me in the great Design that I now have in hand

Mel I don't find that your Design can be of any great Advantage to you. 'Twill please me indeed in the Humour I have of being reveng'd on the Fool for his Vanity of making Love to me, so I don't much care if I do promise you five hundred Pound the Day of my Marriage.

Luc. That is the way, Madam, to make me diligent in the Vocation of a Confident, which I think is generally to bring People together.

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Mel. O, *Lucy*, I can hold my Secret no longer—You must know that hearing of the famous Fortune-teller in Town, I went disguis'd to satisfy a Curiosity which has cost me dear; that Fellow is certainly the Devil, or one of his Bosom-favourites, he has told me the most surprising things of my past Life—

Luc. Things past, Madam, can hardly be reckon'd surprising, because we know them already; did he tell you any thing surprising that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprizing, he said I shou'd die a Maid.

Luc. Die a Maid—Come into the World for nothing! Dear Madam, if you shou'd believe him, it might come to pass, for the bare Thought on't might kill one in four and twenty Hours—And did you ask him any Questions about me?

Mel. You! Why, I pass'd for you

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a Maid—But the Devil was a Lyar from the beginning, he can't make me die a Maid—I have put it out of his Power already.

Mel. I do but jest, I wou'd have pass'd for you, and call'd my self *Lucy*, but he presently told me my Name, my Quality, my Fortune, and gave me the whole History of my Life, he told me of a Lover I had in this Country, and describ'd *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present Indifference—I fled to him for Refuge here to day—He never so much as encourag'd me in my Fright, but coldly told me that he was sorry for the Accident, because it might give the Town cause to censure my Conduct, excus'd his not waiting on me home, made me a careless Bow, and walk'd off 'Sdeath, I cou'd have stab'd him, or my self, 'twas the same thing—Yonder he comes—I will so slave him

Luc. Don't exasperate him, consider what the Fortune-teller told you, Men are scarce, and as Times go, it is not impossible for a Woman to die a Maid

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter

Wor. I find she's warm'd, I must strike while the Iron is hot,—You have a great deal of Courage, Madam, to venture into the Walks where you were so late frightened

Mel. And you have a Quantity of Impudence to appear before me, that you have so lately affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, Madam, I left you here, because I had Business in another Place, and came hither thinking to meet another Person.

Mel. Since you find your self disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the Walk

Wor. The Walk is as free for me as you, Madam, and broad enough

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for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his Hat cocks, she fretting and tearing her Fan.*] Will you please to take Snuff, Madam. [*He offers her his Box, she strikes it out of his hand, while he is gathering it up, enter Braz. who takes Melinda about the Middle, she cuffs him.*]

Braz. What? Here before me! My Dear

Mel. What means this Insolence?

Luc. [*Runs to Braz.*] Are you mad? Don't you see Mr. *Worthy*?

Braz. No, no, I'm struck blind—*Worthy*! Adso, well turn'd, my Mistress has Wit at her Fingers ends—Madam, I ask your pardon, 'tis our way abroad—Mr. *Worthy*, you're the happy Man.

Wor. I don't envy your Happiness very much, if the Lady can afford no other sort of Favours but what she has bestow'd upon you.

Mel. I'm sorry the Favour miscarry'd, for it was design'd for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be assur'd, 'tis the last and only Favour you must expect at my hands—Captain, I ask your Pardon— [*Exit with Lucy.*]

Braz. I grant it—You see, Mr. *Worthy*, 'twas only a random shot, it might ha' taken off your Head as well as Mine—Courage, my Dear, 'tis the Fortune of War—But the Enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Oons, Sir, what d'ye mean by withdraw?

Braz. I'll show you

[*Exit.*]

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and *Plume's* Advice has ruin'd me, 'sdeath, why shou'd I that knew her haughty Spirit be rul'd by a Man that is a Stranger to her Pride

Enter Plume.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, a Battel Royal, don't frown so, Man, she's your own, I tell'e, I saw the Fury of her Love in the Extremity of her Passion: the Wildness of her Anger is a certain sign that she loves you to Madness; that Rogue, *Kite*, began the Battel with abundance of Conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my Life on't, he plays his Part admirably, she's to be with him again presently

Wor. But what cou'd be the meaning of *Brazen's* Familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no Logician if you pretend to draw Consequences from the Actions of Fools, there's no arguing by the Rule of Reason upon a Science without Principles, and such is their Conduct; Whim, unaccountable Whim, hurries them on, like a Man drunk with Brandy before ten a Clock in the Morning—But we lose our sport, *Kite* has open'd above an Hour ago, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE [II], *A Chamber ; a Table with Books and Globes.*

Kite disguis'd in a strange Habit, and sitting at the Table.

Kite [Rising] By the Position of the Heavens, gain'd from my Observation upon these Celestial Globes, I find that *Luna* was a Tide-waiter, *Sol* a Surveyor, *Mercury* a Thief, *Venus* a Whore, *Saturn* an Alderman, *Jupiter* a Rake, and *Mars* a Serjeant of Granadeers—And this is the Sistern^o of *Kite* the Conjuror

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Plume Well, what Success?

Kite I have sent away a Shoemaker and a Taylor already, one's to be a Captain of Marines, and the other a Major of Dragoons, I am to manage them at Night—Have you seen the Lady, Mr. *Worthy*?

Wor. Ay, But it won't do—Have you show'd her her Name that I tore off from the bottom of the Letter?

Kite No, Sir, I reserve that for the last stroak.

Plume What Letter?

Wor One that I wou'd not let you see, for fear you shou'd break *Melinda's* Windows in good earnest [Knocking at the Door.

Kite Officers to your Post— [Exeunt *Worthy* and *Plume*
Ticho, mind the Door. [Servant opens the Door, and enter a *Smith*

Smith Well, Master, are you the cunning Man?

Kite. I am the learn'd *Copernicus*.

Smith. Well, Master *Copernose*, I'm but a poor Man, and I can't afford above a Shilling for my Fortune.

Kite Perhaps, that is more than 'tis worth

Smith Look'e, Doctor, Let me have something that's good for my Shilling, or I'll have my Money again.

Kite If there be Faith in the Stars, you shall have your Shilling forty fold You're hand, Countryman—You are by Trade a *Smith*.

Smith How the Devil shou'd you know that?

Kite. Because the Devil and you are Brother Tradesmen—You were born under *Forceps*.

Smith *Forceps*? What's that?

Kite. One of the Signs; there's *Leo*, *Sagittarius*, *Forceps*, *Furns*, *Dismude*, *Namur*, *Brussels*, *Charleroy*, and so forth—Twelve of 'em—Let me see—Did you ever make any Bombs or Cannons Bullets?

Smith. Not I.

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Kite. You either have, or will—The Stars have decreed, that you shall be—I must have more Money, Sir, your Fortune's great—

Smith. Faith, Doctor, I have no more

Kite. O, Sir, I'll trust you, and take it out of your Arrears

Smith. Arrears! What Arrears?

Kite. The five hundred Pound that's owing to you from the Government

Smith. Owning me!

Kite. Owning you, Sir—Let me see your t'other hand—I beg your pardon, it will be owing to you, and the Rogue of an Agent will demand fifty *per Cent.* for a Fortnight's Advance.

Smith. I'm in the Clouds, Doctor, all this while.

Kite. So am I, Sir, among the Stars—In two Years, three Months, and two Hours, you will be made Captain of the Forges to the grand Train of Artillery, and will have ten Shillings a Day, and two Servants, 'tis the Decree of the Stars, and of the fix'd Stars, that are as immovable as your Anvil—Strike, Sir, while the Iron is hot—Fly, Sir, be gone—

Smith. What, what wou'd you have me do, Doctor? I wish the Stars wou'd put me in a way for this fine Place.

Kite. The Stars do—Let me see—Ay, about an Hour hence walk carelessly into the Market-place, and you'll see a tall slender Gentleman cheapening a Pen'worth of Apples, with a Cane hanging upon his Button—This Gentleman will ask you—What's a Clock?—He's your Man, and the Maker of your Fortune, follow him, follow him. And now go home, and take leave of your Wife and Children—An Hour hence exactly is your time—

Smith. A tall slender Gentleman, you say! With a Cane, pray what sort of a Head has the Cane?

Kite. An Amber Head, with a black Ribband.

Smith. But pray, of what Employment is the Gentleman?

Kite. Let me see—He's either a Collector of the Excise, a Plenipotentiary, or a Captain of Granadeers—I can't tell exactly which—But he'll call you honest—Your Name is—

Smith. Thomas

Kite. Right, he'll call you honest Tom—

Smith. But how the Devil shou'd he know my Name?

Kite. O, there are several sorts of Toms—Tom a Lincoln, Tom-tit, Tom Tellitroth, Tom o' Bedlam, Tom Fool—[Knocking at the Door] Be gone—An Hour hence precisely—

Smith. You say he'll ask me what's a Clock?

Kite. Most certainly, and you'll answer—You don't know, and be sure you look at St. Mary's Dial, for the Sun won't shine, and if it shou'd, you won't be able to tell the Figures

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Smith. I will, I will.

Plume. [*Behind*] Well done, Conjuror, go on and prosper

[*Exit*]

Kite. As you were

Enter a Butcher

Kite. What? My old friend *Pluck*, the Butcher—I offer'd the surly Bull-dog five Guineas this Morning, and he refus'd it. [*Aside.*]

But So, Master Conjuror—Here's half a Crown—And now you must understand—

Kite. Hold, Friend, I know your Business beforehand

But You're devilish cunning then, for I don't well know it my self

Kite. I know more than you, Friend—You have a foolish Saying, that such a one knows no more than the Man-in-the-Moon, I tell you the Man in the Moon knows more than all the Men under the Sun Don't the Moon see all the World?

But. All the World see the Moon, I must confess

Kite Then she must see all the World, that's certain—Give me your hand—You are by Trade either a Butcher or a Surgeon.

But True—I am a Butcher

Kite And a Surgeon you will be, the Employments differ only in the Name—He that can cut up an Ox, may dissect a Man, and the same Dexterity that cracks a Marrow-bone, will cut off a Leg or an Arm

But What d'ye mean, Doctor, what d'ye mean?

Kite Patience, Patience, Mr. Surgeon General, the Stars are great Bodies, and move slowly

But. But what d'ye mean by Surgeon General, Doctor?

Kite Nay, Sir, if your Worship won't have Patience, I must beg the Favour of your Worship's absence

But My Worship, my Worship! But why my Worship?

Kite. Nay, then I have done

[*Sits.*]

But Pray, Doctor.

Kite Fire and Fury, Sir! [*Rises in a Passion*] Do you think the Stars will be hurry'd—Do the Stars owe you any Money, Sir, that you dare to dun their Lordships at this rate—Sir, I am Porter to the Stars, and I am order'd to let no Dun come near their Doors

But Dear Doctor, I never had any Dealings with the Stars, they don't owe me a Penny—But since you are the Porter, please to accept of this Half Crown to drink their Healths, and don't be angry.

Kite Let me see your hand then, once more—Here has been Gold—Five Guineas, my Friend, in this very hand this Morning

But Nay, then he is the Devil—Pray, Doctor, were you born of a Woman, or did you come into the World of your own Head?

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Kite. That's a Secret——This Gold was offer'd you by a proper handsome Man call'd *Hawk*, or *Buzzard*, or——

But Kite you mean.

Kite Ay, ay, *Kite*.

But. As errant a Rogue as ever carry'd a Halbard——the impudent Rascal wou'd have decoy'd me for a Soldier.

Kite. A Soldier! A Man of your Substance for a Soldier! Your Mother has a hundred Pound in hard Money lying at this Minute in the hands of a Mercer, not forty Yards from this Place

But. Oons, and so she has; but very few know so much.

Kite. I know it, and that Rogue, what's his Name, *Kite*, knew it! And offer'd you five Guineas to list, because he knew your poor Mother wou'd give the hundred for your Discharge——

But. There's a Dog now——'Flesh, Doctor, I'll give you t'other half Crown, and tell me that this same *Kite* will be hang'd

Kite. He's in as much Danger as any Man in the County of *Salop*.

But. There's your Fee——But you have forgot the Surgeon General all this while.

Kite. You put the Stars in a Passion [*Looks on his Books*] But now they're pacify'd again——Let me see——Did you never cut off a Man's Leg?

But No.

Kite. Recollect, pray.

But. I say no.

Kite. That's strange, wonderful strange, but nothing is strange to me, such wonderful Changes have I seen——The second, or third, ay, the third Campaign that you make in *Flanders*, the Leg of a great Officer will be shatter'd by a great Shot, you will be there accidentally, and with your Cleaver chop off the Lumb at a Blow In short, the Operation will be perform'd with so much Dexterity, that with the general Applause you will be made Surgeon General of the whole Army

But. Nay, for the matter of cutting off a Lumb——I'll do't——I'll do't with any Surgeon in *Europe*, but I have no Thoughts of making a Campaign.

Kite. You have no Thoughts! What matter for your Thoughts? The Stars have decreed it, and you must go.

But The Stars decree it! Oons, Sir, the Justices can't press me.

Kite. Nay, Friend, 'tis none of my Business, I ha' done——Only mind this——You'll know more an Hour and a half hence——That's all——Farewel [*Going*]

But Hold, hold, Doctor, Surgeon General! Pray what is the Place worth, pray

Kite. Five hundred Pound a Year, beside Guineas for Claps.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

But. Five hundred Pound a Year!——An Hour and half hence you say?

Kste. Prithce Friend be quiet, don't be so troublesome——Here's such a Work to make a Booby Butcher accept of five hundred Pound a Year——But if you must hear it——I tell you in short, you'll be standing in your Stall an Hour and half hence, and a Gentleman will come by with a Snuff-box in his hand, and the tip of his Handkerchief hanging out of his right Pocket——He'll ask you the Price of a Loyn of Veal, and at the same time stroak your great Dog upon the Head, and call him *Chopper*.

But. Mercy upon us——*Chopper* is the Dog's Name.

Kste. Look'e there——What I say is true, things that are to come must come to pass——Get you home, sell off your Stock, don't mind the whining and the sniveling of your Mother and your Sister, Women always hinder Preferment, make what Money you can, and follow that Gentleman——His Name begins with a P——Mind that——There will be the Barber's Daughter too, that you promis'd Marriage to, she will be pulling and haleing you to pieces

But. What? Know *Sally* too? He's the Devil, and he needs must go that the Devil drives——[*Going*] The tip of his Handkerchief out of his left Pocket?

Kste. No, no, his right Pocket, if it be the left, 'tis none of the Man

But. Well, well, I'll mind him

[*Exit.*

Plume [*Behind with his Pocket-book*] The right Pocket, you say?

Kste. I hear the rustling of Silks. [*Knocking*] Fly, Sir, 'tis Madam *Melinda*..

Enter Melinda and Lucy

Kste. *Tycho*, Chairs for the Ladies

Mel. Don't trouble your self, we shan't stay, Doctor.

Kste. Your Ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kste. For a Husband——For your part, Madam, [*To Lucy*] you won't stay for a Husband.

Luc. Pray, Doctor, do you converse with the Stars, or with the Devil?

Kste. With both, when I have the Destinies of Men in search, I consult the Stars, when the Affairs of Women come under my hand, I advise with my t'other Friend.

Mel. And have you rais'd the Devil upon my account?

Kste. Yes, Madam, and he's now under the Table.

Luc. Oh! Heavens protect us—dear Madam, let us be gone.

Kste. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Mel. Don't fear, Fool Do you think, Sir, that because I'm a Woman I'm to be fool'd out of my Reason, or frighted out of my Senses?—— Come, show me this Devil.

Kite He's a little busie at present, but when he has done he shall wait on you.

Mel What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your Name in his Pocket-book.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha, my Name! pray what have you or he to do with my Name?

Kite. Look'e, fair Lady,——the Devil is a very modest Person, he seeks no body unless they seek him first? he's chain'd up like a Mastiff, and cannot stir unless he be let loose —You come to me to have your Fortune told——do you think, Madam, that I can answer you of my own Head? No, Madam, the Affairs of Women are so irregular, that nothing less than the Devil can give any account of 'em Now to convince you of your Incredulity, I'll show you a Tryal of my Skill ——Here, you, *Cacodemon del fuego*, exert your Power, ——draw me this Lady's Name, the word *Melinda* in the proper Letters and Character of her own hand writing ——Do it at three Motions,——one, two, three——'tis done——Now, Madam, will you please to send your Maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the Devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My Name in my own Hand-writing! that would be convincing indeed

Kite. Seeing's believing [*Goes to the Table, lifts up the Carpet*] Here *Tre, Tre*, poor *Tre*, give me the Bone, *Sirrah*——Oh! oh! the Devil, the Devil in good earnest, my Hand, my Hand, the Devil, my Hand!

[*He puts his Hand under the Table, Plume steals to the other side of the Table and catches him by the Hand Mel and Luc. shriek, and run to a Corner of the Stage.*——*Kite discovers Plume, and gets away his Hand.* A plague o' your Pincers, he has fixt his Nails in my very Fesh. Oh! Madam, you put the Demon into such a Passion with your Scruples, that it has almost cost me my Hand

Mel It has cost us our Lives almost——but have you got the Name?

Kite. Got it! Ay, Madam, I have got it here—I'm sure the Blood comes——but there's your Name upon that square piece of Paper——behold——

Mel 'Tis wonderful——My very Letters to a tittle

Luc. 'Tis like your Hand, Madam, but not so like your Hand neither, and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your Hand at all.

Kite Here's a Chamber-maid now that will out-lie the Devil

Luc Look'e, Madam, they shan't impose upon us, People can't remember their Hands no more than they can their Faces——Come, Madam,

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

let us be certain, write your Name upon this Paper—[*Takes out Paper and folds it*] then we'll compare the two Names.

Kite. Any thing for your Satisfaction, Madam,——here's Pen and Ink—— [Melinda writes, and Lucy holds the Paper.

Luc. Let me see it, Madam, 'tis the same, the very same —But I'll secure one Copy for my own Affairs [Aside

Mel. This is Demonstration

Kite. 'Tis so, Madam, the word Demonstration comes from Demon the Father of Lies

Mel. Well, Doctor, I'm convinc'd, and now pray what account can you give me of my future Fortune?

Kite. Before the Sun has made one Course round this earthly Globe, your Fortune will be fixt for Happiness or Misery

Mel. What! so near the Crisis of my Fate!

Kite. Let me see——about the Hour of Ten to Morrow Morning you will be saluted by a Gentleman who will come to take his Leave of you, being design'd for Travel His Intention of going abroad is sudden, and the Occasion a Woman Your Fortune and his are like the Bullet and the Barrel, one runs plump into the t'other——in short, if the Gentleman travels he will die abroad, and if he does you will die before he comes home

Mel. What sort of Man is he?

Kite. Madam, he is a fine Gentleman, and a Lover——that is, a Man of very good Sense, and a very great Fool

Mel. How is that possible, Doctor?

Kite. Because, Madam,——because it is so A Woman's Reason is the best for a Man's being a Fool

Mel. Ten a Clock you say

Kite. Ten, about the Hour of Tea-drinking throughout the Kingdom

Mel. Here, Doctor [*Gives him Money*] Lucy, have you any Questions to ask?

Luc. O! Madam, a thousand

Kite. I must beg your Patience till another time, for I expect more Company this Minute, besides, I must discharge the Gentleman under the Table

Luc. Pray, Sir, discharge us first.

Kite. Tycho, wait on the Ladies down Stairs [Ex. Mel. and Luc

Enter Plume and Worthy laughing.

Kite. Ay, you may well laugh, Gentlemen, not all the Cannon of the French Army cou'd have frighted me so much as that Gripe you gave me under the table

Plume. I think, Mr Doctor, I out-conjur'd you that bout

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Kite. I was surpriz'd, for I shou'd not have taken a Captain for a Conjuror.

Plume. No more than I shou'd a Serjeant for a Wit.

Kite. Mr *Worthy*, you were pleas'd to wish me Joy to Day, I hope to be able to return the Complement to Morrow

Wor. I'll make it the best Complement to you that you ever made in your Life, if you do; but I must be a Traveller you say?

Kite. No farther than the Chops of the Channel, I presume, Sir

Plume. That we have concerted already [*Knocking hard.*] Hey day! you don't profess Midwifry, Doctor?

Kite. Away to your Ambuscade. [*Exeunt Pl. and Wor.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Your Servant, Servant, my dear

Kite. Stand off——I have my Familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my dear?

Kite. Yes, my dear, but mine is a peaceable Spirit, and hates Gunpowder——thus I fortify my self, [*Draws a Circle round him*] and now, Captain, have a care how you force my Lines

Braz. Lines! what dost talk of Lines? You have something like a Fishing Rod there, indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, Man——what's your Name, my dear?

Kite. *Conundrum.*

Braz. *Conundrum!* rat me, I know a famous Doctor in *London* of your Name, where were you born?

Kite. I was born in *Algebra.*

Braz. *Algebra!*——'Tis no Country in *Christendom* I'm sure, unless it be some pitiful Place in the Highlands of *Scotland.*

Kite. Right! I told you I was bewitch'd

Braz. So am I, my dear, I'm going to be marry'd ——I've had two Letters from a Lady of Fortune that Loves me to Madness, Fits, Chollick, Spleen, and Vapours——Shall I marry her in four and twenty Hours, ay or no?

Kite. I must have the Year and Day o'th' Month when these Letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old Bitch, did you ever hear of Love-Letters dated with the Year and Day o'th' Month, do you think Billets Deux are like Bank Bills?

Kite. They are not so good——But if they bear no Date, I must examine the Contents.

Braz. Contents, that you shall, old Boy, here they be both.

Kite. Only the last you receiv'd, if you please. [*Takes the Letter.*] Now Sir, if you please to let me consult my Books for a Minute, I'll send this

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Letter inclos'd to you with the Determination of the Stars upon it to your Lodgings.

Braz. With all my Heart—I must give him—[*Puts his Hand in's Pocket.*]
Algebra! I fancy, Doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the Place of your Nativity
 —Here—[*Gives him Money*] and if I succeed, I'll build a Watch-
 Tower upon the top of the highest Mountain in *Wales* for the Study of
 Astrology, and the Benefit of *Conundrums* [Exit.]

Enter Plume and Worthy

Wor. O! Doctor, that Letter's worth a Million, let me see it—and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho, let me see it! [*Opening the Letter.*] If she be a Jilt—Damn her, she is one—there's her Name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How!—then I will travel in good earnest—by all my hopes, 'tis *Lucy's Hand*.

Plume. *Lucy's!*

Wor. Certainly, 'tis no more like *Melinda's* Character than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy's* Contrivance to draw in *Brazen* for a Husband—but are you sure 'tis not *Melinda's Hand*?

Wor. You shall see, where's the bit of Paper I gave you just now that the Devil writ *Melinda* upon

Kite. Here, Sir

Plume. 'Tis plain, they're not the same, and is this the malicious Name that was subscrib'd to the Letter which made Mr *Ballance* send his Daughter into the Country?

Wor. The very same, the other Fragments I show'd you just now, I once intended it for another use, but I think I have turn'd it now to better Advantage

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many Hours in the pernicious Heresie of believing that angelick Creature cou'd change——poor *Silvia!*

Wor. Rich *Silvia*, you mean, and poor Captain——ha, ha, ha, come, come, Friend, *Melinda* is true, and shall be mine, *Silvia* is constant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, she's above my Hopes—but for her sake I'll recant my Opinion of her Sex

<i>By some the Sex is blam'd without Design, Light harmless Censure, such as yours and mine, Sallies of Wit, and Vapours of our Wine. Others the Justice of the Sex condemn, And wanting Merit to create Esteem, Wou'd hide their own Defects by cens'ring them</i>	} }
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THE RECRUITING OFFICER

*But they secure in their all-conqu'ring Charms
Laugh at the vain Efforts of false Alarms,
He magnifies their Conquests who complains,
For none wou'd Struggle were they not in Chains.*

[The End of the Fourth Act]

ACT V.

SCENE [I], *An Antichamber, with a Perrywig,
Hat and Sword upon the Table.*

Enter Silvia in her Night Cap.

Sil. I Have rested but indifferently, and I believe my Bedfellow was as little pleas'd; poor *Rose*! here she comes—

Enter Rose

Good morrow, my dear, how d'ye this Morning?

Rose. Just as I was last Night, neither better nor worse for you.

Sil. What's the matter? did you not like your Bedfellow?

Rose. I don't know whether I had a Bedfellow or not.

Sil. Did not I lye with you?

Rose. No—I wonder you cou'd have the Conscience to ruine a poor Girl for nothing

Sil. I have sav'd thee from Ruin, Child, don't be melancholy, I can give you as many fine things as the Captain can

Rose. But you can't I'm sure

[Knocking at the Door.]

Sil. Odso! my Accountments, [Puts on her Perrywig, Hat and Sword]
Who's at the Door?

Without. Open the Door, or we'll break it down

Sil. Patience a little——

[Opens the Door.]

Enter Constable and Mob

Con. We have 'um, we have 'um, the Duck and the Mallard both in the Decoy

Sil. What means this Riot? Stand off [Draws] the Man dies that comes within reach of my Point

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Con. That is not the Point, Master, put up your Sword or I shall knock you down; and so I command the Queen's Peace.

Sil. You are some Blockhead of a Constable.

Con. I am so, and have a Warrant to apprehend the Bodies of you and your Whore there.

Rose Whore! never was poor Woman so abus'd.

Enter Bullock unbutton'd.

Bull. What's matter now?—O! Mr *Bridewell*, what brings you abroad so early?

Con. This, Sir——[*Lays hold of Bullock*] You're the Queen's Prisoner.

Bull. Wauns, you lye, Sir, I'm the Queen's Soldier

Con. No matter for that, you shall go before Justice *Ballance*

Sil. *Ballance!* 'tis what I wanted——Here, Mr. Constable, I resign my Sword.

Rose. Can't you carry us before the Captain, Mr *Bridewell*

Con. Captain! ha'n't you got your Belly full of Captains yet? Come, come, make way there [Exit

SCENE [II], *Justice Ballance's House.*

Ballance and Scale.

Scale. I say 'tis not to be born, Mr, *Ballance.*

Ball. Look'e, Mr. *Scale*, for my own part I shall be very tender in what regards the Officers of the Army, they expose their Lives to so many Dangers for us Abroad, that we may give them some Grains of Allowance at Home

Scale. Allowance! This poor Girl's Father is my Tenant, and if I mistake not, her Mother nurst a Child for you, shall they debauch our Daughters to our Faces?

Ball. Consider, Mr *Scale*, that were it not for the Bravery of these Officers we shou'd have *French* Dragoons among us, that wou'd leave us neither Liberty, Property, Wife, nor Daughter—Come, Mr *Scale*, the Gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they continue so, the same Heat that stirs them up to Love, spurs them on to Battel You never knew a great General in your Life that did not love a Whore—this I only speak in reference to Captain *Plume*,——for the other Spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that do's—O! here they come.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Enter Silvia, Bullock, Rose Prisoners; Constable and Mob.

Con. May it please your Worships, we took them in the very Act, *re infesta*, Sir, the Gentleman indeed behav'd himself like a Gentleman, for he drew his Sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing

Ball. Give the Gentleman his Sword again—wait you without.
[*Ex. Const &c*] I'm sorry, Sir, [*To Silvia.*] to know a Gentleman upon such Terms, that the occasion of our meeting shou'd prevent the Satisfaction of an Acquaintance.

Sil. Sir, you need make no Apology for your Warrant, no more than I shall do for my Behaviour.—My Innocence is upon an equal Foot with your Authority.

Scale Innocence! have you not seduc'd that young Maid?

Sil. No, Mr. Goose-Cap, she seduc'd me.

Bull. So she did I'll swear,—for she propos'd Marriage first.

Ball. What? then you're marry'd, Child? [*To Rose.*]

Rose. Yes, Sir, to my Sorrow.

Ball. Who was Witness?

Bull. That was I—I danc'd, threw the Stocking, and spoke Jokes by their Bed-side, I'm sure.

Ball. Who was the Minister?

Bull. Minister! we are Soldiers, and want no Ministers—they were marry'd by the Articles of War

Ball. Hold thy prating, Fool, your Appearance, Sir, promises some Understanding, pray, what does this Fellow mean?

Sil. He means Marriage, I think,—but that, you know, is so odd a thing, that hardly any two People under the Sun agree in the Ceremony, some make it a Sacrament, others a Convenience, and others make it a Jest, but among Soldiers 'tis most Sacred—our Sword, you know, is our Honour, that we lay down, the Hero jumps over it first, and the Amazon after—leap Rogue, follow Whore, the Drum beats a Ruff, and so to Bed, that's all, the Ceremony is concise

Bull. And the prettiest Ceremony, so full of Pastime and Prodigality—

Ball. What! are you a Soldier?

Bull. Ay, that I am—Will your Worship lend me your Cane, and I'll show you how I can exercise.

Ball. Take it. [*Strikes him over the Head*] Pray, Sir, what Commission may you bear? [*To Silvia.*]

Sil. I'm call'd Captain, Sir, by all the Coffee-men, Drawers, Whores and Groom Porters in *London*, for I wear a red Coat, a Sword *bien trousee*, a Martial Twist in my Cravat, a fierce Knot in my Perriwig, a Cane upon my Button; Picket in my Head, and Dice in my Pocket.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Scale Your Name, pray Sir.

Sil. Captain *Pinch*, I cock my Hat with a Pinch, I take Snuff with a Pinch, pay my Whores with a Pinch, in short, I can do any thing at a Pinch, but fight and fill my Belly.

Ball. And pray, Sir, what brought you into *Shropshire*?

Sil. A Pinch, Sir I knew that you Country Gentlemen want Wit, and you know that we Town Gentleman want Money, and so——

Ball. I understand you, Sir, here, Constable——

Enter Constable

Take this Gentleman into Custody till farther Orders.

Rose Pray your Worship, don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no Hurt, he's the most harmless Man in the World, for all he talks so

Scale. Come, come, Child, I'll take care of you

Sil. What, Gentlemen, rob me of my Freedom and my Wife at once! 'tis the first time they ever went together

Ball. Hark'e, Constable——

[Whispers the Constable]

Const. It shall be done, Sir,——Come alone, Sir.

[Exeunt Const. Bull and Silv.]

Ball. Come, Mr. *Scale*, we'll manage the *Spark* presently.

[Exeunt Ballance and Scale.]

SCENE [III] *changes to Melinda's Apartment.*

Melinda and Worthy

Mel. So far the Prediction is right, 'tis Ten exactly, *[Aside]* and pray, Sir, how long have you been in this travelling Humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, Madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our Quiet

Mel. Rather the Love of Change, which is more natural, may be the Occasion of it

Wor. To be sure, Madam, there must be Charms in Variety, else neither you nor I shou'd be so fond of it

Mel. You mistake, Mr *Worthy*, I am not so fond of Variety, as to travel for it; nor do I think it Prudence in you to run your self into a certain Expence and Danger, in hopes of precarious Pleasures, which at best never answer Expectation, as 'tis evident from the Example of most Travellers, that long more to return to their own Country than they did to go abroad

Wor. What Pleasures I may receive abroad are indeed uncertain, but

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

this I am sure of, I shall meet with less Cruelty among the most barbarous Nations, than I have found at home

Mel Come, Sir, you and I have been jangling a great while—I fancy if we made up our Accounts, we shou'd the sooner come to an Agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't dispute your being in my Debt—My Fears, Sighs, Vows, Promises, Assiduties, Anxieties, Jealousies, have run on for a whole Year, without any Payment

Mel A Year! O Mr *Worthy*, what you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven Years Servitude, how did you use me the Year before, when taking the Advantage of my Innocence, and Necessity, you wou'd have made me your Mistress, that is, your Slave—Remember the wicked Insinuations, artful Baits, deceitful Arguments, cunning Pretences; then your impudent Behaviour, loose Expressions, familiar Letters, rude Visits, remember those, those Mr *Worthy*

Wor I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, Madam—that—

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing, 'tis your Interest that I shou'd forget; you have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you—Put that and that together, and let one balance the other—Now if you will begin upon a new Score, lay aside your adventuring Aurs, and behave your self handsomly till *Lent* be over—Here's my hand, I'll use you as a Gentleman shou'd be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a Gentlewoman shou'd be, may this be my Poyson. [*Kissing her Hand.*]

Enter Servant

Ser Madam, the Coach is at the Door

Mel I'm going to Mr. *Ballance's* Country-house to see my 'Cosin *Silvia*, I have done her an Injury, and can't be easie till I have ask'd her Pardon

Wor I dare not hope for the Honour of waiting on you

Mel My Coach is full, but if you will be so Gallant as to mount your own Horses and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken, and if you bring Captain *Plume* with you, we shan't have the worse Reception

Wor I'll endeavour it [*Exit Worthy leading Melinda.*]

SCENE [IV], *The Market-Place.*

Plume and Kite

Plume A Baker, a Taylor, a Smith, and a Butcher—I believe the first Colony planted at *Virginia* had not more Trades in their Company than I have in mine.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Kite. The Butcher, Sir, will have his hands full; for we have two Sheep-stealers among us—I hear of a Fellow too committed just now for stealing of Horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the Dragoons—Have we never a Poulterer among us?

Kite. Yes, Sir, the King of the Gypsies is a very good one, he has an excellent hand at a Goose, or a Turkey—Here's Captain *Brazen*—Sir, I must go look after the Men [Exit.]

Enter Brazen, reading a Letter

Braz. Um, um, um, the Canonical Hour—Um, um, very well—My dear *Plume*! Give me a Buss.

Plume. Half a score, if you will, my Dear, what hast got in thy hand, Child?

Braz. 'Tis a Project for laying out a thousand Pound.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my Dear, that I want twenty thousand Pound, I have spent twenty times as much in the Service—Now, my Dear, pray advise me, my Head runs much upon Architecture, shall I build a Privateer or a Play-house?

Plume. An odd Question—A Privateer or a Play-house! 'Twill require some Consideration—faith, I'm for a Privateer

Braz. I'm not of your Opinion, my Dear——For in the first place a Privateer may be ill built

Plume. And so may a Play-house.

Braz. But a Privateer may be ill mann'd.

Plume. And so may a Play-house

Braz. But a Privateer may run upon the-Shallows

Plume. Not so often as a Play-house

Braz. But, you know, a Privateer may spring a Leak.

Plume. And I know that a Play-house may spring a great many.

Braz. But suppose the Privateer come home with a rich Booty, we shou'd never agree about our Shares.

Plume. 'Tis just so in a Play-house——So by my Advice, you shall fix upon the Privateer

Braz. Agreed—But if this twenty thousand shou'd not be in Specie——

Plume. What twenty thousand?

Braz. Hearn'e——

[Whispers.]

Plume. Marry'd!

Braz. Presently, we're to meet about half a Mile out of Town at the Water-side—And so forth—[Reads.] For fear I shou'd be known by any of *Worthy's* Friends, you must give me leave to wear my Mask till after

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

the Ceremony, which will make me ever yours—Look'e there, my dear Dog——

[Shows the bottom of the Letter to Plume.

Plume. *Melinda!* And by this Light, her own hand!—Once more, if you please, my Dear, her hand exactly!—Just now you say?

Braz. This Minute I must be gone

Plume. Have a little Patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I see a Gentleman coming this way that may be inquisitive, 'tis *Worthy*, do you know him?

Plume. By sight only.

Braz. Have a care, the very Eyes discover Secrets—— [Exit.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To boot, and saddle, Captain, you must mount.

Plume. Whip and spur, *Worthy*, or you won't mount

Wor. But I shall. *Melinda* and I are agreed, she is gone to visit *Silvia*; we are to mount and follow, and cou'd we carry a Parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your Head, *Melinda* has secur'd a Parson already.

Wor. Already! Do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her hand—*Brazen* and she are to meet half a Mile hence at the Water-side, there to take Boat, I suppose to be ferry'd over to the *Elysian* Fields, if there be any such thing in Matrimony

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* just now, she assur'd me she hated *Brazen*, and that she resolv'd to discard *Lucy* for daring to write Letters to him in her Name

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this—I tell yc' I saw *Melinda's* hand as surely as this is mine

Wor. But I tell you, she's gone this Minute to Justice *Ballance's* Country House.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this Minute to the Water-side

Enter a Servant

Sir, [To *Worthy*] Madam *Melinda* has sent word that you need not trouble your self to follow her, because her Journey to Justice *Ballance's* is put off, and she's gone to take the Air another way

Wor. How! Her Journey put off?

Plume. That is, her Journey was a put-off to you

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain——But how, where, when is she to meet *Brazen*?

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a Mile hence at the Water-side

Wor. Up, or down the Water?

Plume. That I don't know

Wor. I'm glad my Horses are ready——*Jack*, get 'em out

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an Inch—I shall return presently.

[*Exit*

Plume You'll find me at the Hall, the Justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend them.

[*Exit*

SCENE [V], *a Court of Justice*, Ballance, Scale,
Scruple, *upon the Bench*. Constable, Mob, Kite.

Kite and Constable advance to the Front of the Stage

Kite Pray, who are those honourable Gentlemen upon the Bench?

Const. He in the middle is Justice *Ballance*, he on the Right is Justice *Scale*, and he on the Left is Justice *Scruple*, and I am Mr. *Constable*, four very honest Gentlemen

Kite O dear Sir, I'm your most obedient Servant, [*Saluting the Constable*] I fancy, Sir, that your Employment and mine are much the same, for my Business is to keep People in order, and if they disobey, to knock 'em down, and then we're both Staff-Officers

Const. Nay, I'm a Serjeant my self—Of the Militia—Come, Brother, you shall see me exercise—Suppose this a Musquet now, [*He puts his Staff on his Right Shoulder*] Now I'm shoulder'd.

Kite Ay, you're shoulder'd pretty well for a Constable's Staff, but for a Musquet you must put it on t'other Shoulder, my Dear

Const. Adso, that's true,——Come, now give the Word o' Command

Kite Silence

Const. Ay, ay, so we will,——We will be silent

Kite. Silence, you Dog, Silence——

[*Strikes him over the Head with his Halberd.*

Const. That's the way to silence a Man with a Witness——What d'ye mean, Friend?

Kite Only to exercise you, Sir

Const. Your Exercise differs so from ours, that we shall ne'er agree about it, if my own Captain had given me such a Rap I had taken the Law of him.

Enter Plume

Ball. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank'e.

Ser. Come, honest Captain, sit by me. [*Plume ascends, and sits upon the Bench.*] Now produce your Prisoners——Here, that Fellow there,——Set him up——Mr *Constable*, what have you to say against this Man?

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an't please ye.

Ball. No! What made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know, an't please your Worship.

Scr. Did not the Contents of your Warrant direct you what sort of Men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an't please ye, I can't read

Scr. A very pretty Constable truly! I find we have no Business here.

Kite. May it please the Worshipful Bench, I desire to be heard in this Case, as being Counsel for the Queen.

Ball. Come, Serjeant, you shall be heard, since no body else will speak; we won't come here for nothing——

Kite. This Man is but one Man, the Country may spare him and the Army wants him, besides he's cut out by Nature for a Granadeer, he's five Foot ten Inches high, he shall Box, Wrestle, or dance the *Cheshire* Round with any Man in the County, he gets drunk every Sabbath-Day, and he beats his Wife.

Wife. You lie, Sirrah, you lie an't please your Worship, he's the best natur'd pains-taking Man in the Parish, witness my five poor Children.

Scr. A Wife and five Children! you Constable, you Rogue, how durst you Impress a Man that has a Wife and five Children?

Scale. Discharge him, discharge him

Ball. Hold, Gentlemen——Hark'e, Friend, how do you maintain your Wife and Children?

Plume. They live upon Wild Fowl and Venison, Sir, the Husband keeps a Gun, and kills all the Hares and Partridges within five Miles round

Ball. A Gun! Nay, if he be so good at Gunning he shall have enough on't——He may be of use against the *French*, for he shoots flying to be sure

Scr. But his Wife and Children, Mr *Ballance*!

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the Reason you wou'd send him away——You know I have a Child every Year, and you're afraid they should come upon the Parish at last

Plume. Look'e there, Gentlemen, the honest Woman has spoke it at once, the Parish had better maintain five Children this Year than six or seven the next, that Fellow upon his high Feeding may get you two or three Beggars at a Birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr Captain, the Parish shall get nothing by sending him away, for I won't loose my Teeming Time if there be a Man left in the Parish

Ball. Send that Woman to the House of Correction——and the Man——

Kite. I'll take care o' him, if you please.

[*Takes the Man down.*]

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Scale. Here, you Constable, the next—Set up that black-fac'd Fellow, he has a Gunpowder Look, what can you say against this Man, Constable?

Const. Nothing, but that he's a very honest Man

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have one honest Man in my Company for the Novelty's sake

Ball. What are you, Friend?

Mob. A Collier, I work in the Colepits.

Scr. Look'e, Gentlemen, this Fellow has a Trade, and the Act of Parliament here expresses, that we are to impress no Man that has any visible means of a Livelihood.

Kite. May it please your Worships, this Man has no visible means of a Livelihood, for he works under-ground

Plume. Well said *Kite*—Besides, the Army wants Miners

Ball. Right! and had we an Order of Government for't, we cou'd raise you in this and the neighbouring County of *Stafford* five hundred Colliers that wou'd run you under-ground like Moles, and do more Service in a Siege than all the Miners in the Army

Scr. Well, Friend, what have you to say for your self?

Mob. I'm Marry'd.

Kite. Lack-a-day, so am I

Mob. Here's my Wife, poor Woman

Ball. Are you marry'd, good Woman?

Wom. I'm marry'd in Conscience

Kite. May it please your Worship, she's with Child in Conscience.

Scale. Who marry'd you, Mistress?

Wom. My Husband—We agreed that I shou'd call him Husband to avoid passing for a Whore, and that he shou'd call me Wife to shun going for a Soldier.

Scr. A very pretty Couple—Pray, Captain, will you take 'em both?

Plume. What say you, Mr *Kite*—Will you take care of the Woman?

Kite. Yes, Sir, she shall go with us to the Sea-side, and there if she has a mind to drown her self, we'll take care that no Body shall hinder her

Ball. Here, Constable, bring in my Man [*Exit Constable*] Now Captain, I'll fit you with a Man, such as you ne'er list'd in your Life [*Enter Const and Silvia.*] O my Friend *Pinch*—I'm very glad to see you.

Silv. Well Sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! Is that your Respect to the Bench?

Silv. Sir, I don't care a Farthing for you nor your Bench neither.

Scr. Look'e, Gentlemen, that's enough, he's a very impudent Fellow, and fit for a Soldier.

Scale. A notorious Rogue, I say, and very fit for a Soldier.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Const A Whoremaster, I say, and therefore fit to go.

Ball What think you, Captain?

Plume I think he's a very pretty Fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Silv Me for a Soldier! Send your own lazy lubberly Sons at home, Fellows that hazard their Necks every day in pursuit of a Fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an Enemy in the Face

Const May it please your Worships, I have a Woman at the Door to swear a Rape against this Rogue

Silv Is it your Wife or Daughter, Booby? I ravish'd 'em both yesterday

Ball Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War, we'll see him listed immediately

Plume [reads] *Articles of War against Mutiny and Desertion*—

Silv Hold, Sir—Once more, Gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any Violence you offer to me, and you, Mr. *Ballance*, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it

Plume Look'ee, young Spark, say but one Word more and I'll build a Horse for you as high as the Ceiling, and make you ride the most tiresom Journey that ever you made in your Life

Silv You have made a fine Speech, good Captain *Huffcap*—But you had better be quiet, I shall find a way to cool your Courage

Plume Pray, Gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted

Silv 'Tis false—I'm descended of as good a Family as any in your County, my Father is as good a Man as any upon your Bench, and I am Heir to twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Ball He's certainly mad,—Pray, Captain, read 'the Articles of War

Silv Hold, once more,—'Pray, Mr *Ballance*, to you I speak, suppose I were your Child, wou'd you use me at this rate?

Ball No Faith, were you mine, I would send you to *Bedlam* first, and into the Army afterwards

Silv But consider, my Father, Sir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a Man as ever serv'd his Country, I'm his only Child, perhaps the loss of me may break his Heart.

Ball He's a very great Fool if it does Captain, if you don't list him this Minute, I'll leave the Court

Pl *Kite*, do you distribute the Levy Money to the Men whilst I read

Kite Ay, Sir,—Silence Gentlemen [Plume reads the Articles of War.

Ball Very well, now, Captain, let me beg the Favour of you not to discharge this Fellow upon any account whatsoever.—Bring in the rest.

Const There are no more, an't please your Worship

Ball No more! there were five two Hours ago.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Sisv. 'Tis true, Sir, but this Rogue of a Constable let the rest escape for a Bribe of eleven Shillings a Man, because he said that the Act allows him but ten, so the odd Shilling was clear Gains

All Just. How!

Sisv. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me get away for two Guineas, but I had not so much about me—This is Truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

Kite. And I'll swear it, give me the Book, 'tis for the good of the Service.

Mob May it please your Worship, I gave him half a Crown to say that I was an honest Man,—and now that your Worships have made me a Rogue, I hope I shall have my Money again.

Ball 'Tis my Opinion that this Constable be put into the Captain's Hands, and if his Friends don't bring four good Men for his Ransom by to Morrow Night,—Captain, you shall carry him to *Flanders*

Scale, Scruple Agreed, agreed!

Plume Mr *Kite*, take the Constable into Custody

Kite Ay, ay, Sir,—[*To the Constable*] will you please to have your Office taken from you, or will you handsomely lay down your Staff as your Betters have done before you? [*The Constable drops his Staff.*]

Ball Come, Gentlemen, there needs no great Ceremony in adjourning this Court,——Captain you shall dine with me

Kite Come Mr Militia Serjeant, I shall silence you now I believe, without your taking the Law of me [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE [VI] *changes to the Fields, Brazen leading in Lucy 'mask'd.*

Braz The Boat is just below here

Enter *Worthy* with a Case of Pistols under his Arm,
parts *Brazen* and *Lucy*

Worth. Here, Sir, take your Choice [*Offering the Pistols.*]

Braz What! Pistols! are they charg'd, my dear?

Wor With a brace of Bullets each

Braz. But I'm a Foot Officer, my dear, and never use Pistols, the Sword is my way, and I won't be put out of my Road to please any Man.

Wor Nor I neither, so have at you. [*Cocks one Pistol.*]

Braz Look'e, my dear, I do not care for Pistols,—pray oblige me and let us have a bout at Sharps, dam't there's no parrying these Bullets.

Wor Sir, if you han't your Belly full of these, the Swords shall come in for Second Course.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Braz. Why then Fire and Fury! I have eaten Smoak from the Mouth of a Cannon, Sir, don't think I fear Powder, for I live upon't; let me see, [*Takes a Pistol.*] and now, Sir, how many paces distant shall we fire?

Wor. Fire when you please, I'll reserve my shot till I be sure of you.

Braz. Come, where's your Cloak?

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon, I always fight upon a Cloak, 'tis our way abroad.

Luc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Strife. [*Pulls off her Mask.*]

Wor. Lucy! take her

Braz. The Devil take me if I do—Huzza! [*Fires his Pistol.*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy Harrydan, how those Bullets whistle, suppose they had been lodg'd in my Gizzard now?—

Luc. Pray, Sir, pardon me.

Braz. I can't tell, Child, till I know whether my Money be safe; [*Searching his Pockets.*] Yes, yes, I do pardon you,—but if I had you in the *Rose Tavern, Covent Garden*, with three or four hearty Rakes, and three or four smart Napkins, I would tell you another Story, my dear. [*Exit*]

Wor. And was *Melinda* privy to this?

Luc. No, Sir, she wrote her Name upon a piece of Paper at the Fortune-tellers last Night, which I put in my Pocket, and so writ above it to the Captain.

Wor. And how came *Melinda's* Journey put off?

Luc. At the Town's end she met Mr *Ballance's* Steward, who told her that Mrs. *Silvia* was gone from her Father's, and no body could tell whither.

Wor. *Silvia* gone from her Fathers! this will be News to *Plume* Go home, and tell your Lady how near I was being shot for her. [*Exeunt*]

Enter Ballance with a Napkin in his Hand as risen from Dinner, talking with his Steward

Stew. We did not miss her till the Evening, Sir, and then searching for her in the Chamber that was my young Master's, we found her Cloaths there, but the Suit that your Son left in the Press when he went to *London*, was gone

Bal. The white, trimm'd with Silver!

Stew. The same.

Bal. You han't told that Circumstance to any body.

Stew. To none but your Worship

Bal. And be sure you don't. Go into the Dining Room, and tell Captain *Plume* that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall

[*Exit*]

Bal. Was ever man so impos'd upon? I had her Promise indeed that she shou'd never dispose of herself without my Consent.—I have consented with a Witness, given her away as my Act and Deed, and this, I warrant,

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

the Captain thinks will pass; no, I shall never pardon him the Villany, first of robbing me of my Daughter, and then the mean Opinion he must have of me to think that I cou'd be so wretchedly imposed upon, her extravagant Passion might encourage her in the Attempt, but the Contrivance must be his—I'll know the Truth presently.

Enter Plume.

Pray, Captain, what have you done with your young Gentleman Souldier?

Plume He's at my Quarters, I suppose, with the rest of my Men.

Bal Does he keep Company with the Common Souldiers?

Plume No, he's generally with me.

Bal He lies with you, I presume?

Plume. No, Faith,—I offer'd him part of my Bed, but the young Rogue fell in love with *Rose*, and has layn with her, I think, since he came to Town.

Bal So that between you both, *Rose* has been finely manag'd.

Plume Upon my Honour, Sir, she had no harm from me.

Bal All's safe, I find—Now Captain, you must know that the young Fellow's Impudence in Court was well grounded, he said that I should heartily repent his being listed, and I do from my Soul.

Plume. Ay! for what reason?

Bal Because he is no less than what he said he was, born of as good a Family as any in this County, and is Heir to twelve hundred pound a Year

Plume I'm very glad to hear it, for I wanted but a Man of that Quality to make my Company a perfect Representative of the whole Commons of *England*

Bal Won't you discharge him?

Plume Not under a hundred Pound Sterling.

Bal You shall have it, for his Father is my intimate Friend

Plume Then you shall have him for nothing

Bal Nay, Sir, you shall have your Price

Plume Not a Penny, Sir, I value an Obligation to you much above a hundred Pound

Bal Perhaps, Sir, you shan't repent your Generosity—Will you please to write his Discharge in my Pocket Book? [*Gives his Book*] In the mean time we'll send for the Gentleman Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Go to the Captain's Lodgings, and inquire for Mr *Wislfull*, tell him his Captain wants him here immediately.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman's below at the Door enquiring for the Captain.

Plume. Bid him come up—here's the Discharge, Sir —

Bal. Sir, I thank you—'tis plain he had no hand in't.

[*Aside.*

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Enter Silvia.

Sil I think, Captain, you might have us'd me better, than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken Crew, and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to Dinner, for I have eaten with as good a Man as your Worship.

Plume Sir, you must charge our want of Respect upon our Ignorance of your Quality—but now you're at Liberty—I have discharged you.

Sil Discharg'd me!

Bal Yes, Sir, and you must once more go home to your Father.

Sil My Father! then I'm discovered—O, Sir, [*Kneeling*] I expect no Pardon.

Bal Pardon! no, no, Child, your Crime shall be your Punishment; here, Captain, I deliver her over to the conjugal Power for her Chastisement, since she will be a Wife, be you a Husband, a very Husband: when she tells you of her Love, upbraid her with her Folly, be modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind, and use her worse than you wou'd any Body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Plume And are you *Silvia* in good earnest?

Sil Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a Jest, Sir

Plume And do you give her to me in good earnest?

Bal If you please to take her, Sir.

Plume Why then I have sav'd my Legs and Arms, and lost my Liberty; secure from Wounds, I'm prepar'd for the Gout, farewell Subsistence, and welcome Taxes—Sir, my Liberty and hopes of being a General are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred Pound a Year, but to your Love, Madam, I resign my Freedom, and to your Beauty, my Ambition, greater in obeying at your Feet, than Commanding at the Head of an Army

Enter Worthy

Wor I'm sorry to hear, Mr. *Ballance*, that your Daughter is lost.

Bal So am not I, Sir, since an honest Gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Mel Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, what's become of my Cousin *Silvia*?

Bal Your Cousin *Silvia* is talking yonder with your Cousin *Plume*

Mel and *Wor*. How!

Sil Do you think it strange, Cousin, that a Woman should change? But, I hope, you'll excuse a Change that has proceeded from Constancy, I alter'd my Outside, because I was the same within, and only laid by the Woman to make sure of my Man, that's my History.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Mel. Your History is a little romantick, Cousin, but since Success has crown'd your Adventures you will have the World o'your side, and I shall be willing to go with the Tide, provided you pardon an Injury I offer'd you in the Letter to your Father.

Plume. That Injury, Madam, was done to me, and the Reparation I expect shall be made to my Friend; make Mr. *Worthy* happy, and I shall be satisfy'd.

Mel. A good Example, Sir, will go a great way—when my Cousin is pleas'd to surrender, 'tis probable, I shan't hold out much longer

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours, Madam, I am not yours

Mel. I'm glad on't, Sir

Braz. So am I—you have got a pretty House here, Mr. *Lacomick*.

Bal. 'Tis time to right all Mistakes—my Name, Sir, is *Ballance*

Braz. *Ballance!* Sir, I'm your most obedient.—I know your whole Generation,—had not you an Uncle that was Governour of the *Leeward* Islands some Years ago?

Bal. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, Sir, he play'd at Billiards to a miracle, you had a Brother too, that was Captain of a Fireship—poor *Dick*, he had the most engaging way with him—of making Punch—and then his Cabbins was so neat—but his Boy *Jack* was the most comical Bastard, ha, ha, ha, a pickled Dog, I shall never forget him

Plume. Well, Captain, are you fix'd in your Project yet, are you still for the Privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a Privateer just now, I had like to have been pick'd up by a Cruiser under false Colours, and a *French* Pickaroon for ought I know

Plume. But have you got your Recruits, my Dear?

Braz. Not a Stick, my Dear

Plume. Probably I shall furnish you.

Enter Rose and Bullock

Rose. Captain, Captain, I have got loose once more, and have persuaded my Sweetheart *Cartwheel*, to go with us, but you must promise not to part with me again

Sil. I find Mrs *Rose* has not been pleas'd with her Bedfellow.

Rose. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a Bedfellow or not.

Sil. Don't be in a Passion, Child, I was as little pleas'd with your Company as you cou'd be with mine

Bul. Pray, Sir, dunna be offended at my Sister, she's something underbred—but if you please I'll lye with you in her stead.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Plume I have promis'd, Madam, to provide for this Girl, now will you be pleas'd to let her wait upon you, or shall I take care of her?

Sir. She shall be my Charge, Sir, you may find it Business enough to take care of me

Bul. Ay, and of me, Captain, for wauns! if ever you lift your Hand against me, I'll desert

Plume. Captain *Brazen* shall take care o'that—My Dear, instead of the twenty thousand Pound you talk'd of, you shall have the twenty brave Recruits that I have rais'd, at the rate they cost me—my Commission I lay down to be taken up by some braver Fellow, that has more Merit, and less good Fortune, whilst I endeavour by the Example of this worthy Gentleman to serve my Queen and Country at home

*With some Regret I quit the active Field,
Where Glory full reward for Life does yield,
But the Recruiting Trade with all its train,
Of lasting Plague, Fague, and endless Pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair Spouse to stay,
And raise Recruits the Matrimonial Way.*

[F I N I S]

EPILOGUE

ALL Ladies and Gentlemen, that are willing to see the Comedy call'd the *Recruiting Officer*, let them repair to morrow Night by six a Clock to the Sign of the *Theatre Royal* in *Drury Lane*, and they shall be kindly entertain'd—

*We scorn the vulgar Ways to bid you come,
Whole Europe now obeys the Call of Drum.
The Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
And beats up for a Corps of Volunteers :
He finds that Musick chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuses Musick to invite ye.*

Beat the Granadeer March—Row, row, tow—Gentlemen, this Piece of Musick, call'd an *Overture to a Battle*, was compos'd by a famous *Italian* Master, and was perform'd with wonderful Success, at the great *Opera's* of *Vigo*, *Schellenberg*, and *Blenheim*, it came off with the Applause of all *Europe*, excepting *France*, the *French* found it a little too rough for their *Delicatsse*

*Some that have acted on those glorious Stages,
Are here to witness to succeeding Ages,
That no Musick like the Granadeer's engages.*

Ladies, we must own that this Musick of ours is not altogether so soft as *Bononcini's*, yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more People asleep than all the *Camilla's* in the World, and you'll condescend to own, that it keeps one awake, better than any *Opera* that ever was acted.

The Granadeer March seems to be a Composure excellently adapted to the Genius of the *English*, for no Musick was ever follow'd so far by us, nor with so much Alacrity, and with all Deference to the present Subscription, we must say that the Granadeer March has been subscrib'd for by the whole Grand Alliance, and we presume to inform the Ladies, that it always has the Pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest, handsomest Men in the whole Army. In short, to gratifie the present Taste, our Author is now adapting some Words to the Granadeer March, which he intends to have perform'd to Morrow, if the Lady who is to sing it shou'd not happen to be sick

*This he concludes to be the surest way
To draw you hither, for you'll all obey
Soft Musick's Call, tho' you shou'd damn his Play.*

THE
BEAUX
STRATAGEM
A COMEDY

As it is Acted at the
QUEEN'S THEATRE
IN THE
HAY-MARKET

BY
Her MAJESTY'S Sworn Comedians

ADVERTISEMENT

THE Reader may find some Faults in this Play, which my Illness prevented the amending of, but there is great Amends made in the Representation, which cannot be match'd, no more than the friendly and indefatigable Care of Mr. *Wilks*, to whom I chiefly owe the Success of the Play

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

Source

IT is highly probable that the domestic infelicity between Sullen and his wife was suggested to Farquhar by Vanbrugh's *The Provok'd Wife*, Mrs Sullen's description of her husband finds its counterpart in that play, Act III, Scene 3 (Vol I, p 148 Nonesuch edition), in Lady Brute's description of Sir John "To Bed, my Dear? And by that time I am fallen into a sweet Sleep, (or perhaps a sweet Dream, which is better and better) Sir John will come home, roaring drunk, and be overjoy'd he finds me in a condition to be disturbed," etc The scene in the last act of *The Beaux Stratagem*, "I can't hunt with you" "Nor can I dance with you," is foreshadowed in Berinthia's speech in Vanbrugh's *The Relapse*, Act II, Scene 1 (Vol I, p 45 Nonesuch edition) "Like Man and Wife, asunder, He lov'd the Country, I the Town He Hawks and Hounds, I Coaches and Equipage He Eating and Drinking, I Carding and Playing He the Sound of a Horn, I the Squeak of a Fiddle We were dull Company at Table, worse A-bed Whenever we met, we gave one another the Spleen And never agreed but once, which was about lying alone"

The divorce scene at the end of the play was probably suggested by the separation of Woodyly and Mrs. Woodyly in Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*

Theatrical History

OF all Farquhar's plays *The Beaux Stratagem* has proved the most popular and the one most frequently revived. From the day of its first performance at the Queen's Theatre, Haymarket, March 8th, 1707, its favour with the public has been unabated. In its first season it was repeated on March 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 20th, 29th and 31st, on April 4th, 15th, and 29th, to name but a few of the early productions.

Wilks, as Archer, put his soul into the last production of his dying friend, and achieved the success that invariably followed any genuine effort of this great actor. "Dicky" Norris, whose reputation had been so enhanced by his performance in *The Constant Couple*, played Scrub, a part which Cibber for some reason had refused to accept. The latter played Gibbet, which, though but a minor part, must have been well portrayed by the veteran actor. Mills as Aimwell, and Verbruggen as Sullen did well enough, but were not outstanding, though Bullock as Boniface must have been in his element. Anne Oldfield, Mrs Bicknell, and Mrs Bradshaw were an attractive trio for the female cast.

The Haymarket and Drury Lane kept *The Beaux Stratagem* in their regular repertory, but it was not until November 18th, 1721, that it saw the boards at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Lacy Ryan, who always did well in Farquhar's parts, played Archer, with Christopher Bullock as Scrub. The younger Bullock, indeed, though he inherited many of the elder's parts, had a distinct genius of his own, and was the creator of many rôles that his father would not have dared attempt. It is sufficiently apparent from the seven plays which he left that he had little talent as an author, but he had a distinct sense of "theatre," which made him a good manager and gave purpose to his acting when he chose to appear on the stage. William Bullock was also in this cast at Lincoln's Inn Fields, still playing the rôle which he created. Quin must have been one of the best of bullens, and Mrs Seymour, a young actress, a charming spouse. Mrs Roger played Cherry, Mrs Bullock, Dorinda, and Mrs Egleton (ex-Mrs Giffard), Lady Bountiful.

Mills was playing Archer at Drury Lane in 1740, with Macklin as Scrub, and Milward as Aimwell. Mrs Pritchard was Mrs Sullen, and Mrs Clive, Cherry. Mrs. Pritchard "performed all the principal characters in tragedy with great reputation, and she was also admired in genteel comedy." But her chief excellence lay in her performance of sprightly characters of the type of Mrs Sullen, which she must have rendered to perfection. We are further informed that Mrs Pritchard "came to the stage a married woman, and had a large family of children, *whom she brought up with the greatest care and attention*" (The italics are those of an early biographer.)

The appearance of Garrick upon the scene upset many of the leading actors, for the novice swept forward on a wave of success, and took away one leading rôle after another. Before the end of 1742 he had taken the leading part in *The Beaux Stratagem*. And

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

from that time Archer remained one of his favourite rôles, which he played with many supporting casts

One of the most delightful productions of all times must have been that in which Garrick played Archer to Peg Woffington's Mrs Sullen, with Yates as Scrub. Among the other casts with whom Garrick appeared may be mentioned (Covent Garden, June 23rd, 1746) Chapman as Scrub, Cashell, Aimwell, Bridgewater, Sullen; Martin, Boniface, with Mrs Horton as Mrs Sullen, Mrs Vincent, Cherry, and Mrs Bland, Dorinda. Also, Drury Lane, December 1st, 1767, Weston, as Scrub, Palmer, Aimwell, Mrs. Dancer, Mrs Sullen, and Miss Pope as Cherry. At the same theatre, November 3rd, 1774, Garrick appeared with many of the same cast, but with Mrs Abington in the rôle of Mrs Sullen. On one occasion Garrick played Scrub (April 10th, 1761), allowing O'Brien to play in his own benefit as Archer, with Mrs Pritchard as Mrs Sullen.

At Covent Garden, January 5th, 1774, Smith appeared in the leading rôle, with Shuter and Lewis as Scrub and Aimwell. Woodward was Gibbet, Miss Brown, Cherry, Miss Barsanti, Dorinda. Mrs Bulkley played Mrs Sullen and continued the following year with Lewis as Archer, Woodward, Scrub, Wroughton in Lewis' old rôle of Aimwell, and Mrs Lessingham as Dorinda. The same cast played for many years, the only changes being, in 1778, Quick for Woodward, and Mrs Barry for Mrs Bulkley, and in 1785, Mrs Abington for Mrs Barry, and Mrs Martyr for Miss Brown.

Edwin played Scrub in his own benefit at the Haymarket, August 17th, 1779. Palmer was Archer, Blisset, Sullen, Miss Farren, who played the part of Miss Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Haymarket in 1777, now played Mrs Sullen, with Mrs Hitchcock as Cherry.

Mrs Abington, who had long played Mrs Sullen at Covent Garden, appeared as Scrub in her own benefit on February 10th, 1786. She was still playing Mrs Sullen as late as 1798.

Notable among early nineteenth-century performances was that of Charles Kemble as Aimwell (Haymarket, November 20th, 1802), Dwyer was Archer, Bannister, junior, Scrub. Mrs Jordan appeared for the first time in the character of Mrs Sullen, with Miss Mellon as Cherry.

Mrs. Kemble, from Covent Garden, played Mrs Sullen at the Haymarket, June 21st, 1810. Jones was Archer, Liston, Scrub, and Mrs Gibbs played Cherry.

Elliston and Knight were Archer and Scrub at Drury Lane, June 5th, 1818. Mrs Davison and Mrs Alsop were Mrs Sullen and Cherry. Covent Garden also "revived" *The Beaux Stratagem*, November 26th, 1819, when C. Kemble played Archer, Liston, Scrub, Connor, Foigard, Abbott, Aimwell, Yates, Boniface; Blanchard, Sullen, Emery, Gibbet, Mrs Davison, Mrs Sullen, Mrs Gibbs, Cherry, and Miss Foote, Dorinda.

The Beaux Stratagem was given for the benefit of Thomas Dibdin, the stage manager, at the Haymarket, October 13th, 1823. Vining took the leading part in this performance, with Miss Chester as Mrs Sullen.

Kemble again "revived" the play at Covent Garden on New Year's Eve, 1828. Miss Chester again played Mrs Sullen, with Miss Forde and Mrs. Chatterley as Cherry and Dorinda. Keeley played Scrub with great success, Warde was Aimwell, and

THEATRICAL HISTORY

Blanchard again in his former part This revival was favourably received and performed twelve times

Up to almost the present day *The Beaux Stratagem* has been one of the most popular and widely played pieces on the English stage Though frequently criticised for "immorality" by such jealous Puritans as Francis Gentleman and Richard Cumberland, there was scarcely any period since its first production when it can be said to have been "forgotten"

Some reader may remember Miss Litton's appearance in *The Beaux Stratagem* at the Imperial Theatre in 1879 More, however, will recall the abridged version of the piece given at the Haymarket Theatre, February 4th, 1919, by the Art Theatre, in association with The Stage Society Only one performance, a matinée, was given The play had been reduced to six scenes, and the principal players were Frederic Sargent as Aimwell, Russell Thorndike as Archer, E. H. Paterson, Scrub, Helen Haye as Mrs Sullen, Sybil Thorndike, Cherry This performance, I am told, while amusing enough, was more in the Russian than the Restoration spirit, but this criticism may be made of many modern revivals of old plays

The Cambridge A D C produced *The Beaux Stratagem* in June, 1925, and the Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich, played the piece seven times in November of 1926

Sir Nigel Playfair, who himself played Gibbet, the rôle of Cibber's choice, recently produced the same play at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith Sir Nigel's was a most popular production, and met with great success Many of the unnecessary scenes and characters, such as Foigard and Bellair, were omitted, and the company was so fortunate as to include Miss Edith Evans as Mrs Sullen, and Mr Miles Malleon as Scrub If the style of the production was not strictly that of the original period of the play, it was nevertheless one eminently suitable to introduce the play to the modern theatre-going audience

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. WILKS

WHEN Strife disturbs or Sloth Corrupts an Age,
Keen Satyr is the Business of the Stage.
When the Plain-Dealer writ, he lash'd those Crimes
Which then infested most—The Modish Times :
But now, when Faction sleeps and Sloth is fled,
And all our Youth in Active Fields are bred,
When thro' GREAT BRITAIN's fair extensive Round,
The Trumps of Fame the Notes of UNION sound ;
When ANNA's Scepter points the Laws their Course,
And Her Example gives her Precepts Force .
There scarce is room for Satyr, all our Lays
Must be, or Songs of Triumph, or of Praise .
But as in Grounds best cultivated, Tares
And Poppies rise among the Golden Ears ,
Our Products so, fit for the Field or School,
Must mix with Nature's Favourite Plant—A Fool :
A Weed that has to twenty Summers ran,
Shoots up in Stalk, and Vegetates to Man
Simpling our Author goes from Field to Field,
And culls such Fools, as may Diversion yield ,
And, Thanks to Nature, there's no want of those,
For Rain, or Shine, the thriving Coxcomb grows
Folhes, to Night we shew, ne'er lash'd before,
Yet, such as Nature shews you every Hour ;
Nor can the Pictures give a Just Offence,
For Fools are made for Jestis to Men of Sense

Dramatis Personæ

M E N.

<i>Aimwell,</i>	{ Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes, the first as Master, and the second as Servant.	Mr. <i>Mills.</i>
<i>Archer,</i>		Mr. <i>Wilks.</i>
Count <i>Bellar,</i>	A <i>French</i> Officer, Prisoner at <i>Litchfield</i>	Mr. <i>Bowman.</i>
<i>Sullen,</i>	A Country Blockhead, brutal to his Wife.	Mr. <i>Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Freeman,</i>	A Gentleman from <i>London</i>	Mr. <i>Keen</i>
<i>Fougard,</i>	A Priest, Chaplain to the <i>French</i> Officers.	Mr. <i>Bowen.</i>
<i>Gibbet,</i>	A High-way-man	Mr. <i>Gibber.</i>
<i>Hounslow,</i>	{ His Companions	
<i>Bagshot,</i>		
<i>Boniface,</i>	Landlord of the Inn.	Mr. <i>Bullock.</i>
<i>Scrub,</i>	Servant to Mr. <i>Sullen.</i>	Mr. <i>Norris.</i>

W O M E N

Lady <i>Bountiful,</i>	{ An old civil Country Gentlewoman, that cures all her Neighbours of all Distempers, and foolishly fond of her Son <i>Sullen,</i>	Mrs. <i>Powel</i>
<i>Dorinda,</i>		
Mrs. <i>Sullen,</i>	Lady <i>Bountiful's</i> Daughter.	Mrs. <i>Bradshaw.</i>
<i>Gipsy,</i>	Her Daughter-in-law.	Mrs. <i>Oldfield.</i>
<i>Cherry,</i>	Maid to the Ladies.	Mrs. <i>Mills.</i>
	The Landlord's Daughter in the Inn.	Mrs. <i>Signal.</i>

SCENE, *Litchfield.*

THE
Beaux Stratagem

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an Inn.*

Enter Bonniface running.

Bon. Chamberlain, Maid, *Cherry*, Daughter *Cherry*, all asleep, all dead?

Enter Cherry running

Cherry. Here, here, Why d'ye baul so, Father? d'ye think we have no Ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young Minx,—The Company of the *Warrington* Coach has stood in the Hall this Hour, and no Body to shew them to their Chambers

Cher And let 'em wait farther, there's neither Red-Coat in the Coach, nor Footman behind it

Bon But they threaten to go to another Inn to Night.

Cher That they dare not, for fear the Coachman should overturn them to Morrow——Coming, coming. Here's the *London* Coach arriv'd

Enter several People with Trunks, Band-boxes, and other Luggage, and cross the Stage

Bon Welcome, Ladies

Cher Very welcome, Gentlemen——Chamberlain, shew the *Lyon* and the *Rose*. *[Exit with the Company]*

Enter Aimwell in riding Habit, Archer as Footman carrying a Portmanteau.

Bon. This way, this way, Gentlemen.

Aim Set down the things, go to the Stable, and see my Horses well rubb'd

Arch I shall, Sir.

[Exit.]

Aim You're my Landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old *Will Bonniface*, pretty well known upon this Road, as the saying is.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Ann. O Mr. *Boniface*, your Servant.

Bon. O Sir—What will your Honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Ann. I have heard your Town of *Litchfield* much fam'd for Ale, I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my Cellar Ten Tun of the best Ale in *Staffordshire*, 'tis smooth as Oil, sweet as Milk, clear as Amber, and strong as Brandy; and will be just Fourteen Year old the Fifth Day of next *March* old Stile.

Ann. You're very exact, I find, in the Age of your Ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the Age of my Children: I'll shew you such Ale—Here, Tapster, broach Number 1706 as the saying is, —Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*,—I have liv'd in *Litchfield* Man and Boy above Eight and fifty Years, and I believe have not consum'd Eight and fifty Ounces of Meat

Ann. At a Meal, you mean, if one may guess your Sense by your Bulk.

Bon. Not in my Life, Sir, I have fed purely upon Ale, I have eat my Ale, drank my Ale, and I always sleep upon Ale

Enter Tapster with a Bottle and Glass

Now, Sir, you shall see [*filling it out*] your Worship's Health, ha! delicious delicious,—fancy it *Burgundy*, only fancy it, and 'tis worth Ten Shilling a Quart.

Ann. [*Drinks*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it?

Ann. And have you liv'd so long upon this Ale, Landlord?

Bon. Eight and fifty Years upon my Credit, Sir, but it kill'd my Wife, poor Woman, as the saying is.

Ann. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir; she would not let the Ale take its natural Course, Sir, she was for qualifying it every now and then with a Dram, as the saying is, and an honest Gentleman that came this way from *Ireland*, made her a Present of a dozen Bottles of *Usquebaugh*—But the poor Woman was never well after. But howe're, I was oblig'd to the Gentleman, you know

Ann. Why, was it the *Usquebaugh* that kill'd her?

Bon. My Lady *Bountyful* said so,—She, good Lady, did what could be done, she cured her of Three Tympanies, but the Fourth carry'd her off, but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Ann. Who's that Lady *Bountyful*, you mention'd?

Bon. Ods my Life, Sir, we'll drink her Health [*Drinks*] My Lady *Bountyful* is one of the best of Women: Her last Husband Sir *Charles Bountyful* left her worth a Thousand Pound a Year, and I believe she lays out one half on't in charitable Uses for the Good of her Neighbours, she cures Rheumatisms, Ruptures, and broken Shins in Men, Green Sickness,

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Obstructions, and Fits of the Mother in Women;—The Kings-Evil, Chin-Cough, and Chilblains in Children; in short, she has cured more People in and about *Litchfield* within Ten Years than the Doctors have kill'd in Twenty; and that's a bold Word.

Am. Has the Lady been any other way useful in her Generation?

Bon. Yes, Sir, She has a Daughter by Sir *Charles*, the finest Woman in all our Country, and the greatest Fortune. She has a Son too by her first Husband Squire *Sullen*, who marry'd a fine Lady from *London* t'other Day; if you please, Sir, we'll drink his Health?

Am. What sort of a Man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the Man's well enough, says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, Faith. But he's a Man of a great Estate, and values no Body.

Am. A Sportsman, I suppose.

Bon. Yes, Sir, he's a Man of Pleasure, he plays at Whisk, and smoaks his Pipe Eight and forty Hours together sometimes

Am. And marry'd, you say?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious Woman, Sir,——But he's a——He wants it, here, Sir

[*Pointing to his Forehead.*]

Am. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my Business, he's my Landlord, and so a Man you know, wou'd not,——But—I cod, he's no better than——Sir, my humble Service to you. [*Drinks*] Tho' I value not a Farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his Rent at Quarter day, I have a good running Trade, I have but one Daughter, and I can give her——But no matter for that.

Am. You're very happy, Mr *Boniface*, pray what other Company have you in Town?

Bon. A power of fine Ladies, and then we have the *French* Officers

Am. O that's right, you have a good many of those Gentlemen. Pray how do you like their Company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I cou'd wish we had as many more of 'em, they're full of Money, and pay double for every thing they have, they know, Sir, that we pay'd good round Taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my House

Enter Archer.

Arch. Landlord, there are some *French* Gentlemen below that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on' em;——Does your Master stay long in Town, as the saying is? [*To Archer*]

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Bon. Come from *London*?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Arch. No.

Bon. Going to *London*, may hap?

Arch. No.

Bon. An odd Fellow this. I beg your Worship's Pardon, I'll wait on you in half a Minute [Exit.]

Asm. The Coast's clear, I see,——Now my dear *Archer*, welcome to *Litchfield*

Arch. I thank thee, my dear Brother in Iniquity.

Asm. Iniquity! prithee leave Canting, you need not change your Stile with your Dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, *Asmwell*, for 'tis still my Maxim, that there is no Scandal like Rags, nor any Crime so shameful as Poverty

Asm. The World confesses it every Day in its Practice, tho' Men won't own it for their Opinion: Who did that worthy Lord, my Brother, single out of the Side-box to sup with him t'other Night?

Arch. *Jack Handycraft*, a handsom, well dress'd, mannerly, sharpening Rogue, who keeps the best Company in Town.

Asm. Right, and pray who marry'd my Lady *Manslaughter* t'other Day, the great Fortune?

Arch. Why, *Nick Marrabone*, a profess'd Pick-pocket, and a good Bowler; but he makes a handsom Figure, and rides in his Coach, that he formerly used to ride behind

Asm. But did you observe poor *Jack Generous* in the Park last Week?

Arch. Yes, with his Autumnal Perruwig, shading his melancholly Face, his Coat older than any thing but its Fashion, with one Hand idle in his Pocket, and with the other picking his useless Teeth, and tho' the Mall was crowded with Company, yet was poor *Jack* as single and solitary as a Lyon in a Desert

Asm. And as much avoided, for no Crime upon Earth but the want of Money

Arch. And that's enough; Men must not be poor, Idleness is the Root of all Evil, the World's wide enough, let 'em bustle; Fortune has taken the weak under her Protection, but Men of Sense are left to their Industry

Asm. Upon which Topick we proceed, and I think luckily hitherto: Wou'd not any Man swear now that I am a Man of Quality, and you my Servant, when if our intrinsick Value were known——

Arch. Come, come, we are the Men of intrinsick Value, who can strike our Fortunes out of our selves, whose worth is independent of Accidents in Life, or Revolutions in Government; we have Heads to get Money, and Hearts to spend it

Asm. As to our Hearts, I grant'ye, they are as willing Tits as any within Twenty Degrees, but I can have no great opinion of our Heads from the

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they have brought us from *London* hither to *Litchfield*, made me a Lord, and you my Servant

Arch. That's more than you could expect already But what Money have we left?

Aim. But Two hundred Pound

Arch. And our Horses, Cloaths, Rings, &c. why we have very good Fortunes now for moderate People, and let me tell you, besides, that this Two hundred Pound, with the experience that we are now Masters of, is a better Estate than the Ten Thousand we have spent —Our Friends indeed began to suspect that our Pockets were low, but we came off with flying Colours, shew'd no signs of want either in Word or Deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to *Brussels* was a good Pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and I warrant you, our Friends imagine that we are gone a volunteering

Arch. Why Faith, if this Prospect fails, it must e'en come to that, I am for venturing one of the Hundreds if you will upon this Knight-Ernantry, but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the t'other to carry us to some Counterscarp, where we may die as we liv'd in a Blaze

Aim. With all my Heart, and we have liv'd justly, *Archer*, we can't say that we have spent our Fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em

Arch. Right, so much Pleasure for so much Money, we have had our Pennyworths, and had I Millions, I wou'd go to the same Market again O *London, London*! well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful, Past Pleasures, for ought I know are best, such as we are sure of, those to come may disappoint us

Aim. It has often griev'd the Heart of me, to see how some inhumane Wretches murder their kind Fortunes, those that by sacrificing all to one Appetite, shall starve all the rest —You shall have some that live only in their Palates, and in their sense of tasting shall drown the other Four Others are only Epicures in Appearances, such who shall starve their Nights to make a Figure a Days, and famish their own to feed the Eyes of others A contrary Sort confine their Pleasures to the dark, and contract their spacious Acres to the Circuit of a Muff-string

Arch. Right, but they find the *Indies* in that Spot where they consume 'em, and I think your kind Keepers have much the best on't, for they indulge the most Senses by one Expence, there's the Seeing, Hearing, and Feeling amply gratify'd, and some Philosophers will tell you, that from such a Commerce there arises a sixth Sense that gives infinitely more Pleasure than the other five put together

Aim. And to pass to the other Extremity, of all Keepers, I think those the worst that keep their Money

Arch. Those are the most miserable Wights in being, they destroy the Rights of Nature, and disappoint the Blessings of Providence: Give me

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

a Man that keeps his Five Senses keen and bright as his Sword, that has 'em always drawn out in their just order and strength, with his Reason as Commander at the Head of 'em, that detaches 'em by turns upon whatever Party of Pleasure agreeably offers, and commands 'em to retreat upon the least Appearance of Disadvantage or Danger.—For my part I can stick to my Bottle, while my Wine, my Company, and my Reason holds good, I can be charm'd with *Sappho's* singing without falling in Love with her Face, I love Hunting, but wou'd not, like *Alceon*, be eaten up by my own Dogs, I love a fine House, but let another keep it; and just so I love a fine Woman.

Asm. In that last particular you have the better of me

Arch. Ay, you're such an amorous Puppy, that I'm afraid you'll spoil our Sport, you can't counterfeit the Passion without feeling it.

Asm. Tho' the whining part be out of doors in Town, 'tis still in force with the Country Ladies,—And let me tell you *Frank*, the Fool in that Passion shall outdoe the Knave at any time.

Arch. Well, I won't dispute it now, you Command for the Day, and so I submit;—At *Nottingham* you know I am to be Master

Asm. And at *Lincoln* I again

Arch. Then at *Norwich* I mount, which, I think, shall be our last Stage; for if we fail there, we'll embark for *Holland*, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*

Asm. A Match! [*Enter Boniface*] Mum

Bon. What will your Worship please to have for Supper?

Asm. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of Beef in the Pot, and a Pig at the Fire.

Asm. Good Supper-meat, I must confess,—I can't eat Beef, Landlord.

Arch. And I hate Pig

Asm. Hold your prating, Sirrah, do you know who you are?

Bon. Please to bespeak something else, I have every thing in the House

Asm. Have you any Veal?

Bon. Veal! Sir, we had a delicate Loin of Veal on *Wednesday* last

Asm. Have you got any Fish or Wildfowl?

Bon. As for Fish, truly Sir, we are an inland Town, and indifferently provided with Fish, that's the Truth ont, and then for Wildfowl,—We have a delicate Couple of Rabbits

Asm. Get me the Rabbits fricas'y'd

Bon. Fricas'y'd! Lard, Sir, they'll eat much better smother'd with Onions.

Arch. Pshaw! damn your Onions.

Asm. Again, Sirrah!—Well, Landlord, what you please, but hold, I have a small Charge of Money, and your House is so full of Strangers,

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

that I believe it may be safer in your Custody than mine, for when this Fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing.—Here, Sirrah, reach me the strong Box.

Arch. Yes, Sir,——This will give us a Reputation *[Aside
Brings the Box]*

Am Here, Landlord, the Locks are sealed down both for your Security and mine; it holds somewhat above Two hundred Pound, if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after Supper, but be sure you lay it where I may have it at a Minute's warning, for my Affairs are a little dubious at present, perhaps I may be gone in half an Hour, perhaps I may be your Guest till the best part of that be spent, and pray order your Ostler to keep my Horses always saddled, but one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this Fellow have none of your *Anno Domini*, as you call it;—For he's the most insufferable Sot——Here, Sirrah, light me to my Chamber

[Exit lighted by Archer]

Bon Cherry, Daughter Cherry!

Enter Cherry.

Cher D'ye call, Father?

Bon. Ay, Child, you must lay by this Box for the Gentleman, 'tis full of Money.

Cher Money! all that Money! why, sure Father the Gentleman comes to be chosen Parliament-man. Who is he?

Bon I don't know what to make of him, he talks of keeping his Horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent

Cher Ay, ten to one, Father, he's a High-way-man

Bon A High-way-man! upon my Life, Girl, you have hit it, and this Box is some new purchased Booty—Now cou'd we find him out, the Money were ours

Cher He don't belong to our Gang.

Bon What Horses have they?

Cher. The Master rides upon a Black

Bon A Black! ten to one the Man upon the black Mare, and since he don't belong to our Fraternity, we may betray him with a safe Conscience, I don't think it lawful to harbour any Rogues but my own——Look'ye, Child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work, Proofs we must have, the Gentleman's Servant loves Drink, I'll ply him that way, and ten to one loves a Wench, you must work him t'other way

Cher Father, wou'd you have me give my Secret for his?

Bon. Consider, Child, there's Two hundred Pound to Boot *[Ringing
without.]* Coming, coming.—Child, mind your Business.

Cher. What a Rogue is my Father! my Father! I deny it.—My

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Mother was a good, generous, free-hearted Woman, and I can't tell how far her good Nature might have extended for the good of her Children. This Landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his Guest, and debauch his Daughter into the bargain,——By a Footman too!

Enter Archer

Arch. What Footman, pray, Mistress, is so happy as to be the Subject of your Contemplation?

Cher Whoever he is, Friend, he'll be but little the better for't

Arch. I hope so, for I'm sure you did not think of me.

Cher Suppose I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me, for the Minute I came in, I was a considering in what manner I should make love to you.

Cher Love to me, Friend!

Arch. Yes, Child.

Cher. Child! Manners, if you kept a little more distance, Friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Distance! good night, Sauce-box

[Going]

Cher A pretty Fellow! I like his Pride,——Sir, pray, Sir, you see, Sir, *[Archer returns]* I have the Credit to be intrusted with your Master's Fortune here, which sets me a Degree above his Footman, I hope, Sir, you an't affronted

Arch. Let me look you full in the Face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no——S'death, Child, you have a pair of delicate Eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em

Cher. Why, Sir, don't I see every body?

Arch. Ay, but if some Women had 'em, they wou'd kill everybody——Prithce, instruct me, I wou'd fain make Love to you, but I don't know what to say

Cher. Why, did you never make Love to any body before?

Arch. Never to a Person of your Figure, I can assure you, Madam, my Addresses have been always confin'd to People within my own Sphere, I never aspir'd so high before

*But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight,
That a Man would swear you're Right,
As arm was e'er laid over*

*Such an Air
You freely wear
To ensnare,
As makes each Guest a Lover!*

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Since then, my Dear, I'm your Guest,
Prishee give me of the Best
Of what is ready Dress :
Since then, my Dear, &c*

[A Song.]

Cher What can I think of this Man? [*Aside*] Will you give me that Song, Sir?

Arch Ay, my Dear, take it while 'tis warm. [*Kisses her.*] Death and Fire! her Lips are Honey-combs.

Cher And I wish there had been Bees too, to have stung you for your Impudence

Arch There's a swarm of *Cupids*, my little *Venus*, that has done the Business much better

Cher This Fellow is misbegotten as well as I [*Aside*] What's your Name, Sir?

Arch Name! I gad, I have forgot it. [*Aside*] Oh! *Martin*

Cher Where were you born?

Arch In St *Martin's* Parish

Cher What was your Father?

Arch. St *Martin's* Parish

Cher Then, Friend, good night

Arch I hope not

Cher You may depend upon't

Arch Upon what?

Cher That you're very impudent

Arch That you're very handsome

Cher. That you're a Footman

Arch That you're an Angel

Cher I shall be rude

Arch So shall I.

Cher Let go my Hand

Arch Give me a Kiss

[*Kisses her*
Call without, Cherry, Cherry.

Cher I'mm—My Father calls, you plaguy Devil, how durst you stop my Breath so?—Offer to follow me one step, if you dare

Arch. A fair Challenge by this Light, this is a pretty fair opening of an Adventure, but we are Knight-Errants, and so Fortune be our Guide.

[Exit]

The End of the First Act

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

ACT II.

SCENE [I], *A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda meeting

Dor **M**orrow, my dear Sister; are you for Church this Morning?
Mrs. Sull Any where to Pray, for Heaven alone can help me. But, I think, *Dorinda*, there's no Form of Prayer in the Liturgy against bad Husbands

Dor. But there's a Form of Law in *Doctors-Commons*; and I swear, Sister *Sullen*, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that. For besides the part that I bear in your vexatious Broils, as being Sister to the Husband, and Friend to the Wife, your Example gives me such an Impression of Matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my Person to a long Vacation all its Life.——But supposing, Madam, that you brought it to a Case of Separation, what can you urge against your Husband? My Brother is, first, the most constant Man alive.

Mrs Sull. The most constant Husband, I grant'ye

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. Sull No, he always sleeps with me

Dor. He allows you a Maintenance suitable to your Quality

Mrs Sull. A Maintenance! 'do you take me, Madam, for an hospital Child, that I must sit down, and bless my Benefactors for Meat, Drink and Clothes? As I take it, Madam, I brought your Brother Ten thousand Pounds, out of which, I might expect some pretty things, call'd Pleasures.

Dor You share in all the Pleasures that the Country affords

Mrs Sul Country Pleasures! Racks and Torments! dost think, Child, that my Limbs were made for leaping of Ditches, and clambing over Stiles; or that my Parents wisely foreseeing my future Happiness in Country-pleasures, had early instructed me in the rural Accomplishments of drinking fat Ale, playing at Whisk, and smoaking Tobacco with my Husband; or of spreading of Plaisters, brewing of Diet-drinks, and stilling Rosemary-Water with the good old Gentlewoman, my Mother-in-Law.

Dor. I'm sorry, Madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I cou'd wish indeed that our Entertainments were a little more polite, or your Taste a little less refin'd. But, pray, Madam, how came the Poets

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

and Philosophers that labour'd so much in hunting after Pleasure, to place it at last in a Country Life?

Mrs *Sull* Because they wanted Money, Child, to find out the Pleasures of the Town: Did you ever see a Poet or Philosopher worth Ten thousand Pound, if you can shew me such a Man, I'll lay you Fifty Pound you'll find him somewhere within the weekly Bills —Not that I disapprove rural Pleasures, as the Poets have painted them, in their Landscape every *Phyllis* has her *Coridon*, every murmuring Stream, and every flowry Mead gives fresh Alarms to Love —Besides, you'll find, that their Couples were never marry'd. —But yonder I see my *Coridon*, and a sweet Swain it is, Heaven knows —Come, *Dorinda*, don't be angry, he's my Husband, and your Brother, and between both is he not a sad Brute?

Dor I have nothing to say to your part of him, you're the best Judge

Mrs *Sull* O Sister, Sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent Sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks: —There's some Diversion in a talking Blockhead, and since a Woman must wear Chains, I wou'd have the Pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little —Now you shall see, but take this by the way, —He came home this Morning at his usual Hour of Four, waken'd me out of a sweet Dream of something else, by tumbling over the Tea-table, which he broke all to pieces, after his Man and he had rowl'd about the Room like sick Passengers in a Storm, he comes flounce into Bed, dead as a Salmon into a Fishmonger's Basket, his Feet cold as Ice, his Breath hot as a Furnace, and his Hands and his Face as greasy as his Flanel Night-cap —Oh Matrimony! —He tosses up the Clothes with a barbarous swing over his Shoulders, disorders the whole Oeconomy of my Bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole Night's Comfort is the tuneable Serenade of that wakeful Nightingale, his Nose. —O the Pleasure of counting the melancholly Clock by a snoring Husband! —But now, Sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred Man, he will beg my Pardon

Enter Sullen

Sull My Head akes consumedly

Mrs *Sull*. Will you be pleased, my Dear, to drink Tea with us this Morning? it may do your Head good

Sull No

Dor Coffee? Brother

Sull Pshaw

Mrs *Sull* Will you please to dress and go to Church with me, the Air may help you

Sull. *Scrub.*

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Enter Scrub.

Scrub Sir.

Sull. What Day o'th Week is this?

Scrub Sunday, an't please your Worship

Sull. Sunday! bring me a Dram, and d'ye hear, set out the Venison-Pasty, and a Tankard of strong Beer upon the Hall-Table, I'll go to breakfast
[*Going.*]

Dor. Stay, stay, Brother, you shan't get off so; you were very naughty last night, and must make your Wife Reparation; come, come, Brother, won't you ask Pardon?

Sull For what?

Dor For being drunk last Night

Sull I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs *Sull* But I can't, Sir

Sull Then you may let it alone

Mrs *Sull* But I must tell you, Sir, that this is not to be born.

Sull I'm glad on't.

Mrs *Sull* What is the Reason, Sir, that you use me thus inhumanely?

Sull *Scrub?*

Scrub. Sir

Sull Get things ready to shave my Head
[*Exit*]

Mrs *Sull* Have a care of coming near his Temples, *Scrub*, for fear you meet something there that may turn the Edge of your Razor — Inveterate Stupidity! did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a Spleen as his? O Sister, Sister! I shall never ha' Good of the Beast till I get him to Town, London, dear London is the Place for managing and breaking a Husband

Dor. And has not a Husband the same Opportunities there for humbling a Wife?

Mrs *Sull* No, no, Child, 'tis a standing Maxim in conjugal Discipline, that when a Man wou'd enslave his Wife, he hurries her into the Country, and when a Lady would be arbitrary with her Husband, she wheedles her Booby up to Town — A Man dare not play the Tyrant in London, because there are so many Examples to encourage the Subject to rebel O *Dorinda*, *Dorinda*! a fine Woman may do any thing in London O my Conscience, she may raise an Army of Forty thousand Men

Dor I fancy, Sister, you have a mind to be trying your Power that way here in *Litchfield*, you have drawn the *French* Count to your Colours already

Mrs *Sull* The *French* are a People that can't live without their Gallantries

Dor And some *English* that I know, Sister, are not averse to such Amusements.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Mrs. Sull. Well, Sister, since the Truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter, I think one way to rouse my Lethargick sotish Husband, is, to give him a Rival, Security begets Negligence in all People, and Men must be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their Duty Women are like Pictures of no Value in the Hands of a Fool, till he hears Men of Sense bid high for the Purchase

Dor This might do, Sister, if my Brother's Understanding were to be convinc'd into a Passion for you, but I fancy there's a natural Aversion of his side, and I fancy, Sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly

Mrs Sull I own it, we are united Contradictions, Fire and Water. But I cou'd be contented, with a great many other Wives, to humour the censorious Mob, and give the World an Appearance of living well with my Husband, cou'd I bring him but to dissemble a little Kindness to keep me in Countenance

Dor But how do you know, Sister, but that instead of rousing your Husband by this Artifice to a counterfeit Kindness, he should awake in a real Fury?

Mrs Sull Let him. — If I can't entice him to the one, I wou'd provoke him to the other

Dor But how must I behave my self between ye?

Mrs Sull. You must assist me

Dor What, against my own Brother?

Mrs Sull He's but half a Brother, and I'm your entire Friend. If I go a step beyond the Bounds of Honour, leave me, till then I expect you should go along with me in every thing, while I trust my Honour in your Hands, you may trust your Brother's in mine — The Count is to dine here to Day

Dor 'Tis a strange thing, Sister, that I can't like that Man

Mrs Sull You like nothing, your time is not come, Love and Death have their Fatalities, and strike home one time or other — You'll pay for all one Day, I warrant'ye — But, come, my Lady's Tea is ready, and 'tis almost Church-time

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE [II], *The Inn.*

Enter Aumwell dress'd, and Archer

Am And was she the Daughter of the House?

Arch The Landlord is so blind as to think so, but I dare swear she has better Blood in her Veins.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Am Why dost think so?

Arch Because the Baggage has a pert *Je'ne seas quor*, she reads Plays, keeps a Monkey, and is troubled with Vapours

Am. By which Discoveries I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, Faith, the Lady gives her self Aurs, forsooth, nothing under a Gentleman

Am Let me take her in hand.

Arch Say one Word more o'that, and I'll declare my self, spoil your Sport there, and every where else; look'ye, *Amwell*, every Man in his own Sphere.

Am Right, and therefore you must pimp for your Master.

Arch In the usual Forms, good Sir, after I have serv'd my self ——— But to our Business ——— You are so well dress'd, *Tom*, and make so handsome, a Figure, that I fancy you may do Execution in a Country Church, the exterior part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that Impression favourable

Am There's something in that which may turn to Advantage. The Appearance of a Stranger in a Country Church draws as many Gazers as a blazing Star, no sooner he comes into the Cathedral, but a Train of Whispers runs buzzing round the Congregation in a moment, ——— Who is he? whence comes he? do you know him? ——— Then I, Sir, tips me the Verger with half a Crown, he pockets the Simony, and Inducts me into the best Pue in the Church, I pull out my Snuff-box, turn my self round, bow to the Bishop, or the Dean, if he be the commanding Officer, single out a Beauty, rivet both my Eyes to hers, set my Nose a bleeding by the Strength of Imagination, and shew the whole Church my concern by my endeavouring to hide it; after the Sermon, the whole Town gives me to her for a Lover, and by perswading the Lady that I am a dying for her, the Tables are turn'd, and she in good earnest falls in Love with me

Arch There's nothing in this, *Tom*, without a Precedent, but instead of riveting your Eyes to a Beauty, try to fix 'em upon a Fortune, that's our Business at present

Am Pshaw, no Woman can be a Beauty without a Fortune — Let me alone, for I am a Mark'sman

Arch *Tom*

Am Ay

Arch. When were you at Church before, pray?

Am. Um ——— I was there at the Coronation

Arch And how can you expect a Blessing by going to Church now?

Am Blessing! nay, *Frank*, I ask but for a Wife [Exit

Arch Truly the Man is not very unreasonable in his Demands

[Exit at the opposite Door.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Enter Bonniface and Cherry

Bon. Well Daughter, as the saying is, have you brought *Martin* to confess?

Cher. Pray, Father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a Man; I'm but young you know, Father, and I don't understand Wheedling.

Bon. Young! why you Jade, as the saying is, can any Woman wheedle that is not young? you'r Mother was useless at five and twenty, not wheedle! would you make your Mother a Whore and me a Cuckold, as the saying is? I tell you his Silence confesses it, and his Master spends his Money so freely, and is so much a Gentleman every manner of way that he must be a Highwayman.

Enter Gibbet in a Cloak.

Gib. Landlord, Landlord, is the Coast clear?

Bon. O, Mr. *Gibbet*, what's the News?

Gib. No matter, ask no Questions, all fair and honourable, here, my dear *Cherry* [*Grues her a Bag*] Two hundred Sterling Pounds, as good as any that ever hang'd or sav'd a Rogue, lay 'em by with the rest, and here ———Three wedding or mourning Rings, 'tis much the same you know ———Here, two Silver-hilted Swords, I took those from Fellows that never shew any part of their Swords but the Hilts: Here is a Diamond Necklace which the Lady hid in the privatest place in the Coach, but I found it out This Gold Watch I took from a Pawn-broker's Wife, it was left in her Hands by a Person of Quality, there's the Arms upon the Case

Cher. But who had you the Money from?

Gib. Ah! poor Woman! I pitied her, ———From a poor Lady just elop'd from her Husband, she had made up her Cargo, and was bound for *Ireland*, as hard as she cou'd drive, she told me of her Husband's barbarous Usage, and so I left her half a Crown But I had almost forgot, my dear *Cherry*, I have a Present for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A Pot of Cereuse, my Child, that I took out of a Lady's under Pocket

Cher. What, Mr. *Gibbet*, do you think that I paint?

Gib. Why, you Jade, your Betters do, I'm sure the Lady that I took it from had a Coronet upon her Handkerchief ———Here, take my Cloak, and go, secure the Premisses.

Cher. I will secure 'em

[*Exit*

Bon. But, heark'ye, where's *Hounslow* and *Bagshot*?

Gib. They'll be here to Night

Bon. D'ye know of any other Gentlemen o'the Pad on this Road?

Gib. No.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Bon I fancy that I have two that lodge in the House just now

Gib The Devil! how d'ye smook 'em?

Bon Why, the one is gone to Church.

Gib That's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon And the other is now in his Master's Chamber, he pretends to be Servant to the other, we'll call him out, and pump him a little

Gib With all my Heart.

Bon Mr. Martin, Mr. Martin!

Enter Martin combing a Perrywig, and singing

Gib The Roads are consumed deep, I'm as dirty as old *Brentford* at *Christmas*.——A good pretty Fellow that, who's Servant are you, Friend?

Arch My Master's

Gib Really?

Arch Really

Gib That's much ——The Fellow has been at the Bar by his Evasions: ——But, pray, Sir, what is your Master's Name?

Arch *Tall, all dall*, [*sings and combs the Perrywig*] This is the most obstinate Curl——

Gib I ask you his Name?

Arch Name, Sir,——*Tall, all dal*——I never ask'd him his Name in my Life *Tall, all dall*.

Bon What think you now?

Gib Plain, plain, he talks now as he if were before a Judge But, pray, Friend, which way does your Master travel?

Arch A Horseback

Gib Very well again, an old Offender, right,——But, I mean does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch Downwards, I fear, Sir *Tall, all*

Gib I'm afraid my Fate will be a contrary way

Bon Ha, ha, ha! Mr *Martin* you're very arch ——This Gentleman is only travelling towards *Chester*, and wou'd be glad of your Company, that's all ——Come, Captain, you'll stay to Night, I suppose, I'll shew you a Chamber——Come, Captain

Gib Farewel, Friend——

Arch Captain, your Servant ——Captain! a pretty Fellow; s'death, I wonder that the Officers of the Army don't conspire to beat all Scoundrels in Red, but their own

Enter Cherry

Cher Gone! and *Martin* here! I hope he did not listen, I would have the Merit of the discovery all my own, because I wou'd oblige him to love me. [*Aside*] Mr *Martin*, who was that Man with my Father?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Arch. Some Recruiting Serjeant, or whip'd out Trooper, I suppose.

Cher All's safe, I find. *[Aside.]*

Arch Come, my Dear, have you con'd over the Catechise I taught you last Night?

Cher Come, question me.

Arch What is Love?

Cher Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when

Arch Very well, an apt Scholar. *[Chucks her under the Chin]* Where does Love enter?

Cher Into the Eyes.

Arch And where go out?

Cher I won't tell'ye

Arch. What are the Objects of that Passion?

Cher Youth, Beauty, and clean Linen

Arch The Reason?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in Nature, and the third at Court.

Arch That's my Dear. What are the Signs and Tokens of that Passion?

Cher A stealing Look, a stammering Tongue, Words improbable, Designs impossible, and Actions impracticable

Arch That's my good Child, kiss me —— What must a Lover do to obtain his Mistress?

Cher He must adore the Person that disdains him, he must bribe the Chambermaid that betrays him, and court the Footman that laughs at him, —— He must, he must ——

Arch Nay, Child, I must whip you if you don't mind your Lesson, he must treat his ——

Cher O, ay, he must treat his Enemies with Respect, his Friends with Indifference, and all the World with Contempt, he must suffer much, and fear more, he must desire much, and hope little, in short, he must embrace his Ruine, and throw himself away

Arch Had ever Man so hopeful a Pupil as mine? come, my Dear, why is Love call'd a Riddle?

Cher. Because being blind, he leads those that see, and tho' a Child, he governs a Man

Arch Mighty well —— And why is Love pictur'd blind?

Cher Because the Painters out of the weakness, or privilege of their Art chose to hide those Eyes that they cou'd not draw

Arch That's my dear little Scholar, kiss me again —— And why shou'd Love, that's a Child, govern a Man?

Cher. Because that a Child is the end of Love.

Arch And so ends Love's Catechism —— And now, my Dear, we'll go in, and make my Master's Bed.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. *Martin*,—You have taken a great deal of Pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn't by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your Discourse and your Habit are Contradictions, and it wou'd be nonsense in me to believe you a Footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a Witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in this Garb shall ever tempt me; for tho' I was born to Servitude, I hate it:—Own your Condition, swear you love me, and then——

Arch. And then we shall go make the Bed

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know then, that I am born a Gentleman, my Education was liberal, but I went to *London* a younger Brother, fell into the Hands of Sharpers, who stript me of my Money, my Friends disown'd me, and now my Necessity brings me to what you see

Cher. Then take my Hand——promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you Master of two thousand Pound

Arch. How!

Cher. Two thousand Pound that I have this Minute in my own Custody, so throw off your Livery this Instant, and I'll go find a Parson.

Arch. What said you? A Parson!

Cher. What! do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! no, no, but——two thousand Pound you say?

Cher. And better

Arch. S'death, what shall I do——but heark'e, Child, what need you make me Master of your self and Money, when you may have the same Pleasure out of me, and still keep your Fortune in your Hands

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I wou'd marry you, but——

Cher. O sweet, Sir, I'm your humble Servant, you're fairly caught, wou'd you perswade me that any Gentleman who cou'd bear the Scandal of wearing a Livery, wou'd refuse two thousand Pound let the Condition be what it wou'd—no, no, Sir,—but I hope you'll Pardon the Freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform my self of the Respect that I ought to pay you

Arch. Fairly bit, by *Jupiter*——hold, hold, and have you actually two thousand Pound? [Going]

Cher. Sir, I have my Secrets as well as you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free, and be assur'd that I have Discoveries that will match yours, be what they will—in the mean while be satisfy'd that no Discovery I make shall ever hurt you, but beware of my Father —

[Exit.]

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Arch So—we're like to have as many Adventures in our Inn, as *Don Quixote* had in his—let me see,—two thousand Pound! if the *Wench* wou'd promise to dye when the Money were spent, I gad, one wou'd marry her, but the Fortune may go off in a Year or two, and the Wife may live—Lord knows how long? then an Inkeeper's Daughter, ay that's the Devil—there my Pride brings me off

*For whatsoe'er the Sages charge on Pride
The Angels fall, and twenty Faults beside,
On Earth I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal Calling,
Pride saves Man oft, and Woman too from falling*

[*Exit.*]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

[SCENE I]

SCENE [*A Gallery in Lady Bountyful's House.*]

Enter Mrs Sullen, Dorinda

Mrs Sull Ha, ha, ha, my dear Sister, let me embrace thee, now we are Friends indeed! for I shall have a Secret of yours, as a Pledge for mine—now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the Subjects of the Sex

Dor But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in Love with a Fellow at first sight?

Mrs. Sull. Pshaw! now you spoil all, why shou'd not we be as free in our Friendships as the Men? I warrant you the Gentleman has got to his Confident already, has avow'd his Passion, toasted your Health, call'd you ten thousand Angels, has run over your Lips, Eyes, Neck, Shape, Air and every thing, in a Description that warms their Mirth to a second Enjoyment

Dor Your Hand, Sister, I an't well

Mrs Sull So,—she's breeding already—come Child up with it—hem a little—so—now tell me, don't you like the Gentleman that we saw at Church just now?

Dor The Man's well enough

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Mrs *Sull*. Well enough! is he not a Demigod, a *Narcissus*, a Star, the Man i'the Moon?

Dor. O Sister, I'm extreemly ill.

Mrs *Sull*. Shall I send to your Mother, Child, for a little of her Cephalick Plaister to put to the Soals of your Feet, or shall I send to the Gentleman for something for you?—Come, unlace your Steas, unbosome your self—the Man is perfectly a pretty Fellow, I saw him when he first came into Church.

Dor. I saw him too, Sister, and with an Air that shone, methought like Rays about his Person

Mrs *Sull*. Well said, up with it

Dor. No forward Coquett Behaviour, no Airs to set him off, no study'd Looks nor artful Posture,—but Nature did it all—

Mrs *Sull*. Better and better—one Touch more—come —

Dor. But then his Looks—did you observe his Eyes?

Mrs *Sull*. Yes, yes, I did—his Eyes, well, what of his Eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandring; they seem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any thing but me—and then his Looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he cou'd with Pride dye at my Feet, tho' he scorn'd Slavery any where else

Mrs *Sull*. The Physick works purely—How d'ye find your self now, my Dear?

Dor. Hem! much better, my Dear—O here comes our Mercury!
[Enter *Scrub*] Well *Scrub*, what News of the Gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a Packet of News

Dor. Open it quickly, come

Scrub. In the first place I enquir'd who the Gentleman was? they told me he was a Stranger, Setondly, I ask'd what the Gentlemⁿ was, they answer'd and said, that they never saw him before Thirdly, I enquir'd what Countryman he was, they reply'd 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded whence he came, their Answer was, they cou'd not tell And Fifthly, I ask'd whither he went, and they reply'd they knew nothing of the matter,—and this is all I cou'd learn

Mrs *Sull*. But what do the People say, can't they guess?

Scrub. Why some think he's a Spy, some guess he's a Mountebank, some say one thing, some another, but for my own part, I believe he's a Jesuit.

Dor. A Jesuit! why a Jesuit?

Scrub. Because he keeps his Horses always ready sadled, and his Footman talks French.

Mrs *Sull*. His Footman!

Scrub. Ay, he and the Count's Footman were Gabbering French like two intreating Ducks in a Mill-Pond, and I believe they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd consumedly

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Dor. What sort of Livery has the Footman?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, Madam, I took him for a Captain, he's so be-dizen'd with Lace, and then he has Tops to his Shoes, up to his mid Leg, a silver headed Cane dangling at his Nuckles,—he carries his Hands in his Pockets just so—[*Walks in the French Air*] and has a fine long Perriwig ty'd up in a Bag—Lord, Madam, he's clear another sort of Man than I

Mrs. Sull. That may easily be—but what shall we do now, Sister?

Dor. I have it—This Fellow has a world of Simplicity, and some Cunning, the first hides the latter by abundance—*Scrub.*

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this Gentleman is, only for our Satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, it would be a Satisfaction, no doubt

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his Footman, and invite him hither to drink a Bottle of your Ale, because you're Butler to Day

Scrub. Yes, Madam, I am Butler every Sunday

Mrs. Sull. O brave, Sister, O my Conscience, you understand the Mathematicks already—'tis the best Plot in the World, your Mother, you know, will be gone to Church, my Spouse will be got to the Ale-house with his Scoundrels, and the House will be our own—so we drop in by Accident and ask the Fellow some Questions our selves In the Countrey you know any Stranger is Company, and we're glad to take up with the Butler in a Country Dance, and happy if he'll do us the Favour

Scrub. Oh! Madam, you wrong me, I never refus'd your Ladyship the Favour in my Life.

Enter Gipsej

Gip. Ladies, Dinner's upon Table.

Dor. *Scrub.* We'll excuse your waiting——Go where we order'd you

Scrub. I shall

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE [II] *changes to the Inn.*

Enter Aimwell and Archer

Arch. Well, *Tom*, I find you're a Marksman

Aim. A Marksman! who so blind cou'd be, as not discern a Swan among the Ravens?

Arch. Well, but heark'ee, *Aimwell.*

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Aim. *Aimwel*! call me *Oroondates*, *Cesar*, *Amadis*, all that Romance can in a Lover paint, and then I'll answer O *Archer*, I read her thousands in her Looks, she look'd like *Ceres* in her Harvest, Corn, Wine and Oil, Milk and Honey, Gardens, Groves and Purling Streams play'd on her plenteous Face.

Arch. Her Face! her Pocket, you mean; the Corn, Wine and Oil lies there In short, she has ten thousand Pound, that's the English on't.

Aim Her Eyes——

Arch. Are Demi-Cannons to be sure, so I won't stand their Battery. [Going.

Aim Pray excuse me, my Passion must have vent

Arch Passion! what a plague, d'ee think these Romantick Airs will do our Business? Were my Temper as extravagant as yours, my Adventures have something more Romantick by half

Aim Your Adventures!

Arch. Yes,

*The Nymph that with her twice ten hundred Pounds
With brazen Engine hot, and Quosif clear starch'd
Can fire the Guest in warming of the Bed——*

There's a Touch of Sublime *Milton* for you, and the Subject but an Inn-keeper's Daughter, I can play with a Girl as an Angler do's with his Fish, he keeps it at the end of his Line, runs it up the Stream, and down the Stream, till at last, he brings it to hand, tickles the Trout, and so whips it into his Basket

Enter Boniface

Bon Mr *Martin*, as the saying is—yonder's an honest Fellow below, my Lady *Bounniful*'s Butler, who begs the Honour that you wou'd go Home with him and see his Cellar.

Arch Do my *Bailemans* to the Gentleman, and tell him I will do my self the Honour to wait on him immediately [Exit Bon.

Aim. What do I hear? soft *Orpheus* Play, and fair *Tofuda* sing?

Arch Pshaw! damn your Raptures, I tell you here's a Pump going to be put into the Vessel, and the Ship will get into Harbour, my Life on't. You say there's another Lady very handsome there.

Aim Yes, faith

Arch I'm in love with her already

Aim. Can't you give me a Bill upon *Cherry* in the mean time?

Arch No, no, Friend, all her Corn, Wine and Oil is ingross'd to my Market—And once more I warn you to keep your Anchorage clear of mine, for if you fall foul of me, by this Light you shall go to the Bottom. —What! make Prize of my little Frigate, while I am upon the Cruise for you. [Exit.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Enter Boniface

Asm Well, well, I won't—Landlord, have you any tolerable Company in the House? I don't care for dining alone

Bon Yes, Sir, there's a Captain below; as the saying is, that arrived about an Hour ago

Asm Gentlemen of his Coat are welcome every where, will you make him a Complement from me, and tell him I should be glad of his Company.

Bon. Who shall I tell him, Sir, wou'd?—

Asm Ha! that Stroak was well thrown in—I'm only a Traveller like himself, and wou'd be glad of his Company, that's all

Bon I obey your Commands, as the saying is. [Exit.

Enter Archer.

Arch S'Death! I had forgot, what Title will you give your self?

Asm My Brother's to be sure, he wou'd never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his Honour this bout—you know the rest of your Cue [Exit Bon

Arch Ay, ay

Enter Gibbet

Gib Sir, I'm yours

Asm 'Tis more than I deserve, Sir, for I don't know you

Gib I don't wonder at that, Sir, for you never saw me before—I hope. [Aside.

Asm And pray, Sir, how came I by the Honour of seeing you now?

Gib Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any Gentleman—but my Landlord—

Asm O, Sir, I ask your Pardon, you're the Captain he told me of

Gib At your Service, Sir

Asm What Regiment, may I be so bold?

Gib A marching Regiment, Sir, an old Corps

Asm Very old, if your Coat be Regimental, [Aside] You have serv'd abroad, Sir?

Gib. Yes, Sir, in the Plantations, 'twas my Lot to be sent into the worst Service, I wou'd have quitted it indeed, but a Man of Honour, you know—Besides 'twas for the good of my Country that I shou'd be abroad—Any thing for the good of one's Country—I'm a Roman for that.

Asm One of the first, I'll lay my Life [Aside] You found the West Indies very hot, Sir?

Gib. Ay, Sir, too hot for me

Asm. Pray, Sir, han't I seen your Face at *Will's* Coffee-house?

Gib Yes, Sir, and at *White's* too.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Alm. And where is your Company now, Captain?

Gib. They an't come yet.

Alm. Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

Gib. They'll be here to Night, Sir.

Alm. Which way do they march?

Gib. Across the Country—the Devil's in't, if I han't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right, I must tack about.

Alm. Is your Company to quarter in *Litchfield*?

Gib. In this House, Sir.

Alm. What! all?

Gib. My Company's but thin, ha, ha, ha, we are but three, ha, ha, ha.

Alm. You're merry, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, you must excuse me, Sir, I understand the World, especially, the Art of Travelling, I don't care, Sir, for answering Questions directly upon the Road—for I generally ride with a Charge about me.

Alm. Three or four, I believe. *[Aside*

Gib. I am credibly inform'd that there are Highway-men upon this Quarter, not, Sir, that I cou'd suspect a Gentleman of your Figure——But truly, Sir, I have got such a way of Evasion upon the Road, that I don't care for speaking Truth to any Man

Alm. Your Caution may be necessary——Then I presume you're no Captain?

Gib. Not I, Sir, Captain is a good travelling Name, and so I take it, it stops a great many foolish Inquiries that are generally made about Gentlemen that travel, it gives a Man an Air of something, and makes the Drawers obedient—And thus far I am a Captain, and no farther

Alm. And pray, Sir, what is your true Profession?

Gib. O, Sir, you must excuse me—upon my Word, Sir, I don't think it safe to tell you

Alm. Ha, ha, ha, upon my word, I commend you

Enter Boniface

Well, Mr. *Boniface*, what's the News?

Bon. There's another Gentleman below, as the saying is, that hearing you were but two, wou'd be glad to make the third Man if you wou'd give him leave.

Alm. What is he?

Bon. A Clergyman, as the saying is

Alm. A Clergyman! is he really a Clergyman? or is it only his travelling Name, as my Friend the Captain has it.

Bon. O, Sir, he's a Priest and Chaplain to the French Officers in Town

Alm. Is he a French-man?

Bon. Yes, Sir, born at *Brussels*.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Gib. A French-man, and a Priest! I won't be seen in his Company, Sir; I have a Value for my Reputation, Sir

Asm. Nay, but Captain, since we are by our selves——Can he speak English, Landlord?

Bon. Very well, Sir, you may know him, as the saying is, to be a Foreigner by his Accent, and that's all

Asm. Then he has been in *England* before?

Bon. Never, Sir, but he's a Master of Languages, as the saying is, he talks Latin, it do's me good to hear him talk Latin.

Asm. Then you understand Latin, Mr. *Boniface*?

Bon. Not I, Sir, as the saying is, but he talks it so very fast that I'm sure it must be good.

Asm. Pray desire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the saying is

Enter Foigard

Foig. Save you, Gentlemen's, both.

Asm. A French-man! Sir, your most humble Servant

Foig. Och, dear Joy, I am your most faithful Shervant, and yours alsho.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good English, but you have a mighty Twang of the Foreigner

Foig. My English is very vel for the vords, but we Foregners you know cannot bring our Tongues about the Pronunciation so soon.

Asm. A Foreigner! a down-right Teague by this Light [*Aside*] Were you born in *France*, Doctor?

Foig. I was educated in *France*, but I was borned at *Brussels*, I am a Subject of the King of *Spain*, Joy

Gib. What King of *Spain*, Sir? speak

Foig. Upon my Shoul Joy, I cannot tell you as yet

Asm. Nay, Captain, that was too hard upon the Doctor, he's a Stranger.

Foig. O let him alone, dear Joy, I am of a Nation that is not easily put out of Countenance

Asm. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Dispute ——Here, Landlord, is Dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the Table, as the saying is

Asm. Gentlemen,——pray——that Door——

Foig. No, no fait, the Captain must lead.

Asm. No, Doctor, the Church is our Guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is ——

[*Exit foremost, they follow.*]

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

SCENE [III], *Changes to a Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter Archer and Scrub singing, and hugging one another, Scrub with a Tankard in his Hand, Gipsey listening at a distance.

Scrub Tall, all dall——Come, my dear Boy——Let's have that Song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the Family,——But will you be sure to keep the Secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my Honour, as I'm a Gentleman

Arch. 'Tis enough.—You must know then that my Master is the Lord Viscount *Aimwell*, he fought a Duel t'other day in *London*, wounded his Man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether the Gentleman's Wounds be mortal or not. He never was in this part of *England* before, so he chose to retire to this Place, that's all.

Gip. And that's enough for me

[*Exit*]

Scrub. And where were you when your Master fought?

Arch. We never know of our Masters Quarrels

Scrub. No! if our Masters in the Country here receive a Challenge, the first thing they do is to tell their Wives, the Wife tells the Servants, the Servants alarm the Tenants, and in half an Hour you shall have the whole County in Arms.

Arch. To hinder two Men from doing what they have no mind for.——But if you should chance to talk now of my Business?

Scrub. Talk! ay, Sir, had I not learn't the knack of holding my Tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great Family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure there are Secrets in all Families.

Scrub. Secrets, ay,——But I'll say no more.——Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our Tankard. Here——

Arch. With all my Heart, who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh——Here's your Ladies Healths, you have three, I think, and to be sure there must be Secrets among 'em

Scrub. Secrets! Ay, Friend, I wish I had a Friend——

Arch. Am not I your Friend? come, you and I will be sworn Brothers

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this Minute.——Give me a kiss——And now Brother
Scrub——

Scrub. And now, Brother *Martin*, I will tell you a Secret that will make

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your Hair stand on end:—You must know, that I am consumedly in Love

Arch. That's a terrible Secret, that's the Truth on't

Scrub. That Jade, *Gipsy*, that was with us just now in the Cellar, is the arrantest Whore that ever wore a Petticoat, and I'm dying for love of her

Arch. Ha, ha, ha——Are you in love with her Person, or her Vertue, Brother *Scrub*?

Scrub. I should like Vertue best, because it is more durable than Beauty; for Vertue holds good with some Women long, and many a Day after they have lost it

Arch. In the Country, I grant ye, where no Woman's Vertue is lost, till a Bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, cou'd I bring her to a Bastard, I shou'd have her all to my self, but I dare not put it upon that Lay, for fear of being sent for a Soldier ——Pray, Brother, how do you Gentlemen in *London* like that same Pressing Act?

Arch. Very ill, Brother *Scrub*, ——'Tis the worst that ever was made for us Formerly I remember the good Days, when we cou'd dun our Masters for our Wages, and if they refused to pay us, we cou'd have a Warrant to carry 'em before a Justice, but now if we talk of eating, they have a Warrant for us, and carry us before three Justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating, for the Justices won't give their own Servants a bad Example Now this is my Misfortune ——I dare not speak in the House, while that Jade *Gipsy* dings about like a Fury——Once I had the better end of the Staff

Arch. And how comes the Change now?

Scrub. Why, the Mother of all this Mischief is a Priest

Arch. A Priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd Son of a Whore of *Babylon*, that came over hither to say Grace to the *French* Officers, and eat up our Provisions——There's not a Day goes over his Head without Dinner or Supper in this House

Arch. How came he so familiar in the Family?

Scrub. Because he speaks *English* as if he had liv'd here all his Life, and tells Lies as if he had been a Traveller from his Cradle

Arch. And this Priest, I'm afraid has converted the Affections of your *Gipsy*

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear Friend:—For I'm afraid he has made her a Whore and a Papist ——But this is not all, there's the *French* Count and Mrs *Sullen*, they're in the Confederacy, and for some private Ends of their own to be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful Family yours, Brother *Scrub*, I suppose the Maiden Lady has her Lover too

Scrub. Not that I know,——She's the best on 'em, that's the Truth

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on't: But they take care to prevent my Curiosity, by giving me so much Business, that I'm a perfect Slave — What d'ye think is my Place in this Family?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help you — I'll tell you — Of a *Monday*, I drive the Coach, of a *Tuesday*, I drive the Plough, on *Wednesday*, I follow the Hounds, a *Thursday*, I dun the Tenants, on *Friday*, I go to Market, on *Saturday*, I draw Warrants; and a *Sunday*, I draw Beer

Arch. Ha, ha, ha! if variety be a Pleasure in Life, you have enough on't, my dear Brother — But what Ladies are those?

Scrub. Ours, ours, that upon the right Hand is Mrs. *Sullen*, and the other is Mrs. *Dorinda* — Don't mind 'em, sit still, Man —

Enter Mrs. Sullen, and Dorinda.

Mrs. *Sull* I have heard my Brother talk of my Lord *Aimwell*, but they say that his Brother is the finer Gentleman

Dor That's impossible, Sister

Mrs. *Sull* He's vastly rich, but very close, they say.

Dor No matter for that, if I can creep into his Heart, I'll open his Breast, I warrant him. I have heard say, that People may be guess'd at by the Behaviour of their Servants, I cou'd wish we might talk to that Fellow

Mrs. *Sull* So do I, for, I think he's a very pretty Fellow: Come this way, I'll throw out a Lure for him presently.

[They walk a turn towards the opposite side of the Stage, Mrs Sullen drops her Glove, Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her]

Arch. Corn, Wine, and Oil, indeed — But, I think, the Wife has the greatest plenty of Flesh and Blood, she should be my Choice — Ah, a, say you so — Madam — Your Ladyship's Glove

Mrs. *Sull* O, Sir, I thank you — what a handsom Bow the Fellow has?

Dor Bow! why I have known several Footmen come down from *London* set up here for Dancing-Masters, and carry off the best Fortunes in the Country

Arch *[Aside]* That Project, for ought I know, had been better than ours, Brother *Scrub* — Why don't you introduce me

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange Gentleman's Servant that you see at Church to Day, I understood he came from *London*, and so I invited him to the Cellar, that he might show me the newest Flourish in whetting my Knives

Dor And I hope you have made much of him?

Arch O yes, Madam, but the Strength of your Ladyship's Liqueur is a little too potent for the Constitution of your humble Servant.

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Mrs Sull. What, then you don't usually drink Ale?

Arch. No, Madam, my constant Drink is Tea, or a little Wine and Water, 'tis prescrib'd me by the Physician for a Remedy against the Spleen.

Scrub. O la, O la!—a Footman have the Spleen.—

Mrs. Sull. I thought that Distemper had been only proper to People of Quality

Arch. Madam, like all other Fashions it wears out, and so descends to their Servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe it proceeds from some melancholly Particles in the Blood, occasion'd by the Stagnation of Wages.

Dor. How affectedly the Fellow talks—How long, pray, have you serv'd your present Master?

Arch. Not long, my Life has been mostly spent in the Service of the Ladies

Mrs Sull. And pray, which Service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the Ladies pay best, the Honour of serving them is sufficient Wages, there is a Charm in their looks that delivers a Pleasure with their Commands, and gives our Duty the Wings of Inclination

Mrs Sull. That Flight was above the pitch of a Livery, and, Sir, wou'd not you be satisfied to serve a Lady again?

Arch. As a Groom of the Chamber, Madam, but not as a Footman

Mrs Sull. I suppose you serv'd as Footman before

Arch. For that Reason I wou'd not serve in that Post again; for my Memory is too weak for the load of Messages that the Ladies lay upon their Servants in London, my Lady Howd'ye, the last Mistress I serv'd call'd me up one Morning, and told me, *Marin*, go to my Lady *Allbight* with my humble Service, tell her I was to wait on her Ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs. *Rebecca*, that the Preliminaries of the Affair she knows of, are stopt till we know the concurrence of the Person that I know of, for which there are Circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old Place, but that in the mean time there is a Person about her Ladyship, that from several Hints and Surmises, was accessary at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more Importance.

Mrs Sull } Ha, ha, ha! where are you going, Sir?
Dor

Arch. Why, I han't half done.—The whole Howd'ye was about half an Hour long, so I hapned to misplace two Syllables, and was turn'd off, and render'd incapable—

Dor. The pleasantest Fellow, Sister, I ever saw.—But, Friend, if your Master be marry'd,——I presume you still serve a Lady

Arch. No, Madam, I take care never to come into a marry'd Family, the Commands of the Master and Mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

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Dor. There's a main point gain'd.—My Lord is not marry'd, I find.

[*Aside.*

Mrs Sul. But, I wonder, Friend, that in so many good Services, you had not a better Provision made for you.

Arch. I don't know how, Madam——I had a Lieutenantcy offer'd me three or four Times, but that is not Bread, Madam——I live much better as I do

Scrub. Madam, he sings rarely——I was thought to do pretty well here in the Country till he came; but alack a day, I'm nothing to my Brother *Martin*.

Dor. Does he? Pray, Sir, will you oblige us with a Song?

Arch. Are you for Passion, or Humour?

Scrub. O le! he has the purest Ballad about a Trifle——

Mrs Sull. A Trifle! pray, Sir, let's have it.

Arch. I'm asham'd to offer you a Trifle, Madam. But since you command me——
[*Sings to the Tune of Sir Simon the King.*

*A Trifling Song you shall hear,
Begun with a Trifle and ended
All Trifling People draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended*

*Were it not for Trifles, a few,
That lately have come into Play,
The Men wou'd want something to do,
And the Women want something to say*

*What makes Men trifle in Dressing?
Because the Ladies (they know)
Admire, by often Possessing,
That eminent Trifle a Beau*

*When the Lover his Moments has trified,
The Trifle of Trifles to gain
No sooner the Virgin is Rified,
But a Trifle shall part 'em again*

*What mortal Man wou'd be able
At White's half an Hour to sit?
Or who cou'd bear a Tea-Table,
Without talking of Trifles for Wit?*

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*The Court is from Trifles secure,
Gold Keys are no Trifles, we see
White Rods are no Trifles, I'm sure,
Whatever their Bearers may be*

*But if you will go to the Place,
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will show you his Grace
Makes Promises Trifles indeed*

*A Coach with six Footmen behind,
I count neither Trifle nor Sin
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A scandalous Trifle within?*

*A flask of Champaign, People think it
A Trifle, or something as bad
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle egad*

*A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow
A Peace is a Trifle to-day,
Who knows what may happen to-morrow?*

*A Black Coat, a Trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it, the Red may endeavour
But if once the Army is broke,
We shall have more Trifles than ever*

*The Stage is a Trifle, they say,
The Reason, pray carry along,
Because at ev'ry new Play,
The House they with Trifles so throng*

*But with People's Malice to Trifle, .
And to set us all on a Foot
The Author of this is a Trifle,
And his Song is a Trifle to boot*

Mrs Sull Very well, Sir, we're obliged to you — Something for
a pair of Gloves. [Offering him Money.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused: My Master, Madam, pays me, nor dare I take Money from any other Hand without injuring his Honour, and disobeying his Commands. [Exit.]

✓ *Dor.* This is surprising: Did you ever see so pretty a well bred Fellow?
✓ *Mrs. Sull.* The Devil take him for wearing that Livery.

Dor. I fancy, Sister, he may be some Gentleman, a Friend of my Lords, that his Lordship has pitch'd upon for his Courage, Fidelity, and Discretion to bear him Company in this Dress, and who, ten to one was his Second too

Mrs. Sull. It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so:—For I like him.

Dor. What! better than the Count?

Mrs. Sull. The Count happen'd to be the most agreeable Man upon the Place, and so I chose him to serve me in my Design upon my Husband. —But I shou'd like this Fellow better in a Design upon my self

Dor. But now, Sister, for an Interview with this Lord, and this Gentleman, how shall we bring that about?

Mrs. Sull. Patience! you Country Ladies give no Quarter, if once you be enter'd —Wou'd you prevent their Desires, and give the Fellows no wishing-time?—Look'ye, *Dorinda*, if my Lord *Asmwell* loves you or deserves you, he'll find a way to see you, and there we must leave it —My Business comes now upon the Tapis—Have you prepar'd your Brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. Sull. And how did he relish it?

Dor. He said little, mumbled something to himself, promis'd to be guided by me, But here he comes——

Enter Sullen

Sull. What singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs. Sull. The singing in you're Head, my Dear, you complain'd of it all Day.

Sull. You're impertinent

Mrs. Sull. I was ever so, since I became one Flesh with you

Sull. One Flesh! rather two Carcasses join'd unnaturally together

Mrs. Sull. Or rather a living Soul coupled to a dead Body.

Dor. So, this is fine Encouragement for me

Sull. Yes, my Wife shews you what you must do

Mrs. Sull. And my Husband shews you what you must suffer.

Sull. S'death, why can't you be silent?

Mrs. Sull. S'death, why can't you talk?

Sull. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. Sull. Do you think to any purpose?

Sull. Sister, heark'ye, [*H'ispers*] I shan't be home till it be late.

[Exit.]

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Mrs. Sull. What did he whisper to ye?

Dor. That he wou'd go round the back way, come into the Closet, and listen as I directed him.——But let me beg you once more, dear Sister, to drop this Project, for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to Kindness, you may provoke him to a Rage, and then who knows how far his Brutality may carry him?

Mrs Sull. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you: But here comes the Count, vanish. [Exit Dorinda.]

Enter Count Bellair.

Don't you wonder, *Monsieur le Count*, that I was not at Church this Afternoon?

Count I more wonder, Madam, that you go dere at all, or how you dare to lift those Eyes to Heaven that are guilty of so much killing.

Mrs Sull. If Heaven, Sir, has given to my Eyes with the Power of killing, the Virtue of making a Cure, I hope the one may atone for the other.

Co. O largely, Madam, wou'd your Ladyship be as ready to apply the Remedy as to give the Wound?—Consider, Madam, I am doubly a Prisoner, first to the Arms of your General, then to your more conquering Eyes, my first Chains are easy, there a Ransom may redeem me, but from your Fetters I never shall get free

Mrs Sull Alas, Sir, why shou'd you complain to me of your Captivity, who am in Chains my self? you know, Sir, that I am bound, nay, must be tied up in that particular that might give you ease: I am like you, a Prisoner of War——Of War indeed.—I have given my Parole of Honour, wou'd you break yours to gain your Liberty?

Co Most certainly I wou'd, were I a Prisoner among the *Turks*, dis is your Case; you're a Slave, Madam, Slave to the worst of *Turks*, a Husband.

Mrs Sull There lies my Foible, I confess, no Fortifications, no Courage, Conduct, nor Vigilancy can pretend to defend a Place, where the Cruelty of the Governour forces the Garrison to Mutiny.

Co And where de Besieger is resolv'd to die before de Place—Here will I fix, [Kneels] With Tears, Vows, and Prayers assault your Heart, and never rise till you surrender, or if I must storm—Love and St. Michael—And so I begin the Attack——

Mrs Sull. Stand off—Sure he hears me not—And I cou'd almost wish he—did not.——The Fellow makes love very prettily. [Aside] But, Sir, why shou'd you put such a Value upon my Person, when you see it despid'd by one that knows it so much better?

Co He knows it not, tho' he possesses it; if he but knew the Value of the Jewel he is Master of, he wou'd always wear it next his Heart, and sleep with it in his Arms

Mrs Sull. But since he throws me unregarded from him.

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Count. And one that knows your Value well, comes by, and takes you up, is it not Justice? *[Goes to lay hold on her.]*

Enter Sullen with his Sword drawn.

Sull. Hold, Villain, hold.

Mrs. Sull. *[Presenting a Pistol]* Do you hold.

Sull. What! Murther your Husband, to defend your Bully.

Mrs Sull Bully! for shame, Mr. *Sullen*; Bullies wear long Swords, the Gentleman has none, he's a Prisoner you know—I was aware of your Outrage, and prepar'd this to receive your Violence, and, if Occasion were, to preserve my self against the Force of this other Gentleman.

Count. O Madam, your Eyes be better Fire Arms than your Pistol, they nevre miss

Sull. What! court my Wife to my Face!

Mrs Sull. Pray, Mr *Sullen*, put up, suspend your Fury for a Minute.

Sull To give you time to invent an Excuse

Mrs Sull I need none

Sull. No, for I heard every Sillable of your Discourse

Count Ay! and begar, I tink de Dialogue was vera pretty

Mrs Sull Then I suppose, Sir, you heard something of your own Barbarity.

Sull. Barbarity! oons what does the Women call Barbarity? do I ever meddle with you?

Mrs Sull No

Sull As for you, Sir, I shall take another time

Count. Ah, begar, and so must I

Sull Look'e, Madam, don't think that my Anger proceeds from any Concern I have for your Honour, but for my own, and if you can contrive any way of being a Whore without making me a Cuckold, do it and welcome

Mrs Sull Sir, I thank you kindly, you wou'd allow me the Sin but rob me of the Pleasure——No, no, I'm resolv'd never to venture upon the Crime without the Satisfaction of seeing you punish'd for't

Sull Then will you grant me this, my Dear? let any Body else do you the Favour but that French-man, for I mortally hate his whole Generation

[Exit

Count Ah, Sir, that be ungrateful, for begar, I love some of your's, Madam.— *[Approaching her.]*

Mrs Sull. No, Sir ——

Count. No, Sir,—Garzoon, Madam, I am not your Husband.

Mrs Sull 'Tis time to undeceive you, Sir,—I believ'd your Addresses to me were no more than an Amusement, and I hope you will think the same of my Complaisance, and to convince you that you ought, you must

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know, that I brought you hither only to make you instrumental in setting me right with my Husband, for he was planted to listen by my Appointment.

Count By your Appointment?

Mrs. Sull Certainly

Count And so, Madam, while I was telling twenty Stories to part you from your Husband, begar, I was bringing you together all the while.

Mrs. Sull I ask your Pardon, Sir, but I hope this will give you a Taste of the Vertue of the English Ladies.

Count Begar, Madam, your Vertue be vera Great, but Garzoon your Honeſte be vera little.

Enter Dorinda.

Mrs. Sull Nay, now you're angry, Sir.

Count Angry! fair *Dorinda* [*Sings Dorinda the Opera Tune, and addresses to Dorinda,*] Madam, when your Ladyship want a Fool, send for me, fair *Dorinda*, *Revenge, &c*

[*Exit*

Mrs. Sull There goes the true Humour of his Nation, Resentment with good Manners, and the height of Anger in a Song ——— Well Sister, you must be Judge, for you have heard the Trial

Dor And I bring in my Brother Guilty

Mrs. Sull But I must bear the Punishment,—'Tis hard Sister

Dor I own it—but you must have Patience.

Mrs. Sull Patience! the Cant of Custom—Providence sends no Evil without a Remedy—shou'd I lie groaning under a Yoke I can shake off, I were accessory to my Ruin, and my Patience were no better than self-Murder

Dor But how can you shake off the Yoke?—Your Divisions don't come within the Reach of the Law for a Divorce

Mrs. Sull Law! what Law can search into the remote Abyss of Nature, what Evidence can prove the unaccountable Disaffections of Wedlock?—can a Jury sum up the endless Aversions that are rooted in our Souls, or can a Bench give Judgment upon Antipathies?

Dor They never pretended Sister, they never meddle but in case of Uncleaness

Mrs. Sull Uncleaness! O Sister, casual Violation is a transient Injury, and may possibly be repair'd, but can radical Hatreds be ever reconcil'd?—No, no, Sister, Nature is the first Lawgiver, and when she has set Tempers opposite, not all the golden Links of Wedlock, nor Iron Manacles of Law can keep 'um fast

*Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heaven's Decree,
But such as Heaven ordain'd it first to be,
Concurring Tempers in the Man and Wife
As mutual Helps to draw the Load of Life.*

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*View all the Works of Providence above,
The Stars with Harmony and Concord move ,
View all the Works of Providence below,
The Fire, the Water, Earth, and Air, we know
All in one Plant agree to make it grow.
Must Man the chiefest Work of Art Devine,
Be doom'd in endless Discord to repine?
No, we shou'd injure Heaven by that surmise,
Omnipotence is just, were Man but wise.*

}

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

[SCENE I.]

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Mrs Sullen

Mrs. Sull **W**ERE I born an humble Turk, where Women have no Soul nor Property, there I must sit contented——But in *England*, a Country whose Women are it's Glory, must Women be abus'd, where Women rule, must Women be enslav'd? nay, cheated into Slavery, mock'd by a Promise of comfortable Society into a Wilderness of Solitude——I dare not keep the Thought about me——O, here comes something to divert me——

Enter a Country Woman

Wom. I come an't please your Ladyships, you're my Lady Bountiful an't ye?

Mrs. Sull Well, good Woman go on

Wom I come seventeen long Mail to have a Cure for my Husband's sore Leg.

Mrs. Sull Your Husband! what Woman, cure your Husband!

Wom Ay, poor Man, for his Sore Leg won't let him stir from Home.

Mrs. Sull. There, I confess, you have given me a Reason Well good Woman, I'll tell you what you must do——You must lay your Husbands Leg upon a Table, and with a Chopping-knife, you must lay it open as broad as you can, then you must take out the Bone, and beat the Flesh

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soundly with a rowling-pin, then take Salt, Pepper, Cloves, Mace and Ginger, some sweet Herbs, and season it very well, then rowl it up like Brawn, and put it into the Oven for two Hours.

Wom. Heavens reward your Ladyship—I have two little Babies too that are pitious bad with the Graipe, an't please ye.

Mrs Sull. Put a little Pepper and Salt in their Bellies, good Woman.
[*Enter Lady Bountiful*] I beg your Ladyship's Pardon for taking your Business out of your Hands, I have been a tampering here a little with one of your Patients.

L Boun. Come, good Woman, don't mind this mad Creature, I am the Person that you want, I suppose—What would you have, Woman?

Mrs. Sull. She wants something for her Husband's sore Leg

L. Boun. What's the matter with his Leg, Goody?

Wom. It come first as one might say with a sort of Dizziness in his Foot, then he had a kind of a Laziness in his Joints, and then his Leg broke out, and then it swell'd, and then it clos'd again, and then it broke out again, and then it fester'd, and then it grew better, and then it grew worse again

Mrs Sull. Ha, ha, ha

L. Boun. How can you be merry with the Misfortunes of other People?

Mrs Sull. Because my own make me sad, Madam

L Boun. The worst Reason in the World, Daughter, your own Misfortunes shou'd teach you to pity others

Mrs Sull. But the Woman's Misfortunes and mine are nothing alike, her Husband is sick, and mine, alas, is in Health

L Boun. What! would you wish your Husband sick?

Mrs Sull. Not of a sore Leg, of all things

L Boun. Well, good Woman, go to the Pantrey, get your Belly-full of Viſtals, then I'll give you a Receipt of Diet-drink for your Husband—
But d'ye hear Goody, you must not let your Husband move too much

Wom. No, no, Madam, the poor Man's inclinable enough to lye still.
[*Exit*]

L. Boun. Well, Daughter *Sullen*, tho' you laugh, I have done Miracles about the Country here with my Receipts

Mrs Sull. Miracles, indeed, if they have cur'd any Body, but, I believe, Madam, the Patient's Faith goes farther toward the Miracle than your Prescription

L Boun. Fancy helps in some Cases, but there's your Husband who has as little Fancy as any Body, I brought him from Death's-door

Mrs Sull. I suppose, Madam, you made him drink plentifully of Asse's Milk.

Enter Dor. runs to Mrs. Sull.

Dor. News, dear Sister, news, news

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Enter Archer running

Arch. Where, where is my Lady Bountiful? ——— Pray which is the old Lady of you three?

L. Boun. I am.

Arch. O, Madam, the Fame of your Ladyship's Charity, Goodness, Benevolence, Skill and Ability have drawn me hither to implore your Ladyship's Help in behalf of my unfortunate Master, who is this Moment breathing his last.

L. Boun. Your Master! where is he?

Arch. At your Gate, Madam, drawn by the Appearance of your handsome House to view it nearer, and walking up the Avenue within five Paces of the Court-Yard, he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort of I know not what, but down he fell, and there he lies

L. Boun. Here, *Scrub*, *Gipsy*, all run, get my easie Chair down Stairs, put the Gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your Ladyship for this charitable Act

L. Boun. Is your Master us'd to these Fits?

Arch. O yes, Madam, frequently——— I have known him have five or six of a Night.

L. Boun. What's his Name?

Arch. Lord, Madam, he's a dying, a Minute's Care or Neglect may save or destroy his Life.

L. Boun. Ah, poor Gentleman! come Friend, show me the way, I'll see him brought in my self

[Exit with Archer.]

Dor. O Sister my Heart flutters about strangely, I can hardly forbear running to his Assistance.

Mrs. Sull. And I'll lay my Life, he deserves your Assistance more than he wants it, did not I tell you that my Lord wou'd find a way to come at you? Love's his Distemper, and you must be the Physitian, put on all your Charms, summon all your Fire into your Eyes, plant the whole Artillery of your Looks against his Breast, and down with him.

Dor. O Sister, I'm but a young Gunner, I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the Piece shou'd recoil and hurt my self

Mrs. Sull. Never fear, you shall see me shoot before you, if you will

Dor. No, no, dear Sister, you have miss'd your Mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

Enter Aimwell in a Chair, carry'd by Archer and Scrub, L. Bountiful, Gipsy Aimwell counterfeiting a Swoon

L. Boun. Here, here, let's see the Hartshorn-drops—*Gipsy* a Glass of fair Water, his Fit's very strong—Bless me, how his Hands are clinch'd

Arch. For shame, Ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?—Pray,

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Madam, [*To Dorinda.*] Take his Hand and open it if you can, whilst I hold his Head. [*Dorinda takes his Hand*]

Dor. Poor Gentleman,—Oh—he has got my Hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully——

L. Boun. 'Tis the Violence of his Convulsion, Child

Arch. O, Madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these Cases—he'll bite if you don't have a care

Dor. Oh, my Hand, my Hand.

L. Boun. What's the matter with the foolish Girl? I have got this Hand open, you see, with a great deal of Ease

Arch. Ay, but, Madam, your Daughter's Hand is somewhat warmer than your Ladyship's, and the Heat of it draws the Force of the Spirits that way.

Mrs Sull. I find, Friend, you're very learned in these sorts of Fits

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, Madam, for I'm often troubled with them myself, I find my self extremely ill at this Minute.

[*Looking hard at Mrs Sull.*]

Mrs Sull [*Aside*] I fancy I cou'd find a way to cure you.

L. Boun. His Fit holds him very long

Arch. Longer than usual, Madam,———Pray, young Lady, open his Breast, and give him Air

L. Boun. Where did his Illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To Day at Church, Madam

L. Boun. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my Lady He was of a sudden touch'd with something in his Eyes, which at the first he only felt, but cou'd not tell whether 'twas Pain or Pleasure

L. Boun. Wind, nothing but Wind

Arch. By soft Degrees it grew and mounted to his Brain, there his Fancy caught it, there form'd it so beautiful, and dress'd it up in such gay pleasing Colours, that his transported Appetite seiz'd the fair Idea, and straight convey'd it to his Heart That hospitable Seat of Life sent all its sanguine Spirits forth to meet, and open'd all its sluicy Gates to take the Stranger in

L. Boun. Your Master shou'd never go without a Bottle to smell to—Oh!—He recovers—The Lavender Water—Some Feathers to burn under his Nose—Hungary-water to rub his Temples—O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, Sir, hem—*Gipsy*, bring the Cordial-water.

[*Aimwell seems to awake in amaze.*]

Dor. How d'ye, Sir?

Aim. Where am I?

[*Rising.*]

Sure I have pass'd the Gulph of silent Death,
And now I land on the *Elisian* Shore——

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Behold the Goddess of those happy Plains,
Fair *Proserpine*—Let me adore thy bright Divinity.

[*Kneels to Dorinda and kisses her Hand.*]

Mrs. *Sull*. So, so, so, I knew where the Fit wou'd end.

Am. Euridice perhaps—

How cou'd thy *Orpheus* keep his word,
And not look back upon thee?

No Treasure but thy self cou'd sure have brib'd him
To look one Minute off thee.

L. Boun Delirious, poor Gentleman

Arch. Very Delirious, Madam, very Delirious

Am. Martin's Voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my Lord—How do's your Lordship?

L. Boun Lord! did you mind that, Girls?

Am. Where am I?

Arch. In very good Hands, Sir—You were taken just now with one of your old Fits under the Trees just by this good Lady's House, her Ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to your self, as you see—

Am. I am so confounded with Shame, Madam, that I can now only beg Pardon—And refer my Acknowledgements for your Ladyship's Care, till an Opportunity offers of making some Amends—I dare be no longer troublesome—*Martin*, give two Guineas to the Servants.

[*Going*]

Dor Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the Air, you don't look, Sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd

[*Here Archer talks to L. Bountiful in dumb shew.*]

Am. That I shall never be, Madam, my present Illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my Grave.

Mrs. *Sull* Don't despair, Sir, I have known several in your Distemper shake it off, with a Fortnight's Physick.

L. Boun Come, Sir, your Servant has been telling me that you're apt to relapse if you go into the Air—Your good Manners shan't get the better of ours—You shall sit down again, Sir,—Come, Sir, we don't mind Ceremonies in the Country—Here, Sir, my Service t'ye—You shall taste my Water, 'tis a Cordial I can assure you, and of my own making—drink it off, Sir, [*Amwell drinks*] And how d'ye find your self now, Sir?

Am. Somewhat better—Tho' very faint still.

L. Boun. Ay, ay, People are always faint after these Fits—Come Girls, you shall show the Gentleman the House, 'tis but an old Family Building, Sir, but you had better walk about and cool by Degrees than venture immediately into the Air—You'll find some tolerable Pictures

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

—*Dorinda*, show the Gentleman the way. I must go to the poor Woman below [*Exit.*]

Dor. This way, Sir.

Aim. Ladies shall I beg leave for my Servant to wait on you, for he understands Pictures very well

Mrs. Sull. Sir, we understand Originals, as well as he do's Pictures, so he may come along.

[*Ex. Dor. Mrs. Sull. Aim. Arch. Aim. leads Dor.*]

Enter Foigard and Scrub, meeting.

Foig Save you, Master *Scrub*.

Scrub. Sir, I won't be sav'd your way—I hate a Priest, I abhor the French, and I defie the Devil——Sir, I'm a bold *Bruton*, and will spill the last drop of my Blood to keep out Popery and Slavery.

Foig. Master *Scrub*, you wou'd put me down in Politicks, and so I wou'd be speaking with Mrs *Shipsey*.

Scrub Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her, she's sick, Sir, she's gone abroad, Sir, she's—dead two Months ago, Sir.

Enter Gipsej.

Gip How now, Impudence, how dare you talk so saucily to the Doctor? Pray, Sir, dont take it ill, for the Common-people of *England* are not so civil to Strangers, as——

Scrub You lie, you lie—'Tis the Common People that are civilest to Strangers

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to——Get you out, I say.

Scrub. I won't.

Gip You won't, Sauce-box——Pray, Doctor, what is the Captain's Name that came to your Inn last Night?

Scrub The Captain! Ah, the Devil, there she hampers me again;——The Captain has me on one side, and the Priest on t'other——So between the Gown and the Sword, I have a fine time on't.——But, *Cedunt Arma togæ* [*Going*]

Gip What, Sirrah, won't you march?

Scrub No, my Dear, I won't march——But I'll walk——And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[Goes behind the side-Scene, and listens.]

Gip Indeed, Doctor, the Count has been barbarously treated, that's the Truth on't.

Foig Ah, Mrs. *Gipsej*, upon my Shoul, now, *Gra*, his Complaining's wou'd mollifie the Marrow in your Bones, and move the Bowels of your Commiseration; he weeps, and he dances, and he fistles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings: In Conclusion, Joy, he's

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afflicted, *a la Francois*, and a Stranger wou'd not know whider to cry, or to laugh with him.

Gip. What wou'd you have me do, Doctor?

Foig. Noting, Joy, but only hide the Count in *Mrs. Sullen's* Closet when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? it wou'd be both a Sin and a shame, Doctor.

Foig. Here is twenty *Lewidores*, Joy, for your shame; and I will give you an Absolution for the Shin.

Gip. But won't that Money look like a Bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall tauk it — If you receive the Money beforehand, 'twill be *Logicé* a Bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a Gratification.

Gip. Well, Doctor, I'll take it *Logicé* — But what must I do with my Conscience, Sir?

Foig. Leave dat wid me, Joy; I am your Priest, *Gra*, and your Conscience is under my Hands.

Gip. But shou'd I put the Count into the Closet —

Foig. Vel, is dere any Shin for a Man's being in a Closhet? one may go to Prayers in a Closhet

Gip. But if the Lady shou'd come into her Chamber, and go to Bed?

Foig. Vel, and is dere any Shin in going to Bed, Joy?

Gip. Ay, but if the Parties shou'd meet, Doctor?

Foig. Vel den — The Parties must be responsible — Do you be after putting the Count in the Closet; and leave the Shins wid themselves — I will come with the Count to instruct you in your Chamber

Gip. Well, Doctor, your Religion is so pure — Methinks I'm so easie after an Absolution, and can sin afresh with so much security, that I'm resolv'd to die a Martyr to't — Here's the Key of the Garden-door, come in the back way when 'tis late, — I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my Hand, I'll lead you, and do you lead the Count, and follow me. [Exeunt

Enter Scrub

Scrub. What Witchcraft now have these two Imps of the Devil been a hatching here? — There's twenty *Lewidores*, I heard that, and saw the Purse: But I must give room to my Betters

*Enter Aimwell leading Dorinda, and making Love in
dumb Show — Mrs Sull. and Archer*

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Sir, [To Archer.] how d'ye like that Piece?

Arch. O, 'tis *Leda* — You find, Madam, how *Jupiter* comes disguis'd to make Love —

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Mrs. Sull. But what think you there of *Alexander's Battles*?

Arch. We want only a *Le Brun*, Madam, to draw greater Battles, and a greater General of our own ——— The *Danube*, Madam, wou'd make a greater Figure in a Picture than the *Granicus*; and we have our *Ramehes* to match their *Arbela*.

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Sir, what Head is that in the Corner there?

Arch. O, Madam, 'tis poor *Ovid* in his Exile.

Mrs. Sull. What was he banish'd for?

Arch. His ambitious Love, Madam. [*Bowing*] His Misfortune touches me

Mrs. Sull. Was he successful in his Amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark. ——— He was too much a Gentleman to tell.

Mrs. Sull. If he were secret, I pity him

Arch. And if he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs. Sull. How d'ye like that *Venus* over the Chimney?

Arch. *Venus*! I protest, Madam, I took it for your Picture, but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough

Mrs. Sull. Oh, what a Charm is Flattery! if you wou'd see my Picture, there it is, over that Cabinet, ——— How d'ye like it?

Arch. I must admire any thing, Madam, that has the least Resemblance of you ——— But, methinks, Madam ——— [*He looks at the Picture and Mrs Sullen three or four times, by turns*] Pray, Madam, who drew it?

Mrs. Sull. A famous Hand, Sir.

[*Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off*]

Arch. A famous Hand, Madam ——— Your Eyes, indeed, are featur'd there; but where's the sparkling Moisture shining fluid, in which they swim? The Picture indeed has your Dimples, but where's the Swarm of killing *Cupids* that shou'd ambush there? the Lips too are figur'd out; but where's the Carnation Dew, the pouting Ripeness that tempts the Taste in the Original?

Mrs. Sull. Had it been my Lot to have match'd with such a Man!

Arch. Your Breasts too, presumptuous Man! what! paint Heaven! *Apropos*, Madam, in the very next Picture is *Salmones*, that was struck dead with Lightning, for offering to imitate *Jove's* Thunder, I hope you serv'd the Painter so, Madam?

Mrs. Sull. Had my Eyes the power of Thunder, they shou'd employ their Lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest Bed in that Room, Madam, I suppose 'tis your Ladyship's Bed-Chamber.

Mrs. Sull. And what then, Sir?

Arch. I think the Quilt is the richest that ever I saw: ——— I can't at

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

this Distance, Madam, distinguish the Figures of the Embroidery; will you give me leave, Madam——

Mrs. *Sull* The Devil take his Impudence.——Sure if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not offer it.——I have a great mind to try.——
[*Going*] [*Returns.*] S'death, what am I doing?—And alone too!——
Sister, Sister? [Runs out.]

Arch. I'll follow her close——

*For where a French-man durst attempt to storm,
A Briton sure may well the Work perform.*

[*Going.*]

Enter *Scrub*.

Scrub. *Marin*, Brother *Marin*.

Arch. O, Brother *Scrub*, I beg your Pardon, I was not a going, here's a Guinea, my Master order'd you.

Scrub. A Guinea, hi, hi, hi, a Guinea! eh—by this Light it is a Guinea; but I suppose you expect One and twenty Shillings in change.

Arch. Not at all, I have another for *Gipsy*

Scrub A Guinea for her! Faggot and Fire for the Witch.—Sir, give me that Guinea, and I'll discover a Plot

Arch. A Plot!

Scrub. Ay, Sir, a Plot, and a horrid Plot —First, it must be a Plot because there's a Woman in't, secondly, it must be a Plot because there's a Priest in't; thirdly, it must be a Plot because there's *French* Gold in't, and fourthly, it must be a Plot, because I don't know what to make on't

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, Brother *Scrub*

Scrub Truly I'm afraid so too, for where there's a Priest and a Woman, there's always a Mystery and a Riddle —This I know, that here has been the Doctor with a Temptation in one Hand, and an Absolution in the other, and *Gipsy* has sold her self to the Devil, I saw the Price paid down, my Eyes shall take their Oath on't

Arch. And is all this bustle about *Gipsy*?

Scrub. That's not all, I cou'd hear but a Word here and there; but I remember they mention'd a Count, a Closet, a back Door, and a Key.

Arch. The Count! did you hear nothing of Mrs *Sullen*?

Scrub I did hear some word that sounded that way, but whether it was *Sullen* or *Dorinda*, I cou'd not distinguish

Arch. You have told this matter to no Body, Brother?

Scrub Told! No, Sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolv'd never to speak one word *pro* nor *con*, till we have a Peace.

Arch. You're i'th right, Brother *Scrub*, here's a Treaty a foot between the Count and the Lady —The Priest and the Chamber-maid are the Plenipotentiaries.—It shall go hard but I find a way to be included in the Treaty.—Where's the Doctor now?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Scrub. He and *Gipsey* are this moment devouring my Lady's Marmalade in the Closet.

Arm. [From without] *Martin, Martin.*

Arch. I come, Sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forget the other Guinea, Brother *Martin.*

Arch. Here, I give it with all my Heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my Soul [Exeunt severally.]

I'cod, I'll spoil your Plotting, Mrs. *Gipsey*; and if you shou'd set the Captain upon me, these two Guineas will buy me off. [Exit.]

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda meeting.

Mrs. Sull. Well, Sister.

Dor. And well, Sister.

Mrs. Sull. What's become of my Lord?

Dor. What's become of his Servant?

Mrs. Sull. Servant! he's a prettier Fellow, and a finer Gentleman by fifty Degrees than his Master

Dor. O my Conscience, I fancy you cou'd beg that Fellow at the Gallows-foot

Mrs. Sull. O my Conscience, I cou'd, provided I cou'd put a Friend of yours in his Room.

Dor. You desir'd me, Sister to leave you, when you transgress'd the Bounds of Honour

Mrs. Sull. Thou dear censorious Country-Girl—What dost mean? you can't think of the Man without the Bedfellow, I find

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought, while the Mind is conversant with Flesh and Blood, it must conform to the Humours of the Company.

Mrs. Sull. How a little Love and good Company improves a Woman; why, Child, you begin to live—you never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoke to.—My Lord has told me that I have more Wit and Beauty than any of my Sex; and truly I begin to think the Man is sincere.

Mrs. Sull. You're in the right, *Dorinda*, Pride is the Life of a Woman, and Flattery is our daily Bread, and she's a Fool that won't believe a Man there, as much as she that believes him in anything else—But I'll lay you a Guinea, that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done—What did your Fellow say to ye?

Mrs. Sull. My Fellow took the Picture of *Venus* for mine.

Dor. But my Lover took me for *Venus* her self

Mrs. Sull. Common Cant! had my Spark call'd me a *Venus* directly, I shou'd have believ'd him a Footman in good earnest.

Dor. But my Lover was upon his Knees to me

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Mrs. *Sullen*. And mine was upon his Tiptoes to me

Dor Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. *Sull*. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. *Sull*. Mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine kiss'd my Hand Ten thousand times.

Mrs. *Sull* Mine has all that Pleasure to come

Dor. Mine offer'd Marriage

Mrs. *Sull*. O lard! D'y'e call that a moving thing?

Dor The sharpest Arrow in his Quiver, my dear Sister,——Why, my Ten thousand Pounds may lie brooding here this seven Years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill natur'd Clown like yours ——Whereas, If I marry my Lord *Amwell*, there will be Title, Place and Precedence, the Park, the Play, and the drawing-Room, Splendor, Equipage, Noise and Flambeaux——Hey, my Lady *Amwell*'s Servants there——Lights, Lights to the Stairs——My Lady *Amwell*'s Coach put forward——Stand by, make room for her Ladyship——Are not these things moving? ——What! melancholy of a sudden?

Mrs. *Sull*. Happy, happy Sister! your Angel has been watchful for your Happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his Charge——Long smiling Years of circling Joys for you, but not one Hour for me!
[Weeps.]

Dor. Come, my Dear, we'll talk of something else.

Mrs. *Sull* O *Dorinda*, I own my self a Woman, full of my Sex, a gentle, generous Soul,——easie and yielding to soft Desires, a spacious Heart, where Love and all his Train might lodge. And must the fair Apartment of my Breast be made a Stable for a Brute to lie in?

Dor. Meaning your Husband, I suppose.

✓ Mrs. *Sull* Husband! no,——Even Husband is too soft a Name for him. ——But, come, I expect my Brother here to Night or to Morrow, he was abroad when my Father marry'd me, perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

Dor Will you promise not to make your self easy in the mean time with my Lord's Friend?

Mrs. *Sul*. You mistake me, Sister——It happens with us, as among the Men, the greatest Talkers are the greatest Cowards; and there's a Reason for it; those Spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more Mischief if they took another Course,——Tho' to confess the Truth, I do love that Fellow,——And if I met him dress'd as he shou'd be, and I undress'd as I shou'd be——Look'ye; Sister, I have no supernatural Gifts, I can't swear I cou'd resist the Temptation,——tho' I can safely promise to avoid it, and that's as much as the best of us can do

[Ex Mrs. *Sull*. and *Dor*.]

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Enter Aimwell and Archer laughing

Arch. And the awkward Kindness of the good motherly old Gentlewoman——

Aim. And the coming Easiness of the young one——S'death, 'tis pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those Principles, stop where you are

Aim. I can't stop, for I love her to distraction.

Arch. S'death, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle Evenings at *White's*, *Tom's*, or *Will's*, and be stunted to bear looking at our old Acquaintance, the Cards, because our impotent Pockets can't afford us a Guinea for the mercenary Drabs.

Arch. Or be oblig'd to some Purse-proud Coxcomb for a scandalous Bottle, where we must not pretend to our share of the Discourse, because we can't pay our Club o'th Reckoning,——dam it, I had rather sponge upon *Morris*, and sup upon a Dish of *Bohee* scor'd behind the Door

Aim. And there expose our want of Sense by talking Criticisms, as we shou'd our want of Money by railing at the Government.

Arch. Or be oblig'd to sneak into the side-Box, and between both Houses steal two Acts of a Play, and because we han't Money to see the other three, we come away discontented, and damn the whole five

Aim. And Ten thousand such rascally Tricks,——had we outliv'd our Fortunes among our Acquaintance ——But now——

Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this ——Strike while the Iron is hot ——This Priest is the luckiest part of our Adventure, ——He shall marry you, and pimp for me

Aim. But I shou'd not like a Woman that can be so fond of a *Frenchman*.

Arch. Alas, Sir, Necessity has no Law, the Lady may be in Distress, perhaps she has a confounded Husband, and her Revenge may carry her farther than her Love.——I gad, I have so good an Opinion of her, and of my self, that I begin to fancy strange things, and we must say this for the Honour of our Women, and indeed of our selves, that they do stick to their Men, as they do to their *Magna Charta* ——If the Plot lies as I suspect,——I must put on the Gentleman ——But there comes the Doctor ——I shall be ready.

[Exit.]

Enter Foigard

Foig. Sauve you, noble Friend

Aim. O Sir, your Servant, pray Doctor, may I crave your Name?

Foig. Fat Naam is upon me? my Naam is *Foigard*, Joy

Aim. *Foigard*, a very good Name for a Clergyman: Pray, Doctor *Foigard*, were you ever in *Ireland*?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Foig Ireland! No Joy — Fat sort of Plaaee is dat saam Ireland? dey say de People are catcht dere when dey are young

Am. And some of 'em when they're old;—as for Example.

[*Takes Foigard by the Shoulder.*]

Sir, I arrest you as a Traytor against the Government; you're a Subject of *England*, and this Morning shew'd me a Commission, by which you serv'd as Chaplain in the *French* Army: This is Death by our Law, and your Reverence must hang for't.

Foig Upon my Shoul, Noble Friend, dis is strange News you tell me, Fader *Foigard* a Subject of *England*, de Son of a *Burgomaster* of *Brussels*, a Subject of *England*! Ubooboo——

Am. The Son of a Bogtrotter in *Ireland*, Sir, your Tongue will condemn you before any Bench in the Kingdom

Foig And is my Tongue all your Evidensh, Joy?

Am. That's enough

Foig No, no, Joy, for I will never spake *English* no more.

Am. Sir, I have other Evidence——Here, *Martin*, you know this Fellow. [*Enter Archer.*]

Arch [*In a Brogue*] Saave you, my dear Cussen, how do's your Health?

Foig Ah! upon my Shoul dere is my Countryman, and his Brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynheer, Ick wet neat wait hey zacht, Ick unvierston ewe neat, sacramant*

Am. Altering your Language won't do, Sir, this Fellow knows your Person, and will swear to your Face

Foig Faace! fey, is dear a Brogue upon my Faash, too?

Arch Upon my Soulvation dere ish Joy——But Cussen *Mack-shane* vil you not put a remembrance upon me?

Foig. *Mack-shane*! by St *Paatrick*, dat is Naame, shure enough

[*Aside.*]

Am I fancy *Archer*, you have it.

Foig The Devil hang you, Joy——By fat Acquaintance are you my Cussen?

Arch. O, de Devil hang your shelf, Joy, you know we were little Boys togeder upon de School, and your foster Moder's Son was marry'd upon my Nurse's Chister, Joy, and so we are Irish Cussens.

Foig. De Devil taak the Relation! vel, Joy, and fat School was it?

Arch I tinks it vas——Aay——'Twas *Tipperary*

Foig. No, no, Joy, it vas *Kilkenny*

Am That's enough for us——Self-Confession——Come, Sir, we must deliver you into the Hands of the next Magistrate

Arch. He sends you to Gaol, you're try'd next Assizes, and away you go swing into Purgatory

Foig And is it so wid you, Cussen?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Arch. It vil be sho wid you, Cussen, if you don't immediately confess the Secret between you and Mrs *Gipsy*—Look'e, Sir, the Gallows or the Secret, take your Choice.

Fog The Gallows! upon my Shoul I hate that saam Gallow, for it is a Diseash dat is fatal to our Family—Vel den, dere is nothing, Shentlemens, but Mrs. *Shullen* wou'd spaak wid the Count in her Chamber at Midnight, and dere is no Haarm, Joy, for I am to conduct the Count to the Plash, my shelf.

Arch. As I guess'd—Have you communicated the matter to the Count?

Fog I have not sheen him since.

Arch. Right agen, why then, Doctor—you shall conduct me to the Lady instead of the Count

Fog Fat my Cussen to the Lady! upon my Shoul, gra, dat is too much upon the Brogue

Arch. Come, come, Doctor, consider we have got a Rope about your Neck, and if you offer to squeek, we'll stop your Wind-pipe, most certainly, we shall have another Job for you in a Day or two, I hope

Arm Here's Company coming this way, let's into my Chamber, and there concert our Affair farther.

Arch. Come, my dear Cussen, come along [Exeunt.]

*Enter Bonniface, Hounslow and Bagshot at one Door,
Gibbet at the opposite*

Gib Well, Gentlemen, 'tis a fine Night for our Enterprise

Houns. Dark as Hell

Bag And blows like the Devil, our Landlord here has show'd us the Window where we must break in, and tells us the Plate stands in the Wainscoat Cupboard in the Parlour.

Bon Ay, ay, Mr *Bagshot*, as the saying is, Knives and Forks, and Cups, and Canns, and Tumblers, and Tankards—There's one Tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me, it was a Present to the Squire from his Godmother, and smells of Nutmeg and Toast like an *East India* Ship

Houns Then you say we must divide at the Stair-head?

Bon Yes, Mr. *Hounslow*, as the saying is—At one end of that Gallery lies my Lady *Bounisfull* and her Daughter, and at the other Mrs. *Sullen*—As for the Squire—

Gib He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half seas over already—But such a Parcel of Scoundrels are got about him now, that I gad I was asham'd to be seen in their Company

Bon 'Tis now Twelve, as the saying is—Gentlemen, you must set out at One.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Gib Hounslow, do you and *Bagshot* see our Arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently

Houns. } We will
Bag }

[*Exeunt.*]

Gib. Well, my dear *Bonny*, you assure me that *Scrub* is a Coward.

Bon. A Chicken, as the saying is——You'll have no Creature to deal with but the Ladies.

Gib And I can assure you, Friend, there's a great deal of Address and good Manners in robbing a Lady, I am the most a Gentleman that way that ever travell'd the Road—But, my dear *Bonny*, this Prize will be a Galleon, a *Vigo* Business—I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand Pound.

Bon In Plate, Jewels and Money, as the saying is, you may.

Gib Why then, *Tyburn*, I defie thee, I'll get up to Town, sell off my Horse and Arms, buy my self some pretty Employment in the Houshold, and be as snug, and as honest as any Courtier of 'um all

Bon And what think you then of my Daughter *Cherry* for a Wife?

Gib Look'ee, my dear *Bonny*—*Cherry* is the Goddess I adore, as the Song goes, but it is a Maxim that Man and Wife shou'd never have it in their Power to hang one another, for if they should, the Lord have Mercy on 'um both

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

[SCENE I.]

SCENE continues. *Knocking without.*

Enter Bonniface.

Bon COMing, coming—A Coach and six foaming Horses at this time o'Night! Some great Man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other People

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir Ch. What, Fellow! a Publick-house, and a Bed when other People Sleep

Bon. Sir, I an't a Bed, as the saying is.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Sir Ch. Is Mr. *Sullen's* Family a Bed, think'e?

Bon. All but the Squire himself, Sir, as the saying is, he's in the House

Sir Ch. What Company has he?

Bon. Why, Sir, there's the Constable, Mr. *Gage* the Exciseman, the Hunch-back'd Barber, and two or three other Gentlemen.

Sir Ch. I find my Sister's Letters gave me the true Picture of her Spouse.

Enter Sullen Drunk.

Bon. Sir, here's the Squire.

Sull. The Puppies left me asleep——Sir.

Sir Ch. Well, Sir.

Sull. Sir, I'm an unfortunate Man—I have three thousand Pound a Year, and I can't get a Man to drink a Cup of Ale with me.

Sir Ch. That's very hard

Sull. Ay, Sir—And unless you have pitty upon me, and smoke one Pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my Wife, and I had rather go to the Devil by half

Sir Ch. But, I presume, Sir, you won't see your Wife to Night, she'll be gone to Bed—you don't use to lye with your Wife in that Pickle?

Sull. What! not lye with my Wife! why, Sir, do you take me for an Atheist or a Rake?

Sir Ch. If you hate her, Sir, I think you had better lye from her.

Sull. I think so too, Friend——But I'm a Justice of Peace, and must do nothing against the Law

Sir Ch. Law! as I take it, Mr Justice, no Body observes Law for Law's Sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made

Sull. But if the Law orders me to send you to Gaol, you must ly there, my Friend

Sir Ch. Not unless I commit a Crime to deserve it

Sull. A Crime! Oons an't I marry'd?

Sir Ch. Nay, Sir, if you call Marriage a Crime, you must disown it for a Law

Sull. Eh!—I must be acquainted with you, Sir—But, Sir, I shou'd be very glad to know the Truth of this Matter.

Sir Ch. Truth, Sir, is a profound Sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't Besides, Sir, I'm afraid the Line of your Understanding mayn't be long enough

Sull. Look'e, Sir, I have nothing to say to your Sea of Truth, but if a good Parcel of Land can intitle a Man to a little Truth, I have as much as any He in the Country.

Bon. I never heard your Worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

Sull. Because I never met with a Man that I lik'd before——

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Bon. Pray, Sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one Question, are not Man and Wife one Flesh?

Sir Ch. You and your Wife, Mr Guts, may be one Flesh, because ye are nothing else—but rational Creatures have minds that must be united

Sull Minds

Sir Ch. Ay, Minds, Sir, don't you think that the Mind takes place of the Body?

Sull In some People.

Sir Ch. Then the Interest of the Master must be consulted before that of his Servant

Sull Sir, you shall dine with me to Morrow ———Oons I always thought that we were naturally one

Sir Ch. Sir, I know that my two Hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the Actions of Life, but I cou'd not say so much, if they were always at Cuffs

Sull Then 'tis plain that we are two

Sir Ch. Why don't you part with her, Sir?

Sull Will you take her, Sir?

Sir Ch. With all my Heart

Sull You shall have her to Morrow Morning, and a Venison-pasty into the Bargain.

Sir Ch. You'll let me have her Fortune too?

Sull Fortune! why, Sir, I have no Quarrel at her Fortune—I only hate the Woman, Sir, and none but the Woman shall go

Sir Ch. But her Fortune, Sir——

Sull Can you play at Whisk, Sir?

Sir Ch. No, truly, Sir

Sull. Nor at All-fours?

Sir Ch. Neither!

Sull. Oons! where was this Man bred? [*Aside*] Burn me, Sir, I can't go home, 'tis but two a Clock

Sir Ch. For half an Hour, Sir, if you please—But you must consider 'tis late

Sull. Late! that's the Reason I can't go to Bed——Come, Sir ——

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Cherry, runs across the Stage and knocks at Aimwell's Chamber-door Enter Aimwell in his Night-cap and Gown

Aim. What's the matter? you tremble, Child, you're frightened.

Cher No wonder, Sir——But in short, Sir, this very Minute a Gang of Rogues are gone to rob my Lady Bounnful's House

Aim. How!

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Cher. I dogg'd 'em to the very Door, and left 'em breaking in.

Asm. Have you alarm'd any Body else with the News?

Cher. No, no, Sir, I wanted to have discover'd the whole Plot, and twenty other things to your Man *Martin*, but I have search'd the whole House and can't find him; where is he?

Asm. No matter, Child, will you guide me immediately to the House?

Cher. With all my Heart, Sir, my Lady *Bountiful* is my Godmother; and I love Mrs *Dorinda* so well——

Asm. *Dorinda*! The Name inspires me, the Glory and the Danger shall be all my own——Come, my Life, let me but get my Sword

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II.]

SCENE *Changes to a Bed-chamber in
Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter Mrs Sull Dor undress'd, a Table and Lights.

Dor. 'Tis very late, Sister, no News of your Spouse yet?

Mrs Sull. No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then perhaps I may be executed with his Company

Dor. Well, my Dear, I'll leave you to your rest, you'll go directly to Bed, I suppose

Mrs Sull. I don't know what to do? hey-hoe.

Dor. That's a desiring Sigh, Sister.

Mrs Sull. This is a languishing Hour, Sister.

Dor. And might prove a Critical Minute, if the pretty Fellow were here

Mrs Sull. Here! what, in my Bed-chamber, at two a Clock o'th' Morning, I undress'd, the Family asleep, my hated Husband abroad, and my lovely Fellow at my Feet—O gad, Sister!

Dor. Thoughts are free, Sister, and them I allow you—So, my Dear, good Night

Mrs Sull. A good Rest to my dear *Dorinda*——Thoughts free! are they so? why then suppose him here, dress'd like a youthful, gay and burning Bridegroom, [*Here Archer steals out of the Closet*] with Tongue enchanting, Eyes bewitching, Knees imploring [*Turns a little o' one side, and sees Archer in the Posture she describes*] Ah! [*Shreeks, and runs to the*

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

other Side of the Stage] Have my Thoughts rais'd a Spirit?—What are you, Sir, a Man or a Devil?

Arch A Man, a Man, Madam.

[*Rising.*]

Mrs Sull How shall I be sure of it?

Arch Madam, I'll give you Demonstration this Minute

[*Takes her Hand.*]

Mrs Sull What, Sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch Yes, Madam, if you please

Mrs Sull In the Name of Wonder, Whence came ye?

Arch From the Skies, Madam—I'm a *Jupiter* in Love, and you shall be my *Alcmena*

Mrs Sull How came you in?

Arch I flew in at the Window, Madam, your Cozen *Cupid* lent me his Wings, and your Sister *Venus* open'd the Casement.

Mrs. Sull I'm struck dumb with Admiration.

Arch And I with wonder

[*Looks passionately at her.*]

Mrs. Sull What will become of me?

Arch How beautiful she looks—The teeming Jolly Spring Smiles in her blooming Face, and when she was conceiv'd, her Mother smelt to Roses, look'd on Lillies—

*Lillies unfold their white, their fragrant Charms,
When the warm Sun thus Darts into their Arms.*

[*Runs to her*]

Mrs Sull Ah! [*Shreeks*]

Arch. Oons, Madam, what d'ye mean? you'll raise the House

Mrs Sull Sir, I'll wake the Dead before I bear this—What! approach me with the Freedoms of a Keeper, I'm glad on't, your Impudence has cur'd me

Arch If this be Impudence [*Kneels*] I leave to your partial self, no panting Pilgrim after a tedious, painful Voyage, e'er bow'd before his Saint with more Devotion

Mrs Sull Now, now, I'm ruin'd, if he kneels! [*Aside*] rise thou prostrate Engineer, not all thy undermining Skill shall reach my Heart—Rise, and know, I am a Woman without my Sex, I can love to all the Tenderness of Wishes, Sighs and Tears—But go no farther—Still to convince you that I'm more than Woman, I can speak my Frailty, confess my Weakness even for you—But—

Arch. For me!

[*Going to lay hold on her*]

Mrs Sull Hold, Sir, build not upon that—For my most mortal hatred follows if you disobey what I command you now—leave me this Minute—If he denies, I'm lost

[*Aside.*]

Arch. Then you'll promise—

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Mrs. Sull. Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. Sull. To Morrow when you will

Arch. Your Lips must seal the Promise

Mrs. Sull. Pshaw!

Arch. They must, they must [*Kisses her*] Raptures and Paradice¹ and why not now, my Angel² the Time, the Place, Silence and Secresy, all conspire——And the now conscious Stars have preordain'd this Moment for my Happiness [*Takes her in his Arms*]

Mrs. Sull. You will not, cannot sure.

Arch. If the Sun rides fast, and disappoints not Mortals of to Morrow's Dawn, this Night shall crown my Joys

Mrs. Sull. My Sex's Pride assist me.

Arch. My Sex's Strength help me.

Mrs. Sull. You shall kill me first

Arch. I'll dye with you.

[*Carrying her off*]

Mrs. Sull. Thieves, Thieves, Murther——

Enter Scrub in his Breeches, and one Shoe.

Scrub. Thieves, Thieves, Murther, Popery

Arch. Ha! the very timorous Stag will kill in rutting time

[*Draws and offers to Stab Scrub.*]

Scrub [*Kneeling*] O, Pray, Sir, spare all I have and take my Life

Mrs. Sull [*Holding Archer's Hand*] What do's the Fellow mean?

Scrub O, Madam, down upon your Knees, your Marrow-bones——
He's one of 'um.

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub One of the Rogues—I beg your Pardon, Sir, one of the honest Gentlemen that just now are broke into the House.

Arch. How!

Mrs. Sull I hope, you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, Madam, but I wou'd have taken nothing but what you might ha' spar'd, but your crying Thieves has wak'd this dreaming Fool, and so he takes 'em for granted

Scrub Granted! 'tis granted, Sir, take all we have.

Mrs. Sull The Fellow looks as if he were broke out of *Bedlam*

Scrub. Oons, Madam, they're broke in to the House with Fire and Sword, I saw them, heard them, they'll be here this Minute.

Arch. What, Thieves!

Scrub. Under Favour, Sir, I think so.

Mrs. Sull What shall we do, Sir?

Arch. Madam, I wish your Ladyship a good Night.

Mrs. Sull Will you leave me?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Arch. Leave you! Lord, Madam, did not you command me to be gone just now upon pain of your immortal Hatred

Mrs. Sull. Nay, but pray, Sir——— [*Takes hold of him.*]

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be ravish'd —You see now, Madam, you must use Men one way or other, but take this by the way, good Madam, that none but a Fool will give you the benefit of his Courage, unless you'll take his Love along with it ——How are they arm'd, Friend?

Scrub. With Sword and Pistol, Sir.

Arch. Hush——I see a dark Lanthorn coming thro' the Gallery.—— Madam, be assur'd I will protect you, or lose my Life

Mrs. Sull. Your Life! no, Sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore, now, Sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, Madam, I'll consult my own Safety for the sake of yours, I'll work by Stratagem: Have you Courage enough to stand the appearance of 'em?

Mrs. Sull. Yes, yes, since I have scap'd your Hands, I can face any thing

Arch. Come hither, Brother *Scrub*, don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear Brother, let me kiss thee [*Kisses Archer.*]

Arch. This way—Here—— [*Archer and Scrub hide behind the Bed.*]

*Enter Gibbet with a dark Lanthorn in one Hand
and a Pistol in t'other.*

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the Chamber, and the Lady alone

Mrs. Sull. Who are you, Sir? what wou'd you have? d'y'e come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! alack a day, Madam, I'm only a younger Brother, Madam, and so, Madam, if you make a Noise, I'll shoot you thro' the Head, but don't be afraid, Madam

[*Laying his Lanthorn and Pistol upon the Table.*]

These Rings, Madam, don't be concern'd, Madam, I have a profound Respect for you, Madam, your Keys, Madam, don't be frighted, Madam, I'm the most of a Gentleman

[*Searching her Pockets.*]

This Necklace, Madam, I never was rude to a Lady;—I have a Veneration —for this Necklace——

[*Here Archer having come round and seiz'd the Pistols, takes Gibbet by the Collar, trips up his Heels, and claps the Pistol to his Breast.*]

Arch. Hold, profane Villain, and take the Reward of thy Sacrilege

Gib. Oh! Pray, Sir, don't kill me, I an't prepar'd.

Arch. How many is there of 'em, *Scrub*?

Scrub. Five and Forty, Sir

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Arch. Then I must kill the Villain to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold, hold, Sir, we are but three upon my Honour.

Arch. *Scrub*, will you undertake to secure him?

Scrub Not I, Sir; kill him, kill him.

Arch. Run to *Gipsy's* Chamber, there you'll find the Doctor, bring him hither presently.

[*Exit Scrub running*]

Come, Rogue, if you have a short Prayer, say it.

Gib. Sir, I have no Prayer at all; the Government has provided a Chaplain to say Prayers for us on these Occasions.

Mrs Sull. Pray, Sir, don't kill him;—You fright me as much as him

Arch. The Dog shall die, Madam, for being the Occasion of my dis-
appointment ——— Sirrah, this Moment is your last.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you Two hundred Pound to spare my Life.

Arch. Have you no more, Rascal?

Gib. Yes, Sir, I can command Four hundred, but I must reserve Two of 'em to save my Life at the Sessions.

Enter Scrub and Foigard.

Arch. Here, Doctor, I suppose *Scrub* and you between you may manage him ——— Lay hold of him, Doctor.

[*Foig. lays hold of Gibbet.*]

Gib. What! turn'd over to the Priest already. ——— Look'ye, Doctor, you come before your time, I an't condemn'd yet, I thank'ye

Foig. Come, my dear Joy, I will secure your Body and your Shoul too; I will make you a good Catholick, and give you an Absolution.

Gib. Absolution! can you procure me a Pardon, Doctor?

Foig. No, Joy ———

Gib. Then you and your Absolution may go to the Devil.

Arch. Convey him into the Cellar, there bind him. ——— Take the Pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot him thro' the Head, ——— and come back to us with all the speed you can

Scrub. Ay, ay, come, Doctor, do you hold him fast, and I'll guard him.

Mrs Sull. But how came the Doctor?

Arch. In short, Madam ——— [*Shreeking without*] S'death! the Rogues are at work with the other Ladies ——— I'm vex'd I parted with the Pistol, but I must fly to their Assistance. ——— Will you stay here, Madam, or venture your self with me?

Mrs Sull. O, with you, dear Sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the Arm and Exeunt.*]

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

[SCENE III.]

SCENE *Changes to another Apartment in the same House.*

Enter Hounslow dragging in Lady Bountyfull, and Bagshot halting in Dorinda, the Rogues with Swords drawn

Houn. Come, come, your Jewels, Mistriss.

Bag Your Keys, your Keys, old Gentlewoman

Enter Aimwell and Cherry.

Aim Turn this way, Villains, I durst engage an Army in such a Cause
[*He engages 'em both.*]

Dor. O, Madam, had I but a Sword to help the brave Man!

L. Boun There's three or four hanging up in the Hall; but they won't draw. I'll go fetch one however. [Exit.]

Enter Archer and Mrs. Sullen.

Arch. Hold, hold, my Lord, every Man his Bird, pray.

[*They engage Man to Man, the Rogues are thrown and disarm'd.*]

Cher What! the Rogues taken! then they'll impeach my Father,
I must give him timely Notice. [Runs out]

Arch. Shall we kill the Rogues?

Aim. No, no, we'll bind them

Arch. Ay, ay, here, Madam, lend me your Garter!

[*To Mrs. Sullen who stands by him.*]

Mrs. Sull. The Devil's in this Fellow; he fights, loves, and banters, all in a Breath ——— Here's a Cord that the Rogues brought with 'em, I suppose

Arch Right, right, the Rogue's Destiny, a Rope to hang himself ——— Come, my Lord, ——— This is but a scandalous sort of an Office, [*Binding the Rogues together*] if our Adventures shou'd end in this sort of Hangman-work, but I hope there is something in prospect that ——— [*Enter Scrub*] Well, *Scrub*, have you secur'd your *Tartar*?

Scrub. Yes, Sir, I left the Priest and him disputing about Religion.

Aim. And pray carry these Gentlemen to reap the Benefit of the Controversy. [*Delivers the Prisoners to Scrub, who leads 'em out.*]

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Sister, how came my Lord here?

Dor And pray, how came the Gentleman here?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Mrs. Sull I'll tell you the greatest piece of Villainy——

[*They talk in dumb show.*]

Aim I fancy, *Archer*, you have been more successful in your Adventures than the House-breakers

Arch. No matter for my Adventure, yours is the principal.—Press her this Minute to marry you,——now while she's hurry'd between the Palpitation of her Fear, and the Joy of her Deliverance, now while the Tide of her Spirits are at High-flood——Throw your self at her Feet, speak some *Romanuck* Nonsense or other,——Address her like *Alexander* in the height of his Victory, confound her Senses, bear down her Reason, and away with her——The Priest is now in the Cellar, and dare not refuse to do the work

Enter Lady Bountifull

Aim But how shall I get off without being observ'd?

Arch. You a Lover! and not find a way to get off—Let me see

Aim You bleed, *Archer*

Arch S'death, I'm glad on't, this Wound will do the Business——I'll amuse the old Lady and Mrs *Sullen* about dressing my Wound, while you carry off *Dorinda*

L. Boun Gentlemen, cou'd we understand how you wou'd be gratified for the Services——

Arch Come, come, my Lady, this is no time for Complements, I'm wounded, Madam.

L. Boun

Mrs Sull } How! wounded!

Dor. I hope, Sir, you have receiv'd no Hurt?

Aim None but what you may cure [*Makes Love in dumb show.*]

L. Boun Let me see your Arm, Sir ——I must have some Powder-sugar to stop the Blood——O me! an ugly Gash upon my Word, Sir, you must go into Bed.

Arch Ay, my Lady a Bed wou'd do very well ——Madam, [*To Mrs Sull*] Will you do me the Favour to conduct me to a Chamber?

L. Boun Do, do, Daughter——while I get the Lint and the Probe and the Plaister ready

[*Runs out one way, Aimwell carries off Dorinda another*]

Arch. Come, Madam, why don't you obey your Mother's Commands?

Mrs Sull How can you, after what is past, have the Confidence to ask me?

Arch And if you go to that, how can you after what is past, have the Confidence to deny me?——Was not this Blood shed in your Defence, and my Life expos'd for your Protection?——Look'ye, Madam, I'm none of your *Romanuck* Fools, that fight Gyants and Monsters for nothing,

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

my Valour is downright *Swiss*; I'm a Soldier of Fortune and must be paid.

Mrs. Sull. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Sir, to upbraid me with your Services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Madam, not to reward 'em.

Mrs. Sull. How! at the Expence of my Honour.

Arch. Honour! can Honour consist with Ingratitude? if you wou'd deal like a Woman of Honour, do like a Man of Honour, d'ye think I wou'd deny you in such a Case? [Enter a Servant.]

Ser. Madam, my Lady order'd me to tell you that your Brother is below at the Gate

Mrs. Sull. My Brother? Heavens be prais'd — Sir, he shall thank you for your Services, he has it in his Power.

Arch. Who is your Brother, Madam?

Mrs. Sull. Sir Charles Freeman — You'll excuse me, Sir, I must go and receive him

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman! S'death and Hell! — My old Acquaintance Now unless *Aimwell* has made good use of his time, all our fair Machine goes souse into the Sea like the *Edystone*. [Exit.]

[SCENE IV.]

SCENE *Changes to the Gallery in the same House.*

Enter Aimwell and Dorinda.

Dor. Well, well, my Lord, you have conquer'd, your late generous Action will, I hope, plead for my easie yielding, tho' I must own your Lordship had a Friend in the Fort before

Aim. The Sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her Tongue — Here, Doctor — [Enter Foigard with a Book]

Foig. Are you prepar'd boat?

✓ Dor. I'm ready But, first, my Lord one Word, — I have a frightful Example of a hasty Marriage in my own Family, when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray, my Lord, consider a little —

Aim. Consider! Do you doubt my Honour or my Love?

Dor. Neither I do believe you equally Just as Brave. — And were your whole Sex drawn out for me to chuse, I shou'd not cast a look upon the Multitude if you were absent. — But my Lord, I'm a Woman; Colours, Concealments may hide a thousand Faults in me, — Therefore

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

know me better first, I hardly dare affirm I know my self in any thing except my Love

Aim Such Goodness who cou'd injure; I find my self unequal to the Task of Villain; she has gain'd my Soul, and made it honest like her own; ———I cannot, cannot hurt her

[*Aside.*

Doctor, retire.

[*Exit Foigard.*

Madam, behold your Lover and your Proselite, and judge of my Passion by my Conversion.—I'm all a Lie, nor dare I give a Fiction to your Arms, I'm all Counterfeit except my Passion.

Dor. Forbid it Heaven! a Counterfeit!

Aim. I am no Lord, but a poor needy Man, come with a mean, a scandalous Design to prey upon your Fortune.—But the Beauties of your Mind and Person have so won me from my self, that like a trusty Servant, I prefer the Interest of my Mistress to my own.

Dor. Sure, I have had the Dream of some poor Mariner, a sleepy image of a welcome Port, and wake involv'd in Storms.—Pray, Sir, who are you?

Aim. Brother to the Man whose Title I usurp'd, but Stranger to his Honour or his Fortune

Dor. Matchless Honesty——Once I was proud, Sir, of your Wealth and Title, but now am prouder that you want it. Now I can shew my Love was justly levell'd, and had no Aim but Love Doctor, come in

Enter Foigard at one Door, Gipsy at another, who whispers Dorinda.

Your Pardon, Sir, we shannot, won't you now, Sir? you must excuse me, —I'll wait on you presently.

[*Exit with Gipsy*

Foig Upon my Shoul, now, dis is foolish

[*Exit*

Aim Gone! and bid the Priest depart.——It has an ominous Look.

Enter Archer.

Arch Courage, *Tom*——Shall I wish you Joy?

Aim No

Arch Oons, Man, what ha' you been doing?

Aim O, *Archer*, my Honesty, I fear, has ruin'd me.

Arch How!

Aim. I have discover'd my self.

Arch Discover'd! and without my Consent? what! have I embark'd my small Remains in the same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my Partnership?

Aim O, *Archer*, I own my Fault.

Arch After Conviction—'Tis then too late for Pardon.—You may remember, Mr. *Aimwell*, that you propos'd this Folly—As you begun, so end it.—Henceforth I'll hunt my Fortune single.—So farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear *Archer*, but a Minute.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Arch Stay! what to be despis'd, expos'd and laugh'd at—No, I wou'd sooner change Conditions with the worst of the Rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful Smile from the proud Knight that once I treated as my equal

Asm What Knight?

Arch Sir *Charles Freeman*, Brother to the Lady that I had almost— But no matter for that, 'tis a cursed Night's Work, and so I leave you to make your best on't. [*Going.*]

Asm Freeman!—One Word, *Archer* Still I have Hopes; methought she receiv'd my Confession with Pleasure

Arch S'death! who doubts it?

Asm. She consented after to the Match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

Arch To her self, I warrant her, as you shou'd have been.

Asm. By all my Hopes, she comes, and smiling comes

Enter Dorinda mighty gay.

Dor Come, my dear Lord,——I fly with Impatience to your Arms — The Minutes of my Absence was a tedious Year Where's this tedious Priest?

Enter Foigard

Arch Oons! a brave Girl

Dor. I suppose, my Lord, this Gentleman is privy to our Affairs?

Arch Yes, yes, Madam, I'm to be your Father

Dor. Come, Priest, do your Office.

Arch Make hast, make hast, couple 'em any way [*Takes Asmwell's Hand*] Come, Madam, I'm to give you——

Dor My Mind's alter'd, I won't.

Arch Eh——

Asm. I'm confounded

Foig Upon my Shoul, and sho is my shelf.

Arch What's the matter now, Madam?

Dor. Look'ye, Sir, one generous Action deserves another—This Gentleman's Honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me, my Justice engages me to conceal nothing from him: In short, Sir, you are the Person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viscount *Asmwell*, and I wish your Lordship Joy Now, Priest, you may be gone, if my Lord is pleas'd now with the Match, let his Lordship marry me in the face of the World

Asm Arch What do's she mean?

Dor Here's a Witness for my Truth [*Enter Sir Ch. and Mrs Sul.*]

Sir Charles. My dear Lord *Asmwell*, I wish you Joy.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Asm. Of what?

Sir Ch. Of your Honour and Estate: Your Brother died the Day before, I left *London*; and all your Friends have writ after you to *Brussels*, among the rest I did my self the Honour

Arch. Hark'ye, Sir Knight, don't you banter now?

Sir Ch. 'Tis Truth upon my Honour.

Asm. Thanks to the pregnant Stars that form'd this Accident

Arch. Thanks to the Womb of Time that brought it forth, away with it.

Asm. Thanks to my Guardian Angel that led me to the Prize——

[*Taking Dorinda's Hand*

Arch. And double Thanks to the noble Sir *Charles Freeman* My Lord, I wish you Joy. My Lady I wish you Joy.—I Gad, Sir *Freeman*, you're the honestest Fellow living ——S'death, I'm grown strange airy upon this matter—My Lord, how d'ye?—a word, my Lord, don't you remember something of a previous Agreement, that entitles me to the Moyety of this Lady's Fortune, which, I think will amount to Five thousand Pound?

Asm. Not a Penny, *Archer*, You wou'd ha' cut my Throat just now, because I wou'd not deceive this Lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your Throat again, if you shou'd deceive her now

Asm. That's what I expected, and to end the Dispute, the Lady's Fortune is Ten thousand Pound, we'll divide Stakes, take the Ten thousand Pound, or the Lady

Dor. How! is your Lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, Madam, his Lordship knows very well, that I'll take the Money, I leave you to his Lordship, and so we're both provided for

[*Enter Count Bellair*

Co. *Mesdames, & Messieurs*, I am your Servant trice humble: I hear you be rob, here

Asm. The Ladies have been in some danger, Sir

Co. And Begar, our Inn be rob too

Asm. Our Inn! by whom?

Count. By the Landlord, begar—Garzoon he has rob himself and run away

Arch. Rob'd himself!

Count. Ay, begar, and me too of a hundre Pound.

Arch. A hundred Pound

Count. Yes, that I ow'd him

Asm. Our Money's gone, *Frank*

Arch. Rot the Money, my Wench is gone——*Scavez vous quelque chose de Mademoiselle Cherry?*

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Enter a Fellow with a strong Box and a Letter.

Fell Is there one *Martin* here?

Arch Ay, ay,——who wants him?

Fell I have a Box here and Letter for him.

Arch [*Taking the Box*] Ha, ha, ha, what's here? *Legerdemain!* by this Light, my Lord, our Money again; but this unfolds the Riddle. [*Opening the Letter, reads.*] Hum, hum, hum——O, 'tis for the Publick good, and must be communicated to the Company

MR. MARTIN,

M*Y Father being afraid of an Impeachment by the Rogues that are taken to Night is gone off, but if you can procure him a Pardon he will make great Discoveries that may be useful to the Country, cou'd I have met you instead of your Master to Night, I wou'd have deliver'd my self into your Hands with a Sum that much exceeds that in your strong Box, which I have sent you, with an Assurance to my dear Martin, that I shall ever be his most faithful Friend till Death.*

CHERRY BONNIFACE.

there's a Billet-doux for you——As for the Father I think he ought to be encouraged, and for the Daughter,——Pray, my Lord, persuade your Bride to take her into her Service instead of *Gipsey*

Am. I can assure you, Madam, your Deliverance was owing to her Discovery.

Dor Your Command, my Lord, will do without the Obligation I'll take care of her.

Sir Ch. This good Company meets oportunely in favour of a Design I have in behalf of my unfortunate Sister, I intend to part her from her Husband——Gentlemen will you assist me?

Arch Assist you! S'Death, who wou'd not?

Count. Assist! Garzoon, we all assist.

Enter Sullen

Sull. What's all this?——They tell me Spouse that you had like to have been rob'd

Mrs Sull. Truly, Spouse, I was pretty near it——Had not these two Gentlemen interpos'd

Sull. How came these Gentlemen here?

Mrs. Sull That's his way of returning Thanks you must know

Count Garzoon, the Question be a propo for all dat.

Sir Ch. You promis'd last Night, Sir, that you wou'd deliver your Lady to me this Morning.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Sull. Humph.

Arch. Humph. What do you mean by humph—Sir, you shall deliver her—In short, Sir, we have sav'd you and your Family, and if you are not civil we'll unbind the Rogues, join with 'um and set fire to your House—What do's the Man mean? not part with his Wife!

Count. Ay, Garzoon de Man no understan Common Justice.

Mrs. Sull. Hold, Gentlemen, all things here must move by consent, Compulsion wou'd Spoil us, let my Dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it between us

Sull. Let me know first who are to be our Judges—Pray, Sir, who are you?

Sir Ch. I am *Sir Charles Freeman*, come to take away your Wife

Sull. And you, good Sir?

Arm. *Charles Viscount Armwell*, come to take away your Sister

Sull. And you, pray Sir?

Arch. *Francis Archer*, Esq., come——

Sull. To take away my Mother, I hope—Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome, I never met with three more obliging People since I was born—— And now, my Dear, if you please, you shall have the first word

Arch. And the last for five Pound.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Sull. Spouse.

Sull. Ribb

Mrs. Sull. How long have we been marry'd?

Sull. By the Almanak fourteen Months——But by my Account fourteen Years

Mrs. Sull. 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning

Count. Garzoon, their Account will agree

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Spouse, what did you marry for?

Sull. To get an Heir to my Estate

Sir Ch. And have you succeeded?

Sull. No

Arch. The Condition fails of his side——Pray, Madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. Sull. To support the Weakness of my Sex by the Strength of his, and to enjoy the Pleasures of an agreeable Society.

Sir Ch. Are your Expectations answer'd?

Mrs. Sull. No.

Count. A clear Case, a clear Case.

Sir Ch. What are the Bars to your mutual Contentment.

Mrs. Sul. In the first Place I can't drink Ale with him

Sull. Nor can I drink Tea with her

Mrs. Sull. I can't hunt with you

Sull. Nor can I dance with you.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Mrs *Sull*. I hate Cocking and Racing.
Sull. And I abhor Ombre and Piquet.
Mrs *Sull*. Your Silence is intollerable
Sull. Your Prating is worse.
Mrs *Sull*. Have we not been a perpetual Offence to each other—
A gnawing Vulture at the Heart?
Sull. A frightful Goblin to the Sight.
Mrs. *Sull*. A Porcupine to the Feeling.
Sull. Perpetual Wormwood to the Taste
Mrs. *Sull*. Is there on Earth a thing we cou'd agree in?
Sull. Yes——To part
Mrs. *Sull*. With all my Heart
Sull. Your Hand.
Mrs *Sull*. Here
Sull. These Hands join'd us, these shall part us——away——
Mrs *Sull*. North.
Sul. South
Mrs *Sull*. East.
Sull. West——far as the Poles asunder.
Count. Begar the Ceremony be vera pretty
Sir *Ch*. Now, Mr. *Sullen*, there wants only my Sister's Fortune to make
us easie
Sull. Sir *Charles*, you love your Sister, and I love her Fortune, every
one to his Fancy
Arch. Then you won't refund?
Sull. Not a Stiver
Arch. Then I find, Madam, you must e'en go to your Prison again.
Count. What is the Portion
Sir *Ch*. Ten thousand Pound, Sir
Count. Garzoon, I'll pay it, and she shall go home wid me.
Arch. Ha, ha, ha, French all over—Do you know, Sir, what ten thousand
Pound English is?
Count. No, begar, not justement
Arch. Why, Sir, 'tis a hundred thousand Livres
Count. A hundre tousand Livres——A Garzoon, me canno' do't, your
Beauties and their Fortunes are both too much for me.
Arch. Then I will——This Nights Adventure has prov'd strangely
lucky to us all——For Captain *Gibbet* in his Walk had made bold, Mr
Sullen, with your Study and Escritore, and had taken out all the Writings
of your Estate, all the Articles of Marriage with his Lady, Bills, Bonds,
Leases, Receipts to an infinite Value, I took 'em from him, and I deliver
them to Sir *Charles*

[Gives him a Parcel of Papers and Parchments.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Sull. How, my Writings! my Head akes consumedly——Well, Gentlemen, you shall have her Fortune, but I can't talk If you have a mind, Sir *Charles*, to be merry, and celebrate my Sister's Wedding, and my Divorce, you may command my House—but my Head akes consumedly——*Scrub*, bring me a Dram

Arch. Madam, [*To Mrs Sull*] there's a Country Dance to the Trifle that I sung to Day; your Hand, and we'll lead it up

[*Here a Dance*]

Arch 'Twou'd be hard to guess which of these Parties is the better, pleas'd, the Couple Join'd, or the Couple Parted? the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted Happiness, and the other in their Deliverance from an experienc'd Misery

*Both happy in their several States we find,
Those parted by consent, and those conjoin'd
Consent, if mutual, saves the Lawyer's Fee,
Consent is Law enough to set you free.*

FINIS

A N
E P I O G U E

Design'd to be spoke in the Beaux Stratagem.

I*F to our Play Your Judgment can't be kind,
Let its expiring Author Pity find
Survey his mournful Case with melting Eyes,
Nor let the Bard be dam'd before he dies
Forbear you Fair on his last Scene to frown,
But his true Exit with a Plaudis Crown ,
Then shall the dying Poet cease to Fear,
The dreadful Knell, while your Applause he hears
At Leuctra so, the Conqu'ring Theban dy'd,
Claim'd his Friends' Praises, but their Tears deny'd .
Pleas'd in the Pangs of Death he greatly Thought
Conquest with loss of Life but cheaply bought
The Difference this, the Greek was one wou'd fight
As brave, tho' not so gay as Serjeant Kite,
Ye Sons of Will's what's that to those who write?
To Thebes alone the Grecian ow'd his Bays,
You may the Bard above the Hero raise,
Since yours is greater than Athenian Praise.*

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
COVENT-GARDEN

In Imitation of *Scarron's*

CITY
ROMANCE

Et quorum pars Magna fui.

THE
DEDICATION

To all my Ingenious Acquaintance
at *Will's Coffee-House*.

Gentlemen,

I am

*Your most Devoted,
most Obedient, and
most Faithful humble
Servant.*

T O T H E R E A D E R

M*Y* Dedication looks very Blank upon the Matter, and 'tis no Wonder, since I expect no Present for it But I may venture to say, that no Dedication was ever less Fulson and Tedious, tho none can deny that I have given my Patrons a very fair Character. The Severe and Judicious may quarrel at me for Innovation in this Affair, but since the greatest Critick of our Age has Published a Dedication without denominating his Patron, so the least has ventured to ascribe his Patrons, and leave out the Dedication.

I have some few things to say in Relation to the Author, and touching the Book; the Author is a Person admired by the Ladies for his Discretion and Secrecy, as you may easily imagine by these Means he has chosen to confirm their good Opinion of him, and to make the Secret yet closer, he has let it loose among the Wits, who will so Chase it about Covent-Garden, but I question whether they ever Hunt it into the right Burrough If ye are so good Philosophers as to find out the Author by a Negative Definition take it, he's neither Collierist, nor Poet, neither Æsop of Tunbridge, nor Æsop of Bath, nor the Dragon of Bow, nor the Grashopper at the Exchange, and for an Englishman not to belong to any of these Factions, is somewhat strange

As to the Book, 'tis for the most part, matter of Fact, and all Transacted within these Three Months The Critics may perhaps quarrel with me for breaking Unity of Time, for (say they) if an Heroick Poem must be limited to the space of Twelve Months, a Novel by the rule of Proportion should be confined to One But I can urge enough in my defence, perhaps I was very Young when I writ it, or Recovering from a fit of Sickness; perhaps I was very Old and near my great Climacterick, perhaps I wrote it in haste, or perhaps 'tis my first Essay.

Now, Gentlemen, I have given you Pick and Chose of the most Fashionable Excuses, and if you are not satisfied, I think unreasonable.

Some may ask what I had to do with the Church and Stage in my Novel? Truly I have as little to do with either of them as any Wit among Ye, let them fight Dog, fight Bear, for me But because I would make my Book Beau, I thought it convenient to Equip him with an Air of the Times, and make him Chat on the most Modish Subjects As another Addition to his Finery, I have given him a Description of Night This was altogether worn about Ten years ago, and may do well enough still for a Change I build this Allegory

ADVENTURES OF COVENT-GARDEN

of Poppery upon the Authority of a famous Modern, who certainly design'd his Description of Night for a Beau-Wig to his Piece, as may appear by this Line

And Nights Black Locks all Powder'd o're with Stars.

Some may accuse me for servile imitation of my Neighbours in this Description Faith, I have a great mind to imitate Them very closely now by Valuing myself upon it however.

You must not in this Piece expect any Wit, for that is grown too Dangerous and Scandalous since the Act against Immorality and Profaneness, besides, being within the City Liberties, I must not venture to be Facetious, till I know whether the New Lord M——r is Dragon, Grashopper, or what other Animal

As for my imitating Scarron, I confess 'tis not Copia vera, as many draw their Imitations, but there is something as Odd in this Gentlemans Writings, as there was in Person, which may puzzle an Author as much as a Painter to delineate him There are some turns of Plot in the following Adventures that may seem incredible, but this very strangeness to any considerate Person will appear the most convincing Proof of their Truth, for unless they had really passed, I could never have thought of 'em.

One word to Emilia, and then—She only knows the Author, whom if she discovers, he certainly discovers her, there's a Rowland for her Oliver her Character is drawn by so favourable a Hand, that it will make her Cunning more admired, than her Falshood hated My Love has still added a pleasing gloss to her worst Designs, and amidst my severest Reflections on her Deceit, I have never forgot the Respect due to her as a fair Lady Yet if she will be Angry, let her take what follows

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
COVENT-GARDEN

A Young Gentleman somewhat addicted to Poetry and the Diversions of the Stage, standing one Evening behind the Scenes in *Drury-lane Playhouse*, was accosted with a Message by the Door-keeper, that a Lady in the Entrance desir'd to speak with him, he readily obey'd the Charge, but was strangely surpris'd to be saluted by a Voice well known to him, and a Person whom he imagin'd in another Kingdom (one whom he passionately lov'd) and whose absence he much regretted, their Joys were mutual at the Interview, but his the greater, because heightn'd by surprise and unexpectedness, *for Heavens sake, Madam (said the Spark in a transport) is your Husband dead? and may I hope at last that you are mine*, The Lady answer'd only by a deep Sigh, and conducting him to the Coach which waited for her, she gave him the following account. *You may remember, my dear Peregrine, (said she) that constrain'd by the Rigour of covetous Parents, who consulted my Fortune, not Inclinations, I broke my Vows and Protestations to you and married Richly Revolve not the fatal remembrance (answer'd Peregrine) which occasion'd me so much misery, forcing me thro grief to leave the Kingdom, and come hither for London, but rather declare the cause which so happily has Blest me now with your Presence so far beyond my hopes. Alas Sir, reply'd Emilia, why shou'd you doubt the occasion, knowing your self and knowing me? how could I rest in the Embraces of Another, whilst nothing but a narrow Sea parted me from my dear Peregrine I gave my friends the satisfaction to see me married to Richly, but did my self the Justice to live with none but my Dearest——*with which words pressing his Hand, and letting her Head fall with a Sigh in his Bosom, she murmur'd out the rest in a Language which Lovers only understand. The Coach stopt in *Bow-street Covent-Garden*, where the Lady had taken Lodgings. *Pereg.* was a little startl'd to find himself exactly opposite to a House wherein dwelt a Lady whom he Court'd, for being advis'd, that the only cure for the loss of an old Mistress

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is a new one, and his Fortune being very much weakn'd by expence of Travel, he had pitch'd on the aforesaid Lady of a considerable Fortune and good Family, to relieve his decay'd Estate by marrying her. He had won pretty far on the Ladies Inclinations, and Acted the Lover so well and so frequently, that he had almost made it habitual to him, and through pure strength of imagination did almost believe her as captivating as his former Mistress, but it was only a fancy, for he soon forgot all his Passion at the first sight of *Emilia*; and his wavering Affection, like a lesser Light, was soon swallow'd in the appearance of a greater; he conducted *Emilia* to her Chamber, where they spent an Hour or Two, pleasantly repeating the Adventures of their past Courtship, and now and then making protestations to improve the future. How strangely ridiculous are Lovers! this Lady had been the greatest cause of many misfortunes to him, and he had substantial reasons to believe, the rigour of her Parents was only urg'd as an excuse to break with him, a reasonable Person would have consider'd her as a Renegado from her lawful Husband, and might have had some regard to the Protestations made to the vertuous Lady, and the improvement of his Fortune, I doubt not but the Gentleman's reason, which was of the ripest growth, suggested all these considerations to him, but alas, that Ingenuity which shew'd him his error, plung'd him the deeper in it, the Charms of his *Emilia* were so heightn'd by his creative fancy, his Wit looking through the Perspective of his Love, shew'd all things so Charming that nothing but Passion could predominate, and certainly the most ingenious Men are the most liable to the Snares of the Fair, whether it be that their Intellects are more fine, and therefore more adapted for the reception of the subtile Passion, or being more subject to Vanity, may easily through a sense of their merit be drawn into a belief of their being belov'd, and consequently the more easily cheated.

However it was, *Peregrine* went away the most pleas'd Man alive, and coming to his Club at the *Rose*, surpris'd the Company with the Extravagancy of his Mirth, no less than Bumpers wou'd go down, and all to his Mistresses health, there was none of the company dispos'd to comply with his humour, but a Captain, who swearing a bloody Oath that put his Scarlet out of countenance, declar'd he would Drink for his Mistress as much as *Peregrine* shou'd for his Guts, and *Damne* (*contin'd he*) *I have got the prettiest, kindest creature, and she is newly come to Town, but what is yet stranger, I have not yet enjoy'd her, tho I have seen her twice I shou'd think it more strange* (*said Peregrine*) *if you ever enjoy her, if she be one that values her Reputation* *Zoons* (*cry'd the Captain*) *you look like an honest Fellow, and I'll tell you a secret, My Mistress is the prettiest Lady in England, and she Lodges hard by in Bow-street* The whole Company, who knew that *Peregrine* Court'd a Lady in *Bow-street*, burst out a Laughing, and one of them ask'd the Captain whereabouts his Mistress liv'd? *About the middle*

ADVENTURES OF COVENT-GARDEN

of the Street, (reply'd he) which increas'd the Laughter all about the Table. Here appear'd another Caprice in the humour of our Lover: *Peregrine*, who just now had forgot and laid by all thoughts of his former Mistress, had his passion renew'd by the apprehension of a Rival, and his Flame like other Fire, meeting with opposition, began to rage more furiously, he ask'd the Captain what encouragment he had receiv'd, to authorise him to call that Lady Mistress? *Only this (said the Captain) that I am below'd by her above all Men in the World, for which I have her own Declaration.* *Peregrine* being sensible how far a Lac'd Coat and Feathers usually work upon the Female Sex, was very uneasy, and calling a Reckoning left the Company.

Next Morning he went to *Emilia's* Lodgings, but 'twas answer'd by the House that she was gone abroad, he repeated his Visit in the Afternoon with no better success, three or four Days he continu'd to wait upon her thus, but could never find her at home: The Lady over the way had perceiv'd him to go frequently thither, and hearing that a strange Lady lodg'd there, began to entertain some Jealous thoughts of him, she therefore order'd a Footman to watch him at his next coming, and to tell him that she desir'd to speak with him, the Message was deliver'd accordingly, and he waited on *Selinda* Sir (said she) *I was afraid that you had mistaken my Lodgings, by your frequent calling at another House so near me, and therefore I sent my Servant to set you right* He was waken'd from his sweet Dream of *Emilia* by so just a charge, but the words of the Captain coming in his Head, *Madam (said he) I saw the Sign of a Lac'd Coat hung out at your House, which occasion'd my mistaking it* The Lady desiring him to explain his Expression, he plainly told her what the Captain said, she assur'd him by very convincing reasons, that she knew no such Person, and implicitly hinted to him, that if he were the Lover he pretended, it lay upon him to make the Blockhead beg her Pardon. *Peregrine* needed no such instigation, for by this it appear'd to him that the Captains words were out of a dull design of affronting him, and vowing Revenge wou'd have immediately gone to have put it in Execution The Lady dreading the blustering title of Captain, and fearing to Expose *Peregrine*, whom she really Lov'd, detain'd him, by a pretence of his Accompanying her to *Bartholemew-Fair*, whether she design'd to go that Evening to Raffle, he could not decline waiting on her, and suspended therefore his intended resentments The Lady's Coach was got ready, and they went to the *Cloysters*, where they Joyn'd in with some very good Company to Raffle, among which was my Lord C—— who had a Lady Mask'd with him, and whom he entertain'd with some Respect, yet mix'd with a little Familiarity The first Piece of small value my Lord won, and presented to his Mask'd Lady, the second, worth Ten pound, *Peregrine* carried, not so glad for his Success, as Proud to make such a Present to his Mistress; he was turning towards her to Present it, when

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the Mask'd Lady with a careless motion, as if by accident, pull'd off her *Visor*, and shew'd him the Charming Face of his dear *Emilia*; she imagin'd, obliging him to know her was Claim sufficient to the *China*. Gods! how great was *Peregrine's* surprise! What a strange Dilemma was he brought to! all the rules of civility and good Manners, nay even gratitude, oblig'd him to give the Present to *Selinda* whom he had waited on to the Fair, nay, the Company had already begun to congratulate her success in that of the Gentleman, But *Emilia*, the charming *Emilia*, that held his Heart, detain'd his Hand, he had long since made her a Present of his Soul, and who now cou'd stand in competition with her for any thing else: He never had a h occasion for his Wits to bring him off, but finding no Expedient re-adir, he pretending a Slip let the *China* fall, and broke it, and feigning a dissatisfaction for the Loss, wou'd throw no more. Both the Ladies were enough pleas'd, each imagining that he was vex'd upon her score, sup'ed he intended it for her, which he purposely broke, lest he shou'd oblige either by the displeasure of the other.

But *Peregrine* trouble was not here at an end, he saw his *Emilia*, who so lately and so lovingly caressed him, entertain'd by a Nobleman, and one of the greatest Gallants in *England*, but what wou'd have destroy'd another affection, only increased his, he took a secret Pride in Rivalling so great a Man, and it confirmed his great opinion of *Emilia's* beauty, to see her Admir'd by so accomplish't a Person and absolute Courtier as my Lord C——— These considerations augmenting his Love, increased his Jealousy also, and every little Familiarity that my Lord us'd, heightned his Love to her, and hatred to his Lordship, he Lov'd her for being Admir'd by my Lord, yet hated my Lord for Loving her He was oblig'd however to wait on *Selinda* home, besides he receiv'd no great encouragement from *Emilia* to prompt him to offer his Service, for she had not regarded him one Jot after he broke the *China*, he went Home strangely distracted, which *Selinda* imagining it to proceed from his resentment against the Captain, minded no further than by advising him to desist, telling him that the aspersions of a Fool are never minded, unless the Person aspersed takes notice of them. He went Home never the more satisfied, and resolving to quit himself of one trouble immediatly, he writ the following Note

S I R,

YOUR words at the Tavern the other night seem purely design'd to affront me, since I am now satisfied they cou'd be grounded on no other Foundation; if you dare repeat them, meet me behind *Montague House* to morrow Morning at Six, where only I can give you a proper answer,

Yours,
Peregrine.

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This Letter he gave to a Porter, with orders to deliver it to Captain ——— at his Lodgings, or if he were abroad to find him out, and to deliver it into his own Hand

Peregrine rose early next Morning and came to the place appointed, and walked about full of serious thoughts upon his Adventure, reflecting on the many inconveniences contracted by Womens conversation, he remembered that the greatest disquiets of his Life had proceeded from Female causes, and found himself that very Moment at the very brink of Destruction, involv'd in an unavoidable Dilemma of falling by the Sword, or dying by the Law, and all upon a Womans score, he found, that had he never Lov'd Woman, he had never hated Man, and had he never owned a Mistress, he had never feared an Enemy The apprehensions of so many dangers past and to come, occasioned chiefly by his fatal *Emilia*, began somewhat to alienate his affection, which backed by his suspicion of her falshood, confirmed him in a resolution of weaning himself for the future from so childish a Passion He walked thus ruminating above two hours, but no news of the Captain, and he was pretty well pleas'd not to meet his Adversary, being now convicted of the unreasonable grounds of his quarrel Being upon serious reflections convinc'd, that the Captains words might have intended some other besides his Mistress, since he did not name *Selinda*, and that she had assur'd him, she knew no such Man He left the Field, establish'd in these Three calm Resolutions, first, for ever to avoid *Emilia*'s company which had been so fatal, Secondly, to beg the Captains pardon, when he first met him, and Lastly, to promote his Marriage with *Selinda* as speedily as he could But here behold the strange weakness of a Lover, his Inclinations must lead him by *Emilia*'s Lodgings as he past homewards, and he gave this excuse to his reason, that he wou'd by that means try the firmness of his resolve, in passing by her Lodgings without looking once at her Window, Walking therefore down *Bow-street*, when he was just opposite to the House, his foolish wavering fancy suggested, that there cou'd be no harm in looking up to her Window, since he believ'd she stood not there, yet to what end shou'd any reasonable Man but a Glasier look at a Window, when he expected no body at it He never the less cast up his Eye, and behold how he was paid for his peeping

Instead of the dear Casement which he only hoped to see, he discover'd Monsieur the Captain with his formidable Lac'd Coat standing out of the Window, and his beloved *Emilia* standing familiarly by him

Now for our Sparks Resolutions, reason would have oblig'd him to continue them now stronger, for he had a new instance of *Emilia*'s falshood, and of the truth of the Captains words, but the sight wrought a clear contrary effect, he found himself now touch'd in the tenderest part, and the Captains Expressions which he could bear when the Company suppos'd

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them Apply'd to *Selinda*, he could not suffer now he found them meant of *Emilia*, *Gods* (cry'd he out) shall I be outwail'd by a Fool in the affection of one as Admirable for her sense as for her Beauty; tho the Coward durst not meet me at the place appointed, he will certainly resent an affront in his *Maistresses* presence, which may afford me revenge of both. Hereupon he comes to the Door, and opening it without any Ceremony, comes madly up, but was met upon the Stairs by *Emilia*, who running to him, caught him in her tender Arms, saying, My dear *Peregrine*, how have I long'd to see You? and what have I done to Merit this Strangeness of Yours? She went to Kiss him, but he hearing a Person pass down Stairs by him, look'd about, and saw it was only a Porter. O my dearest (concluded she) I am overjoy'd that you're come so oportunely for my relief; for I have been pestler'd these Five or six Days incessantly by my Lord C—— who has sent just now to know if I am at leasure to receive a visit I suppose *Madam* (answer'd *Peregrine*) that you are not, at leasure, for you have Company above Stairs. None that shall detain me from entertaining you (replied she) *Madam*, answered *Peregrine*, you shall not prevent me from entertaining him by all your Artifices; for by Heavens I'll pull off his Lions Skin, and show the Ass in his own Colours Who do you mean pray Sir (said she) a Coward in the King's Livery? *Madam*, your Captain above. A Captain! replied *Emilia*, ha, ha, ha, I'll be hang'd if you have not mistaken my Lord's Footman for an Officer, ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest, poor *Peregrine*, you have not rub'd the Sleep out of your Eyes this Morning Truly *Madam* (said *Peregrine*) your behaviour makes me doubt that I am Awake No, no, (replied she) you are Dreaming, as I shall convince you, and leading him up into her Chamber, Is this your Captain? *Peregrine* was strangely amazed to find a very Sheepish Fellow leaning on the Window with a Lac'd Coat on, which he imagin'd the Captains. The occasion of which Metamorphosis was this

The Porter which *Peregrine* employed the Night before to carry the Challenge to the Captain, heard at his Lodgings that the Captain would not be at home till it was late, and the poor Fellow being tir'd with trudging about all Day, and supposing it sufficient to deliver it in the Morning, went home to his Rest, and came accordingly in the Morning, where he was told by the Captains Servant, that his Master lay abroad all Night, but that he had appointed to meet him about two Hours hence at the Black-posts next door to the —— in *Bow-street* The Porter accordingly went thither, and found the Captain in *Emilia's* Chamber, and had deliver'd him the Note just as *Peregrine* had look'd up at the Window. At the same instant *Emilia* spy'd him, and with great surprise cryed out, O Lord, Sir, I am Rust'd. The Captain asked what was the matter? O (said she) dear Sir, yonder's my Husband, who has seen you, and if we find not a device to impose upon him, he will Murder me What shall we do (said the Captain) not all the Stratagems in the Art Military can save us But I have one Stratagem in

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the Art of Love shall do, said she, Strip, Strip, Sir, immediately, change Cloaths with the Porter. The Captain very willing to oblige the Lady, obeyed her Commands, and equipp'd the Porter immediately, and putting on the Porters Coat, Frock, and Apron, slunk down Stairs by Peregrine undiscover'd, leaving the gawdy Porter in Emilia's Chamber, which so much occasioned Peregrine's wonder. He had the demonstration of his Eyes that it was the Captain but some Minutes before, and now by the same Evidence it appears that it is not he. This is all Illusion (said Peregrine in a Consternation.) Illusion ! (replyed Emilia) I little thought that Peregrine could have such ill thoughts of Me, as to believe I would entertain an Officer at this Hour in my Chamber. Truly Madam (answered Peregrine) tho Love be blind, I don't think Jealousy is so, and tho Womens Beauty depends on our fancy, their Vertue does not ; we rightly can Judge of that, tho not of tother. Sir (said Emilia) you have never received any proofs of my immodesty, tho many of my Love, and I therefore think it both ingratitude and injustice in you to tax my Vertue, which you ought to defend, since you are sensible it has held out even against you whom I so dearly lov'd, and who (I thought) lov'd me, but I find now too late that I have been mistaken, upon which she burst out in Tears. Go back Sir (said she to the Porter) and tell your Lord that I begin to suspect his designs upon me for vicious, alas, I am unacquainted with the Tricks of this City, and did not imagine that a Nobleman could have any base designs upon a Poor Womans Honour, go quickly to him, I say, and bid him never trouble me again, for he has made me already an unfortunate Woman. With which words she Wept most bitterly. O the bewitching Charms of Womankind, that even their weaknesses should conquer our strongest Resolves ! how easily is vain Man drawn into a belief of his being belov'd ! We take forty Declarations of their indifference or hatred for effects only of their Modesty, but the first confession of their Love we presently Credit, when, alas, their profession of the Latter is often as false, as of Former. But what can't moving Tears of weeping Beauty melt. Love in gaiety may take, but Love in Mourning only truly wounds. The poor relenting Peregrine fell at her Feet, weeping as fast as She

The fervent Lover Sigh'd, and Wept, and Swore,
That he wou'd ne're distrust her Vertue more.
About her Knees he Cling'd with amorous Bands,
And prest his Vows upon her Lips and Hands.
She often did her Damon, Faithless call,
At last with sullen Coing pardon'd all.
He ravish'd rose, and Claspt the yielding Fair,
His bounding Joy sprung higher from Despair
He seal'd his Pardon with an endless Kiss,
If there be Extasy in Love, 'tis this.

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Behold how suddenly the Scheme is turn'd, the poor deluded *Peregrine* imagins his Mistress a *Lucrethia*, all his former resolutions are melted in her Bosom, whilst she, innocent creature, murmurs at his unkindness, checking and caressing him at the same time, to shew how easily her Love conquered her resentments. He at last left her, and passing out of the Door, espied the Captain in the Porters Habit standing at the entrance, he had stay'd there waiting *Peregrin's* departure, resolving upon that to return to *Emilia*, and with her to Laugh at the Cuckold, as he imagined him; who had most occasion to Laugh, we shall find presently. *Peregrine* immediately knew the Frock and Porters Cloaths, and the Captain being of somewhat a Porterly shape, he made no doubt but it was the same Fellow he had employed last Night to carry the Challenge to the Captain, and immediately asked how he had delivered his Message. The Captain ignorant of the matter, could make no direct answer; which incensing *Peregrine*, *Sirrah (said he) resolve me instantly or I'll break your Head, Rascal* The Officer unused to such words, began to mumble something sawcily. Upon which, without any further ceremony, he raps the poor Captain over the Head and Shoulders very smartly with his Cane. The Captain roar'd out, *Bloud and Wounds immediately*. Upon which *Peregrine* redoubled his stroaks and liquor'd his Buff most abundantly, till some Gentlemen of *Peregrine's* acquaintance took him off, and carried him to *Wills* Coffee-house. The poor Captain miserably beaten, was clear off the Laughing pin, and coming up stairs to *Emilia*, inquir'd for his Cloaths immediately. She answered, she had sent the Porter down stairs to him, but the Porter was no such Fool, for finding himself so richly Rigged, he slipt out of the back Door, and was never heard of after. The poor Captain foam'd and chafed outrageously at these abuses, and went to skulk home as speedily as he might, to equip himself in another Suit, he went through all the blind Alleys and Lanes that he could, for fear of meeting any of his acquaintance, but when he got pretty near his Lodgings, it was his bad fortune in one of these by-places to pass by the House where the Porter lived, his Wife accidentally stood at the Door, who knowing her Husbands Cloaths, presently laid hold of him, crying out, that the Villain had Murdered her Husband and stript him of his Cloaths, her noise presently raised the Mobb, who flocking about the unfortunate Captain, began to lug and hale him most unsufferably; he cried out with a Voice loud enough to give the Word of Command, *that he was an Officer, a Captain, &c* A mighty Butcher with a swell'd Face of Authority advances, and desires to see his Commission; but that was gone in the Pocket of his embroidered Waistcoat. *Some disbanded Rogue (cries the Butcher) that's now forced to live by cutting Throats, away with him, away with him before a Magistrate*. The poor Captain ran the Gauntlet most wretchedly till he came to the House of Justice M—— in

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Drury-lane, who upon the Oath of the Porters Wife, and some of her creditable Neighbours, drew his Mitimus in order for *Newgate* Worse and worse! what must poor Buff do? he must now discover himself to his Friends for Bail, and so be made the Jest of the whole Town, he call'd the Justice aside, and told him the whole story. The Magistrate answered, unless the Porter could be found, that the Law would oblige him to his Tryal at the *Old-Bayly*, and that he must be bound over to answer at the next Sessions, and accordingly he was so.

Peregrine losing a very good Jest by his ignorance in this affair, goes next Evening to the Play; where meeting some of his ingenious acquaintance, viz. Mr. W—— Mr. H—— Mr. M—— with others of that Club, there arose a discourse concerning the Battel between the Church and the Stage, with relation to the Champions that maintained the parties, the result upon the matter was this, that Mr. *Collier* showed too much Malice and fancour for a Church man, and his Adversaries too little wit for the Character of Poets, that their faults transversed would show much better, Dulness being more familiar with those of Mr. *Collier's* Function, as Malice and ill nature is more adapted to the Professors of wit. That the best way of answering Mr. *Collier*, was not to have replied at all: for there was so much Fire in his Book, had not his Adversaries thrown in Fuel, it would have fed upon it self, and so have gone out in a Blaze. As to his respondents, that Captain *Va——* wrote too like a Gentleman to be esteemed a good Casuist; that Mr. *C——*'s passion in this business had blinded his reason, which had shone so fair in his other Writings; that Mr. *S——le* wanted the wit of Captain *Va——* as much as he did Mr. *Scutle's* gravity, . That the two Answers to Mr. *C——* have done his Book too much honour, but themselves too great an Injury: In short, upon the whole matter, that whoever gained the Victory, the Stage must lose by it, being so long the seat of the War, And unless Mr. *Dryden*, or Mr. *Wicherly* remove the combustion into the Enemies Country, the Theatre must down And the end of this War will be attended by cashiering the Poets, as the last Peace was by disbanding the Army

Their discourse continued till the Play began, when *Peregrine* spying his Mistress *Selinda* in a front Box, was obliged to leave his Friends to entertain her. This Lady had a great share of Sense, and was mightily pleased with what the Fair Sex call fine things, which, that Play, being the *Indian Emperour*, was plentifully stored with *Peregrine* was so much a Courtier as to Joyn with her in the Applause, but being of a critical humour, he could not forbear making some severe remarks on the Drama and inconsistencies of Plots. *You Criticks (said Selinda) make a mighty sputter about exactness of Plot, unity of time, place, and I know not what, which I can never find do any Play the least good. (Peregrine smild at her Female ignorance) But she continued, I have one thing to offer in this dispute,*

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which I think sufficient to convince you ; I suppose the chief design of Plays is to please the People, and get the Play-House and Poet a Livelihood. You must pardon me Madam, (replied Peregrine) Instruction is the business of Plays. Sir (said the Lady) make it the business of the Audience First to be pleas'd with Instruction, and then I shall allow you it to be the chief end of Plays. But suppose Madam (said he) that I grant what you lay down. Then Sir (answered she) you must allow that what ever Plays most exactly Answer this aforesaid end, are the most exact Plays. Now I can instance you many Plays, as all those by Shakespear and Johnson, and the most of Mr. Dryden's, which you Critics quarrel at as irregular, which nevertheless still continue to please the Audience, and are a continual support to the Theatre, there's very little of your Unity of time or place in any of them, yet they never fail to Answer the proposed end very successfully. Besides Sir, I have heard your self say, that Poetry is purely an imitation of Nature ; what business then can Art pretend in the affair? O Madam, (Answered Peregrine) this Art is only the improvement or perfection of Nature, and 'is us'd in Poetry, as Geometrical Lines in Painting do delineate the peice to an exact Model or Form. Then certainly (replied the Lady) these rules are ill understood, or our Nature has changed since they were made, for we find they have no such effects now as they had formerly. For Instance, I am told the Double Dealer and Plot and no Plot are two very exact Plays, as you call them, yet all their Unity of Time, Place, and Action, neither pleased the Audience, nor got the Poets Money. A late Play too call'd Beauty in Distress in which the Author, no doubt, sweat as much in confining the whole Play to one Scene, as the Scene-Drawers should were it to be changed a hundred times, this Play had indeed a commendatory Copy from Mr. Dryden, but I think he had better have altered the Scene, and pleased the Audience, in short had these Plays been a little more exact, as you call it, they had all been exactly Damn'd Peregrine would have answered, but a pluck by the Sleeve obliged him to turn from *Selinda* to entertain a Lady Mask'd, who had given him the Nudg, he presently knew her to be *Emilia*, who whisperd him in the Ear, I find Sir, what Guyomar said just now is very true,

*That Love which first took Root will first Decay,
That of a fresher date, will longer stay.*

Peregrine, tho surprised, was pleased with her pretty Reprimand, being delivered without any Anger, but in murmuring complaining Accents, which never fail to move, insomuch that he could not forbear demonstrating his satisfaction in such Terms and Behaviour, as rendered him remarkable to all about him, he quite forgot *Selinda*, and his Argument. And she endeavour'd to forget him by remembring this Action of his; and tho many slips occasioned by Passion are pardonable, yet when Love

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causes Offences against it self in default of good Manners towards the Fair, 'tis unexcusable. Had he used *Emilia* with that freedom and carelessness which Masks generally meet with in the Pit, *Selinda* would have imagined her familiarity with *Peregrine* to have only proceeded from a Pert and Impudent Behaviour, which such Creatures use with all Gentlemen, but he used something of a Fawning and Amorous respect to her, which raised *Selinda's* Jealousy to the highest pitch. But this was not all the Mischief occasioned by the Interview, for my Lord C—— had that very Evening made an Assignment with *Emilia* at the Play, whether she came early; she beheld *Peregrine* with Indifference whilst he taulked among his Friends, nor had she the least Motion to discover her self to him; but spying him addressing a fine Lady in the Box, whom she perceived to entertain him with more then ordinary Civility, she felt a violent Inclination to interrupt him, She found by the Ladies freedom and gayety in Discourse, that she was fond of *Peregrine's* conversation, and out of a pure malicious design would deprive her of it, She accomplish'd her design, *Peregrine* paid her an extraordinary respect, and she returned it with as much civility, purely to raise *Selinda's* Jealousy, whom she had now remembered to have seen twice with *Peregrine*, but the Poor Lady was caught in her own Net, for at the Instant of her greatest freedom with *Peregrine*, my Lord discover'd her He is the most jealous Amourist in *England*, and to one of his temper, he saw enough to raise a distrust of his Mistresses discretion Coming close up to her, he Whisperd her, *Madam, I am as good as my Appointment, but finding you better employed, I shan't be so rude as to interrupt you* Upon which she presently turn'd from *Peregrine* to my Lord Hey, pass, the Tides turned, and poor *Peregrine's* left upon the Sand, nay the Wind's turn'd too, for looking at *Selinda* he could see nothing but Storm and Tempest in her Brow But he alone was not Shipwrackt, for poor *Emilia* ran the same fate, for she entertained my Lord with that earnestness, that it appeared how familiar she was still with his Lordship, which gave *Peregrine* a new proof of her falshood, but was not sufficient to convince my Lord of her Integrity, so that the result upon the transactions of this Evening, was, that *Selinda* through Jealousy of the Mask'd Lady had discarded *Peregrine*, He Jealous of my Lord C—— had forsaken *Emilia*, and she by her familiarity with *Peregrine* is deserted by his Lordship.

But above all, *Peregrine's* trouble was much the greatest, he had lost the hopes of amending his Fortune by Marrying a vertuous Lady, and one whom he might reasonably suppose Lov'd him, and all through the means of a Person who ungratefully had abused his passion. A reflection on the Weakness of his temper in not sticking to his resolutions, was no small affliction, but above all, the falshood of his *Emilia* occasioned his distraction, he went to bed, hoping there to find that rest which his waking thoughts denied

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The Nights black Curtain o're the World was spread,
And all Mankind lay Emblems of the Dead.
A deep and awful silence, void of Light,
With dusky Wings sat brooding o're the Night.
The rowling Orbs mov'd slow from East to West,
With harmony that lull'd the World to rest.
The Moon withdrawn, the oozy Flouds lay dead,
The very Influence of the Moon was fled.
Some twinkling Stars that through the Clouds did peep,
Seeming to Wink as if they wanted sleep
All Nature hush'd, as when dissolv'd, and laid
In silent *Chaos* e're the World was made.
Only the Beating of the Lovers Breast,
Made noise enough to keep his Eyes from Rest
His little World, not like the greater, lay,
In loudest Tumults of disorder'd Day.
His Sun of beauty shone, to light his Breast,
With all its various Toyls and Labours prest.
The Sea of passion in his working Soul,
Rais'd by the Tempest of his sighs did rowl,
In trowing Floods to overwhelm the whole
Those Tyrants of the Mind, vain hope and fear,
That still by turns usurp an Empire there,
Now raising Man on high, then plunging in despair.
Thus *Damon* lies, his grief no rest affords,
Till swelling high, it thus burst out in Words.
Oh! I cou'd Curse all Womankind but one,
And yet my Griefs proceed from her alone
Hell's greatest Curse a Woman, if unkind,
Yet Heavens great Blessing, if she Loves, we find.
Thus our chief Joys with most allays are Curst,
And our best things when once corrupted, worst.
But Heaven is just, our selves the Idols fram'd,
And are for such vain worship Justly damn'd.
Thus the poor Lover argu'd with his fate,
Emilia's charms now did his Love create,
That Love repuls'd now prompted him to hate.
Sometimes his Arms wou'd cross his Bosom rest,
Hugging her lovely Image printed in his Breast.
Where flattering Painter fancy show'd his art,
In charming draughts, his Pencil Cupid's Dart.
The shadow drawn so Lively did appear,
As made him think the real substance there

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He thought her Naked, soft, and yielding Waste, Within his pressing Arms was folded fast, Nay, in her Charms she really there was plac'd Else, how cou'd Pleasure to such raptures flow, The effect was real, then the Cause was so. What more can most substantial pleasure boast, Than Joy when present, Memory when past? Then bliss is real which the fancy frames, Or those call'd real Joys are only Dreams.	}
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Peregrine once more put on firm resolutions, not only of avoiding *Emilia*, but the whole Sex; but alas, such designs had been so often broken and patch'd up, that he could not expect they should last long; he rose fully resolv'd for the Country that Morning, hoping, that diversity of Company might wear off his trouble occasioned by the City conversation. He was just sending to take up a place in the *Tunbridge-Coach*, when a Messenger brought him a Letter, which he opening was surpris'd to find come from *Emilia*; he expected to find it full of Recantations and Excuses for her Familiarity with my Lord C—— and slighting him the Night before at the Play, but before he would venture to read the Charm, he thought it convenient to say his Prayers in the following Words:

From Wit couch'd in Nonsense, which blinds all that Read,
 From conjuring Scrawls which like Magick invade,
 From words spelt as False as the Authors are made,
Libera nos, &c.

Then fully resolved to account all the contents as the Voice of a *Siren* that would destroy him, he Read with great amazement the following Words.

Dear Peregrine,

BEING altogether a Stranger in Town, and destitute of Friends, I am compell'd to be troublesom to you, whom I have no reason to believe will desert me in my Necessity; I have urgent occasion for Twenty or Thirty Guineas, which I beg you to send me by the Bearer, and you will infinitely oblige,

Thursday Morning

Yours

Emilia.

A very odd turn of affairs, I must confess! and wrought as strange a turn in the humour of our Lover. He quite forgot all thoughts of her Falshood to deplore her Necessity, and the Scantiness of his own Fortune

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that confin'd him from relieving her. A foolish nicety of Honour suggested to him, that if he now forsook her, she would attribute his unkindness not to any fault of Hers, but reckon it a poor pretence for evading her Request. Here was an Instance of Female policy, here was a Stratagem to recover a lost Lover, that (I believe) the most intreagueing Devil could never suggest to contriving Woman before. She was afraid that his Love was so shocked by her behaviour, that she could not build a Reconciliation upon that, and therefore resolv'd to draw his Honour in, to make up the breach, being conscious that Ingenious Men are as fruitful in discovering Niceties in that, as Beauties in their Mistress, and sometimes as much to their Prejudice. But the depth of her Contrivance went yet further, as shall hereafter appear.

Peregrine dismiss the Messenger with this Answer, That he would wait on the Lady immediately, and presently after, in his Riding suit, he went to her Lodgings, positively resolved to give her what Money he could spare, then upbraid her for her Falshood, and so take his last farewell. He found her in an Undress sitting on her Beds-feet in a very Melancholy posture, her Nightgown carelessly loose discovered her Snowy Breasts, which Agitated by the violence of her Sighs, heaved and fell with a most Languishing motion, her Eyes were fixt on the Ground, and without regarding *Peregrine*, she raised her Voice in a Mournful and moving sweetness, singing, *Fool, Fool, that considered not when I was well*, concluding which with a deep Sigh, she cast a complaining Look on *Peregrine*, intimating that he alone had occasioned her Sorrows. He beheld those enticing Beauties, that too well knew the way to his Heart, He beheld the moving Charms of Female Sorrow, artfully express'd in a careless Melancholy, and to all this, he heard that tuneful start of Grief which made his ravished Soul strike Unison with the complaining Harmony. Let those who have ever felt the pleasing follies of Love, now guess at our Lovers thoughts. Such will Pardon his weakness, being conscious of the force of so many united Charms. He begged to know the Cause of her great Grief, making all protestations (that Passion could suggest) of using his utmost endeavours in relieving her. *Alas Peregrine (answered she) my Misfortunes are many, and all proceeding from so Dear an occasion, that I could wish them to continue, rather than think the Cause should cease. In short, (continued she Weeping) my Passion for you has drawn me into a necessity of being troublesom to one whose kindness will perhaps flow from a Principle of Charity, not Love. But Sir, I scorn to be pitied; and if I can't merit your Esteem, I disdain to be an Object of your Compassion. Madam (replied he) my Charity may extend to share Superfluities, but no less move than Love could engage me thus to distribute my necessaries, upon which he gave her Ten Guineas, leaving himself but One Well, my dear Peregrine (says she) I am too sensible of the unhappiness of your Circumstances, and will therefore Trespass no further upon them:*

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You shall only spare me some of your Love to lay out upon Another, and that shall pay the Ransom for your Money. Peregrine was strangely surpris'd at her Discourse ' Be not startled, Sir, (said she) for a Proof of your Affection it must be so ; I have long been Solicited by my Lord C—— and have receiv'd some Presents from Him, and was in a fair way of Commanding what I pleas'd, had not my unlucky kindness to you at the Play last Night rais'd his Jealousy to that Degree, that he has forsaken me Now, Sir, since your circumstances debar you from recompencing the loss, I think you are oblig'd to be Instrumental to Me in recovering his Affection , but do not think (my Dearest) that he can ever destroy your Interest in my Heart, but rather heighten it, being a means to support that Love which the scantiness of your Fortune would Starve Very reasonable Arguments to make Peregrine a downright Pimp! He was strangely Netled, but being resolv'd to see the Utmost. How Madam (said he) can I be Instrumental in your Reconciliation with his Lordship? Only thus (Replied she) you must know he is wonderfully Charmed with Wit and Writing fine, in a Woman ; now I am sensible you have an Excellent Talent in Epistolary Stile, (which I must still remember since first your Charming Letters conquered me ,) you must therefore write an Ingenious Letter for me, which I will Transcribe, and send to his Lordship, which will Infallibly reclaim him But suppose Madam (said Peregrine) that my Lord discovers the difference of Stile if you W^rite to him again? No, no (said she) you shall Answer all my Lords Letters for me. Peregrine immediately conceiving, that by this means he should see my Lord C——'s Letters, and thereby discover if the Intreague went any further then he would have it, undertook the Task, and wrote a Letter which wrought the desired effect

My Lord was already captivated by *Emilia's* Beauty, but was not Lover enough to think the Nonsense of a Mistress, Wit, but this Letter, full of Passion and Ingenuity, fir'd him, he found what he so admired in a Lady, there expressed in a great degree, and immediately came to wait upon her

By this time *Peregrine*, much confused by the Odness of this Adventure, had departed, and *Emilia* Received his Lordship in a contrary Humour to what she had shown to *Peregrine*, entertaining him with all the gayety and briskness imaginable. My Lord not abating of his Jealous Humour, desired to know whom she entertained so freely at the Play 'Tis a Creature, my Lord, (replied she) called a necessary Lover. I have often heard (said he) of a necessary Animal called a Husband, but never of a necessary Lover before Such, my Lord, (said she) are of the same use to us, as a Husband to a Wife, to cover all our Faults They defend our Honours in all Company, being possessed of a good Opinion of our Vertue, which Opinion once Established, we take all care to Improve Methinks (answered he) your freedom with that Gentleman were enough to destroy that good Opinion, if he entertained any such before. No, my Lord (said she) these are the Arts by which we secure them ,

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for granting them all innocent Freedoms and Incouragement without the least Favour, makes them set a favourable construction upon such our Behaviour with others, and induces them to believe all Stories prejudicial to our Reputation rather the effects of Mens Vanity, than our kindness. Besides, being once drawn into a believe of their being beloved by us, their Vanity suggests, that since we are Vertuous in respect of them, we must certainly be so in regard of those that are more indifferent to us. But that Gentleman, (*Answered my Lord*) if I am not Missinformed in his Character, has too much Sense to be made such a Tool of. Only Ingenious Men (*answered she*) are fit for our purpose, because such Persons are only able to Nourish a Passion without Enjoyment, Secondly, being conscious of their Merit, they imagine our Love very real because of the worthiness of the Object; And Lastly, being the Oracles of the Age, their words are taken among their Friends, and our Reputation thus Establish'd My Lord C—— was Amazed at this open Confession of cunning, which he had never discovered in the Sex before, and lest she should make the same Fool of him, he pressed hard for a Proof of the contrary, which I believe she granted, for he continued his Visits with great Assiduity

Peregrine all this while continued to Serve her with his Pen, and was very fond of Answering my Lords Letters, because he found them very Witty and Passionate; and having a good memory at retaining what pleased him, he generally by once or twice perusing, cou'd remember them, *verbatim*, and constantly when he left *Emilia*, would write them down, together with the Answers very distinctly, with which he used to divert himself very often, for he found so much respect in all my Lords Letters, that he could not suppose his Lordship had made any Advances beyond him. But *Emilia* had forewarned my Lord of making the least mention of any her Favours, lest the Letter might Miscarry, and fall into Hands that might Publish her shame By which Artifice secur'd, she continued her ingenious Correspondence with my Lord, which more and more engaged his Affections, without giving *Peregrine* any reasonable grounds of Jealousy. He often pressed for a Consummation of his Happiness, but she sticking to her Principles, tantalized him with Caresses and Protestations of her Love, and never wanted a Pretence for delay, until unfortunately she lost Him and her Self on the following Occasion

One Morning three or four Gentlemen of the Law, *Peregrine's* Acquaintance, came running into his Chamber, and asked him to accompany them to the *Old-Barly* to hear the Tryal. What Tryal (*answered he?*) Why, the famous Tryal of Captain —— who is Arraigned for Murdering a Porter This was News to him, and he went with them The Indictment was Read, and the Tryal come on before they reach'd the Court; *Peregrine* was strangely surpris'd to hear *Emilia's* Voice at the Bar, and distrusting the truth of his Ears, cou'd not be satisfied till he saw her; She was Summon'd

ADVENTURES OF COVENT-GARDEN

as a Witness for the Captain, where upon her Oath she was forced to declare how she made the Captain change Cloaths with the Porter in her Chamber, how she sent him down Stairs in the Porters Habit, and how the Porter had gone off with His; in short, the whole Story, with all the Circumstances of the Intreague, was discovered before the whole Court, and in *Peregrine's* hearing; who now fully Convicted of the Treachery of his Mistress by her own Oath, has once more put on firm Resolutions of ever forsaking her; and that he may draw my Lord C—— out of the same Errour, he has given a Copy of all my Lords Letter's and their Answers to a Friend of his, who immediately designs to publish a Collection of Letters, where his Lordship may read his own Wit, and the Falshood of *Emilia*

FINIS.

CORRE- SPONDENCE

From the WORKS OF CATHERINE COCKBURN,
1751.

LOVE-LETTERS and APACQUET FROM WILL'S,
from FAMILIAR AND COURTLY LETTERS,
written by Monsieur Voiture, 1700, 1701.

From LETTERS OF WIT, POLITICKS AND
MORALITY, by Cardinal Bentivoglio, 1701.

LOVE AND BUSINESS in a Collection of Occa-
sionary Verse and Epistolatory Prose. A Dis-
course likewise upon Comedy in Reference to
the English Stage. In a Familiar Letter, 1701.

From the Memoir of Farquhar by Thomas Wilkes
prefixed to the Dublin edition of Farquhar's
Works, 1775.

Note to the Correspondence

FARQUHAR'S known correspondence, apart from the letter to Mrs Cockburn and his last note to Robert Wilks, is derived from four sources *Familiar and Courtly Letters, written by Monsieur Voiture*, with much other matter (1700 and 1701), from *Letters of Wit, Politticks and Morality*, by Cardinal Bentivoglio To which is added a large collection of original Letters of Love and Friendship, 1701, and Farquhar's *Love and Business*, 1702 (1701) An account of these publications will be found in the Introduction

The first volume of the *Familiar and Courtly Letters* is the earliest of the four It is apparent from a letter of Boyer's that the collection was published shortly after Dryden's death, May 1st, 1700 But for more material evidence, *The Post Boy* for May 2nd-4th, 1700, announced that the book would be published "in a few days" The same paper for Tuesday, May 7th to Thursday, May 9th, announces the publication for the next Saturday Boyer, in his letter, says "Dryden, the Great Dryden, is dead Briscoe's Book is out, and your [Mrs Carroll's] Letters in it, with Answers to the same, both which are no small ornament to the Collection" The letters referred to are *To Madam C—ll*, and *Madam C—ll's Answer*, as in the case of the second volume, where Farquhar takes up the correspondence

That this first volume of Voiture is indeed one of our sources for Farquhar's letters depends on the following argument It contains forty-two pages of "Love Letters by Ladies and Gentlemen," of which the first five are "By Mr ——— to Madam ———," and in the third of these is a poem of twenty-one lines, ten of which are to be found embedded in a poem of fifty lines, itself enclosed in quite a different letter, in *Love and Business* (1701) Therefore unless Farquhar in 1701 was stealing from another poet of 1700, this group of five letters is his, as they very well may be, from their manner and matter Similarly, the first letter in our next group was also repeated in *Love and Business*, with an obvious omission supplied, and perhaps a not insignificant change of one word the Lady of 1700 had Wit where the Lady of 1701 has Beauty! The second volume of Voiture, though announced in the *Post Boy* for March 13-15, 1701, as to be published "next week," and on April 15-17, "in a few days," was actually published, along with the third edition of the first volume, May 1-3, 1701

The third collection, the Bentivoglio volume, was announced in No 857 of *The Post Man*, and No 965 of *The Post Boy*, both for July 22nd-24th, 1701, as "This day published," under the editorship of Abel Boyer

Love and Business was paid for by Lintott on July 3rd, 1701 The sum entered in the publisher's books, £3 4s 6d, suggests a royalty of so much per copy sold rather than an odd price for the purchase of the rights Though the book is dated 1702 and I can find no advertisement of its publication either in 1701 or 1702, the facts seem to point toward its publication before the date of Lintott's payment to the author

The last three volumes present an almost hopeless confusion In the second volume of Voiture the section which concerns us begins with two letters signed *Farquhar*,

NOTE TO THE CORRESPONDENCE

followed by four anonymous letters, and another signed *Wildair*. It is not difficult to guess that the letter signed *Wildair* is by Farquhar, and one would naturally suspect that the intermediate ones are his. This Dr Schmid affirms. Now come seven letters between *Celadon* and *Astrea*, who is also called *Mrs C—ll*. These Dr Schmid has also accepted as Farquhar's. Now follow *Seven Passionate Love-Letters written by Celadon to his Mistress*, which are not in the 1718 edition, and which Dr Schmid had not seen.

The first two letters in the Bentivoglio volume, the second of which is dated June 7th, 1700, clearly suggest that this is the beginning of a chance acquaintance. Yet Boyer, in his letter written in May of that year, refers to a previous acquaintance with Farquhar, and speaks of asking him to peruse *The Perjured Husband*, confident that both Farquhar and Wilks will stand friends to Susanna. The answer to this problem is that these first two letters were not genuine, but written with the design of introducing the correspondence which follows. I have printed several of Abel Boyer's and Mrs Verbruggen's letters, as they serve to illustrate Farquhar's relations with Mrs Carroll. Toward the end of the correspondence, Farquhar becomes *George* or *Damon* instead of *Celadon*. We know that *Damon* is our author, for in a letter so signed (p. 263 *post*) he speaks of Oldmixon's attack and his own reply. Farquhar's mistress, *Chloe*, who breaks in upon the correspondence, immediately suggests Anne Oldfield, but there is nothing definite to prove this beyond general characteristics, and the fact that Farquhar, finding Anne behind the bar in the Mitre Tavern, was more likely to secure her for himself as a mistress than to let her go forthwith to Christopher Rich.

Love and Business is perhaps the most confused of all. The letters in this collection are certainly not written to "Mrs C." They do not reflect that attitude which Farquhar adopted in his relations with that lady. Anne Oldfield was not met masked, and, moreover, a girl of her age could scarcely have played such a game as did the lady of the letters with such an old hand as Farquhar. Nor would he have referred to Anne, who is described by one contemporary as "tall and slender," and by another as "of a superior height," as being "little." Theophilus Cibber and later biographers have taken this view, which is the easiest, but the least likely solution. Neither was the lady, as Sir Edmund Gosse suggested, Margaret, who later became his wife. In the first place, Farquhar did not meet Margaret until three years after these letters. Secondly, Margaret pursued Farquhar, and not the reverse, as in the letters. Thirdly, the lady of the letters married another, and the disappointment of losing her was a severe blow to our author. But who this masked beauty was, we cannot say. Unless she was Mrs Carroll, which seems unlikely, as letters of the same date reflect a different position. Farquhar was carrying on his intrigue with Penelope at the same time as that with *Chloe* and Susanna. From the letter written by George Farquhar the day after Dryden's funeral, it is apparent that he was pressing his suit with Penelope at the very moment which marked the height of Susanna's affection for him, when she wrote a poem suggesting that he should "Dryden's place supply," and embodied the same sentiment in a letter to Boyer.

From the Works of
CATHERINE COCKBURN

[To Mrs Cockburn, with a copy of *Love and a Bottle*.]

AS an argument of its innocence, I send it to stand its trial before one of the fairest of her sex and the best judge. Besides, Madam, it is an offering due to the favour and honour shew'd in your appearance on my third night, and a stranger cannot be denied the privilege of showing his gratitude. But humbly to confess the greatest motive, my passions were wrought so high by the representation of the *Fatal Friendship* and since raised so high by the sight of the beautiful Author, that I gladly caught this opportunity of owning myself,

Your most faithful and humble servant,

[Dec 20, (?) 1698]

G. Farquhar.

FROM FAMILIAR AND COURTLY LETTERS

LOVE-LETTERS

by Mr. — to Madam —

I HAD a Mind to know, *Madam*, whether you had quarrel'd with me t'other Night, at the — or not, and therefore, writing to you Yesterday, I find now that you are angry at something; but may I be discarded, if I know the Reason If you have made a Quarrel on my approving—, I beg you *Pardon*, and shall henceforth do *Violence* to my own Reason, and contradict *Mankind* to agree with you 'Tis hard to find any Sympathy in *Hearts*, where there's such *Contrariety* in Opinions. I shall therefore, *Madam*, henceforth square my Sentiments to yours in every thing, and if you will quarrel without a Cause, I will oblige you, and do so too Your Uneasiness, *Madam*, wrongs either your own *Charms* or my *Sincerity*, either of which is a sensible Abuse to me 'Tis a hard Fate, that you can't *love* and be *ease*, and I can't *desist* and *live*, but I can *die* to make you *happy*, an ill-natur'd Line or two does the Business; for I cannot bear the *Spleen*, the *Rheumatism*, and your *Displeasure* at once. So, *Madam*, strike now, and for ever quit your self of an unfortunate Man, who has but one Hand, which he thinks sufficient, since he can thereby ever own himself

Yours.

LOVE - LETTERS

To the Same.

Madam,

Sunday-morning.

NEXT to my *Prayers*, I must address my *Devotions* to you, to you whom I have offended, and to whom I must offer a *penitential Sacrifice*, if an oblation of a *bleeding Heart* can make any Attonement for my *Sin*, I offer it freely. Heaven is merciful, and so shou'd you be, I dare not approach, without your Permission: If you will Sign my *Pardon* in a Line from your *dear Hand*, expect me with all the Joy of a repriev'd *Malefactor*. I am, *Madam*, *happy* or *miserable*, as you please to make me.

To the Same

WHAT shall I say to the *dearest Woman* upon Earth! Were my Thoughts common, how easily might they be express'd! But the Expression, like the Enjoyment in Love, is lost by a too ardent Desire, my *Soul* plumes it self in the secret Pride of being belov'd by you, and upon so just a Foundation of valuing my self, who can accuse me of Vanity? I can no more *compliment* what I love, than I can *flatter* what I hate, and therefore when I tell you, that your *Charmes* are more and more engaging, and my Love improving, believe it for a Truth, hear my *Wish*, and then conclude me happy

Oh! cou'd I find (grant Heaven that once I may)
A Nymph fair, kind, poetical and gay,
Whose Love shou'd blaze unsullied and divine,
Lighted at first by the bright Lamp of mine
Free from all sordid Ends, from Interest free,
For my own sake Affecting only me
What a blest Union shou'd our souls combine!
I her's alone, as she was only mine,
Blest in her Arms, I should immortal grow,
It hilst in return, I made my Celia so
Sweet generous Favours shou'd our Loves express,
I'd Write for Love, and she shou'd Love for Verse:
Not Sacharissa's self, great Waller's Fair,
Shou'd for an endless Name with mine compare.
She shou'd transcend all that e're went before,
Her Praises, like her Beauty shou'd be more:
My verse shou'd run so high, the World shou'd see,
I sung to her, and she inspired me.
The World should see that from my Love I drew,
At once my Theam, and Inspiration too:
Blest in my wish, my Fair, I'm blest with you.

LOVE - LETTERS

I went abroad Yesterday morning about seven, and return'd about one this morning, slept till past eight, then arose to tell you that I dreamt of you all the time, and that I am your own.

To the Same

BY Heavens and Earth (my Dearest) I am ty'd Neck and Heels with Wine and Company! All the Spells of Love can't undo the *Charm*; besides, my *Dear*, I am almost fuddled, I shall stay here at the *Rose* till towards eleven; it will be a tedious Walk to go home to Night, considering that you lie upon the same floor with the Door: It is not impossible, methinks, for a Man of so much *Love* to slip in *Incognito*. Your —— is with me, there will be a double Pleasure in deceiving him, and being happy in my *dear* One's Arms, I shall call at the Door, and see whether the Coast be clear: however, this, if it succeeds, will make me the happiest upon Earth, ——; however, my *Dear*, run no Hazard that may expose you, but consider, my *Dear*, the eager wishes of the faithfulest, and most loving of mankind.

To the Same.

IF I did not *Love*, I wou'd not beg, and if ever you *loved*, you'll grant my *Pardon*, your Letter, *Madam*, has tormented me more than all the *Favors* of your whole *Sex* besides can please me, if I have *lost* you, I have *lost* my self, and shall be lost to all *Womankind*. My letter last Night was written in heat of *Wine*; so Men guilty of *Murder* in their *Drink*, repent it all their *Lives*, mine is a greater *Crime*, for I have *stab'd* my self, pierc'd my own *Heart*, and now it bleeds with *Anguish* and *Despair*.

Stab'd my own Heart, and pierc'd your *Image*, there the Remembrance of the Happiness I have enjoy'd, will now prove the greatest *Curse*, the melting *Sighs*, the moving *Tears*, the Joys, the Raptures that mounted me to Heaven, now cast me down to Hell. I shall now turn *Poet* in good earnest,

*And like poor Ovid, banish'd from his Rome,
Curse that destructive Art, that caus'd his Doom.*

In short, *Madam*, I am *mad*, and if I think farther, I shall let the World see it: Revoke that word, *eternal Silence*, or you make me eternally *Miserable*, for I am now the most Disconsolate of Mankind.

A Pacquet from *Will's* : Or, a new Collection of
Original LETTERS on several Subjects

By Mr. Farquhar.

Friday.

IF I ha'n't begun thrice to write, and as often laid down my Pen, may I never take it up again. My Head and my Heart have been at Cuffs about you. Says my Head, 'You're a Coxcomb for troubling your Noddle with a Lady, whose Wit is as much above your Pretensions, as your Merit is below her Love.' Then answers my Heart, 'Good Mr. Head, you're a Blockhead, I know Mr. F——'s Merit better than you. As for your part, I know you are as whimsical, as the Devil, and changing with every new Notion that offers but for my part, I am fixt, and can stick to my Opinion of a Lady's Merit for ever, and if the Fair She can secure an Interest in me, Monsieur Head, you may go whistle——' Come, come, (answer'd my Head) you, Mr. Heart, are always leading this Gentleman into some Trouble or other 'Was't not you that first enticed him to talk to this Lady? Your damn'd confounded Warmth made him like this Lady; and your Bustle Imperitence has made him write twice to her: Your Leaping and Skipping disturbs his Sleep by Night, and his good Humour by Day. In short, Sir, I will hear no more of her.—I am Head, and I will be obey'd——You lye, Sir, replied my Heart (being very angry), I am Head in Matters of Love. And if you don't give your Consent, you shall be forced. For I am sure, that in this Case, all the Members will be on my side. What say You, Gentlemen Hands? Oh! (say the Hands) we would not want the Pleasure of touching a soft Skin for the World.—Well, what say You, Mr Tongue?——Zounds, says the Tongue, there's more Pleasure in speaking three soft Words of Mr Heart's suggesting, than whole Orations of Seignor Head's——So, I'm for the Lady, and here's my honest Neighbour Lips will stand by me. By the sweet Power of Kisses, we will' (replied the Lips) And presently some other considerable Parts standing up for the Heart, they laid Violent Hands upon poor Head. and knock'd out his Brains. So, now Madam, behold me as perfect a Lover as any in *Christendom*, my Heart purely dictating every Word I say. The little Rebel has thrown it self into your Power, and if You don't support it in the Cause it has taken up for your sake, think what will be the miserable Condition of the Headless and Heartless

Farquhar.

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

*To a Lady, whom he never saw Being a true Relation of a
Saturday Night's Adventure By Mr Farquhar.*

I Have now, Madam, had time to reflect on *Saturday Night's Adventure*. and if I have reflected on any thing else since that, may I never be blest with such an Adventure again. A Lady in a Masque, with a pretty Hand, that presently got hold of my Heart, desires to know where she shall see me after the Play. At the *Rose*, Madam, said I. There the Lady calls, like a Woman of Honour, where I was found, like a Man of Honour, and without much Ceremony, leaves three honest Gentlemen, and two roasted Fowls, to venture my self, Neck, and Gizzard, with two strange Ladies in a Coach. Compliments (which, by the way, were pretty plain on my side) being past on both sides, the Ladies would do nothing under the *Rose*, but must drive to the *Fountain* in the *Sirand*. If the Ladies had inform'd me of their Quality, I had call'd for *Burgundy*, but seeing nothing about them that promised beyond *Coven-Garden*, I thought a Bottle of New *French* might be suitable. They both were in love with me, but one a little further gone than t'other, their Discourse was Modest, and they drank like Women of Quality, for our Bottle was soon out. I was then impatient to return to my Fowls, for I could not feed upon Covered Dishes. The Lady that was most in love with me, promised to take off her Mask, if I should see her home. I promised to wait on her home, if she would let me lie with her all Night. I was a Blockhead for that, for the Lady was angry, not with the Matter, but the manner of the Expression. But I thinking still of *Coven-Garden*, was not so very nice in my Phrase, but at last, away we drove, and set down one Lady, the Lord knows where. The t'other (relying, I suppose, more upon my Modesty than her own) had the Courage to stay alone with me in the Coach, which, after several Turnings, stopt where we lighted, in *Golden-Square*, she advised me to make the Coach wait, which I thought a very good hint to discharge it. She conducted me up Stairs to a very stately Apartment, and she, according to her Promise, took off her Mask, but pull'd her Hoods so about her Face, that I was as far to seek for her Beauty as before. After some foolish Chat, in comes a Maid, with a red-hot Warming-Pan, and retires into a Bed-Chamber, and returning presently, told her Lady, that her Ladiship's Bed was ready, dropt a modest Curtesie, and made her Exit. the Lady told me, 'twas time for me to go to Bed. Madam, said I, with all the Speed I'm able, and began to unbutton: but in spight of all my haste, she was a-bed before me. Our Conversation was free, natural, and pleasant, till ten a'clock next Morning. The Chamber was so dark, that I could not see the Lady's Face, so was forc'd to depart as great a Stranger to that, as when I met her first, tho' I know every other

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

part about her so well, that I shall never forget her. I hope Your Ladships will pardon my Familiarity: For, by Heavens, I can no more forbear whispering my past Joys to my self, than, I could abstain repeating them with You would you bless me with a second Opportunity. I have sent you a Note for the Pit, to see the *Jubilee*, to morrow, tho' I would rather try the Power of my Love, by finding you out in the Front Boxes. I'm sure you can't be handsome for Nature never made any thing entirely Perfect In short, if I can't find you out by Instinct, never trust me, when I say I love, which must be as great a Curse, as your Favour will prove a Blessing to, Madam,

Your most humble Servant.

To Mrs C——

Madam,

I Am got to the *Rose*, whence I send to know how my Dear is Bless me with a Line, my Dear If I durst, I would visit You.

*Tis a cold frosty Night,
My Desires are warm
My Love makes a Fire
To keep me from Harm
But should you prove Cruel,
And your Favours with-hold,
My Fire goes out
For want of its Fuel,
And I, poor I, must perish with Cold*

So much for Rhime, now for Reason I love you, my Dear, and I have a thousand Reasons for it: And if you don't believe me, by Heaven, you wrong the faithfullest Man on Earth

Pray, Madam, don't put me to the Expençe of Vows and Oaths I hate swearing under my Hand. I love you, in plain downright Terms But what sort of Love, I can't tell you, till I have the Honor and Happiness of seeing and conversing with you once more You have Art enough to engage my Friendship, and Beauty enough to engage my Love, You shall make a Friend of me, and I'll aspire to make a Mistress of You, but if You will bless me with the Knowledge of Time and Place of waiting on you, you shall make a Friend, Lover, Fool, or what you please of, Madam,

Your Admirer

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

By the same.

Madam,

YOU were so engaged with Wits last Night, Madam, that an honest Man could not be happy, and I'm so engaged with Wits now, that I can't write Sense. I am very uneasy, and I don't know for what. I can drink no Health that can restore my Cure I am stupid and Lifeless, for my Love is where,——Gad damme, Madam,——I wish I had never seen You You made a turn in the——to Night, that has changed the Scene of my Happiness——Now 'tis out——and I good Company again,——Sir, my humble Service to you; and I am this *Lady's*,

most humble Servant.

By the same.

Madam,

WHEN I left You, my Dear, I went to the *Play*, from thence to Wit and Wine, which detained me till Four this Morning: Then I went to bed, and dreamt of her, whose Health I came from Drinking. 'Twas Yours, by Gad,——Now, Madam, I've given you an Account of my mis-spent Hours, for such I must reckon those that I throw away in any Company but Yours, but Love and Fortune cannot be reconciled They are both blind, and therefore can never meet, but You and I can see For we love one another. I'll answer for You, and You shall do the same for me

Witness my Hand

By——

Madam,

TIS a hard Case, that you should disturb a Man of his Natural Rest at this rate. If I have slept one Wink to Night, may I sleep to all Eternity. The very Thoughts of You made me wakeful, as if I had had your dear self in my Arms Zounds, Madam, what d'ye mean? Consider, I'm a Man; a mortal, wishing, amorous Man

*My Heart is Wax, your Eyes are Fire
You are all Charms, and I all o'er Desire
I'm stark staring mad
In Mind be gad*

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

*To day I languish with Sorrow
But since I can't crown it,
I'll drink till I drown it,
And make my self well by to-morrow.*

Madam, I am,

Your most——what you please by Jove

To a Masque on Twelfth-day

TO be a Man, and honourable, You'll say, Madam, are Contradictions But to be a Man, and not curious, were a greater Contradiction. Now, Madam, amidst all these Contradictions, I'll say one thing *very reasonably* Your Letter is very *Witty*, You may be very handsome, and I have a Mistress already. she has Charms enough to secure my Heart hitherto, but I can't well tell whether they are of force to maintain their Ground against Yours If You think the *Victory* worth your Trouble, 'twill be the best way to take a Garrison possess'd by so powerful an *Enemy* You may at last come and view the Fortifications, and if you be an Engineer worth a Farthing, you may presently guess whether the Fort be impregnable or not Though this be the last Day of *Christmas*, it may prove the first of my *Jubilee*, if Your Ladiship please to honour me with your Commands where I shall wait on You I am, Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

Wildair

Celadon to Mrs C——ll

YOU may be assured, *Asirea*, that neither Grief nor Love will break the Heart of any Man, since neither of them have killed me, though I have been forc'd to be two Days without the Honour of seeing You When I parted from you, to begin this tedious Separation, I remember you promised me a Letter, the Expectation of which was a Comfort to me in my Absence But when I came to Town this Morning, and found none, if ever you saw or could fancy a Man wild with Despair, just such a thing was I The mildest of my Thoughts was, that I was forgotten and deservedly slighted, that something of Disadvantage to me had occur'd since I saw you, and that some body, I don't know who, has been doing, I don't know what, to ruin me in your Esteem. For You are in

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

your Nature generous, and a strict Observer of your Word Sure therefore, it must be something extraordinary that could provoke you to be at once both unkind and unjust to

Yours,
CELADON.

P S

I would have wrote more; but I find my self in a trembling Disorder, as you may perceive by my manner of writing, which I can no more give an Account of, than You can, why you are pleas'd to admit of Letters from
Your Humble Servant.

Mrs C——ll's Answer

I Can guess (without the help of a Conjuror) at *Celadon's Disease*. The Thimble upon the Seal of your Letter assures me your Trembling was caus'd by some Female Spright I can't find in my heart to pity you, since 'tis a *Malady* you *voluntarily* draw upon your self But let me caution you by the way, do'nt affect it too *frequently*, lest the *Angry God* should make you feel his Power in *Reality*——I find we both lay under a Mistake: You expected a Letter *Yesterday*, and I a Visit I would not stir abroad, nor was I good Company at home I was as much out of humour at my Disappointment, as if I had been really in Love with you I know not what sort of *Lethargy* has seiz'd me. but 'tis the Opinion of all but my self, that I am inclining to that *Folly*. But I am resolved to pray hard against it, And if the Devil be but so much my Friend, to keep you out of my sight for Four and twenty Hours, I am certain I shall be out of Danger. Adieu

ASTREA.

*Celadon to Mrs. C——ll, in answer to a Copy of
Verses she sent him*

Adam, by making such a Pother,
Of being lost this way and t'other,
Methinks 'tis plain you want a Rudder -
Which, if my Counsel might prevail,
You'd get, and fasten to your Tail
The next time you resolve to sail
Then you'd not fear a Storm or Quicksand,
When once your Ladiship is man'd

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

*And should you touch my Rock of Wit,
 Why should you be afraid of it?
 For I shall sink and you shall split.
 But to descend to Phrase of Land,
 And speak what both may understand.
 You say you ventur'd a Surprize,
 And went much wounded from my Eyes.
 And when recover'd and grown better,
 There came a parious witty Letter,
 Which bound your Heart fast as with Fetter
 Madam, all Women most submit
 To my joint Force of Eyes and Wit.
 Where e'er I come, I make sore Slaughter
 But were you dead, dead as Dish Water,
 I have a Cordial Infection,
 Will cause a speedy Resurrection,
 A blessed Medicine ne'er failing
 Those that, like you, are giv'n to sailing
 Three Doses does it, sometimes more,
 According as I am in store
 But shou'd it fail, pray what of that?
 Though I have kill'd you like a Cat,
 As I shall find, ere I have done,
 You have alas more Lives than one,
 But one thing more, and I have ended
 Your two last Lines have much offended
 You seem unkindly to suspect,
 I shou'd my glorious Prize neglect,
 Or else misuse the Pow'r you gave,
 And frown ungently on my Slave
 But did you know your Man throughout,
 You'd be asham'd of such a Doubt
 For I'm as merciful as flout*

No more Poetry, I beseech you. 'Tis too chargeable a way of writing to be pleasant to a Man that's forc'd to hire So unlucky am I too at this Juncture, that my Hackney's at Grass, which must serve, both for a Reason why your Answer has been delayed so long, and for the Faintness of his Performance Give me leave to tell you with as much good manners as I can, that not one of those fine Sayings, you would flatter your humble Servant with, sits easie on him They become him as ill as the Jubilee Beau's Cloaths do a Porter, or as fine Trappings would an Ass. Let me intreat you therefore to believe that I know my self, and can't bear being

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

laugh'd at by one I would make my Friend Immoderate undeserv'd Praises, are the severest Lampoons, and you must have a very mean Opinion of him you give 'em to, if you think he'll take 'em Let Example instruct you. I check my Pen when I find it inclines to any thing that can be wrested to a Compliment, tho' all I could say, would be less than you truly deserve Oblige me with more Truth and less Wit, as you value the Friendship and Conversation of Your Humble Admirer,

CELADON.

P S Send me word if I may have leave to visite you to morrow

Mrs C——ll's Answer

I Was just concluding our Acquaintance was at an end, when I perceiv'd a Porter make up boldly to the Door, and saluting it with three swinging Blows, which signify'd he came in haste, and had Matter of Importance to deliver The Door being opened, immediately he produc'd his Authority, your Letter, which I had no sooner open'd, but I perceiv'd by your *Poetry*, you sent him on a speedy Message, suspecting, I had met with ill Weather, and ran you adrift, and might want a Pilot to bring me safe in Port: but I can't help telling you I am not so ill a Mathematician (tho' a Woman) but I know how to steer my Course, and where to cast Anchor too. I guess our Acquaintance will be but of a short Longitude, if your *Pegasus* take such a Latitude in his Stile I am sorry you misunderstand my Intent, which was only to divert you over a Bottle, and my self from the Spleen I never had the least Design of coming to any Particulars. And I'm as little concerned to know if you are Courageous, as whether you are Merciful or not For I'll assure you, my Condition is not so desperate as you imagine, *Railery* is allowable from Women sometimes, as well as from Your Sex If I remember, *Truth* and *Sincerity* (which ought to be cloath'd in *Modersty*) were the Principles you profess, and seem'd to defend. But I find those are Points as far out of a *Lawyer's* way, as good Manners from a *Dutchman*, especially a *Templer's* Therefore I fear I must be forced to remove my Cause into another Court, or withdraw my Action into *Statu quo*, for this Declaration of yours has put a Demur to my former Resolves You desire me to write Truth; it is the only good *Quality* I pretend to *Wit* was never my Talent, which You are not unsensible of, and makes you use me so *freely* I hope you'll not condemn this, for I think there is nothing like a Compliment in the whole Scrawl Take it as You please from

ASTREA

P. S. I must see your Answer 'ere I know whether I shall give you leave to visit me or not

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

Celadon to Mrs C——ll

Madam,

YOUR Passion becomes You well enough : The little Heat You have put your self into, with the bare Apprehension of an Affront, gives you more than ordinary Brightness, which shines to Advantage in an Air of Resentment throughout your Letter. But if You would have thought it worth your while to have read mine twice, or indulg'd me the *Liberty* you allow'd all Mankind, and which You are not ashamed to make use of your self sometimes. of *rallying*, I mean, You would not have found so much Subject for *Satyr*, as upon a rash *cursory* View, You did, when You condemn'd me for a Fault I never intended to be guilty of No, I assure you, 'twas the farthest from my Thoughts Believe me, I judge my self in this Point as *nicely* as You can do, and could I convict my self of any *Indecency* either in Language or Carriage to a Woman, I'd punish my self with a *Severity* which You in your Justice could not but approve of, and resolve never to see the Face of a Woman again. Self-denial I would not practise upon any other Consideration, than a Crime I could never forgive my self, and which I should think I could never do or suffer enough to atone for 'Tis strange to me, that You, who have so good a Relish, should let your self fall into a Mistake, and not discern that whatsoever ill Face my *Poetry* might carry with it, it was innocent at bottom, Nay, in Truth, 'twas but what You drew me into. So that if there was a greater Latitude taken than ought to have been (which I vow I don't remember and have no Copy to recollect by) I don't know how you'll acquit the *Lady* that wrote Verses to me first If she had kept back the Cause, the Effect had not been Moderate, therefore, your Reproaches Be Friends with me, and fall out with your self Keep me to *Prose* and there's not a Man moderater, and more *nicely* observes the *Decorums* Ladies ought to be treated with But when I am forc'd to make Room for a *Muse* in my Breast, I am possess'd You have seen that the very being of the Female kind so near me, has an Influence upon me extraordinary It shall be my Care, therefore, not to lose by my *Muse* what I gain by Fortune Certainly You have been very ill used by some of the Gown, which provokes you to condemn us all for Monsters, Creatures void both of good Morals, and common Civility I have very little to say for my self. but if you'll give me leave, I'll shew you the Face of a Man shall be an Instance that they are not all past the Grace of repenting and reforming too, by the silent Reproofs of others Good Works I dream of you all Night and in spite of your Rigour, had I you in my Arms, it is impossible to describe the Extasie, 'twould be too transporting to be revealed by

CELADON.

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

Mrs. C——ll's Answer

IF Your Dreams be so pleasant, enjoy them still; they are the only certain Pleasures; all others are transitory and subject to Change. A thousand things may occur to make us *unhappy*, should we indulge the Folly of Love. I will not insert the Particulars, the better to disarm your Defence. For one of Your Profession knows how to defend a bad Cause as well as a good one. Besides, I cannot expect more plausible Answers, than You have given me already. Nay, I am inclinable to believe you above the common Level of Mankind, which makes me deal more *sincerely* with You, than with the *Generality* of your Sex. Therefore let me dissuade You from the Pursuit of what, if *really* obtained, would not be worth your Care. If You have discover'd any little Whim in my Humour, that agrees with Yours (for no Woman but is Mistress of some Charm in some *Eyes*) think at the same time, that that is not enough to engage the Heart of *Celadon*, think that I have a thousand unanswerable Faults in t'other Scale. Whatever Your Imagination shews you in favour of me, Turn but the Perspective, and it will shew You more to the contrary. As for Example, Fancy me all that's ill, think me (for ought You know, I may be) a Mistress easie to be *enjoy'd*, one that may be bought with sordid *Gold*, when the most nice *Rhetorick* fails to move. Think me this, I say, then ask your self if You still love *Astrea*. Perhaps you'll say, this is an odd Letter. but no matter, I hope you'll never have Cause to tax me with Deceit, nor think me vain, when I say, I have as true a Notion of *Honours*, as Your Sex can have. And when I see a Man deserves it, I can use him so, if *Celadon* pleases to continue our Correspondence by writing, but I never must see him more.

Celadon to Mrs C——ll

NEVER see my dear *Astrea* more! If my Eyes are the Subject of Your Aversion, by all that's good, to have You in my Arms, I'd pluck 'em out. There is not any thing so dear to me. Nothing can, I think, except Your self, be dearer to me than my *Eyes*, but I would renounce 'em, to purchase a *Felicity*, which only You can raise me to. Be every thing that you have named to fright me, be common, be rotten, false, designing, be nothing but what is base and infamous; I will not stop in my pursuit; but be content to share Infection with you, might I but taste those ravishing *Enjoyments* which you, and none but you can give, and have my Portion of those Charming Things your Mind produces. Good Gods! What have I been saying of a Woman that comes nearest

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

to Perfection of any of her Sex, and contains more Vertues in her than a whole Convent does. Every thing you do or say, is a Charm to me: your very Anger has a *Beauty* in't, as you express it: And like a gentle Wind, it more encreases than abates my Fire. Reverse your Cruel Sentence, I beseech you, Madam, suffer me to visit you. You know you can command my strongest Passions with a Look, and *easily* disarm me of my most violent Resolutions I love too much to dare to be

Your Servant, &c.

Seven Passionate Love-Letters written by *Celadon* to his Mistress

LETTER I.

Madam,

I Return'd to Town on *Sunday*, but have been so tir'd with my Journey, that I have not been much abroad Business will yet some Days be so much my *Enemy*, as to deprive me of a *Possibility* of seeing the charming Original of that Idea, that has never been from me since I first saw you. Yet I beg a Line or two from your dear Hands, which will give me Life enough to support the hard Absence, that *Necessity* imposes on me The *Retreat* I have been to see, is very charming indeed, yet it wants two things to render it agreeable enough to me to make me go to it; that is, a Purling Stream, and such a Goddess of the Woods as you are If you see Mr *B*—t, tell him, if he intends to communicate his Affair to me, it must be very soon, and I must see him at my Lodging to appoint some Hour that I can spare I beg your Pardon, Madam, that my Letter to you contains any thing but Love For indeed when I have so much, that no Letter can suffice to express the thousandth Part of it, 'tis a Folly to lose any Room. But then, on the other hand, my Love is beyond Expression, for whatever I can say, will never be so capable of expressing how much I love you, so well as one Hour's Converse. Nay, one Look, one Eloquent and Expressive Look, and one tender Pressing with my transported Hand, one (O! that I durst say it) one Ravishing Kiss—But whither are my wild Thoughts carrying me? To Joys, *That no Language and no Tongue can tell 'Tis Heav'n to have You, but without You, Hell*

In spite of Mr *Collier*, I say so, and may he that thinks it any Profaneness to compare his Mistress's Smiles to Heaven, and the want of 'em, to Hell may he, I say, always feel the latter, but never arrive at the first But what do I lay a Curse on him that Nature has curs'd already, by an unsound Mind, incapable of Love, in an unsound *Body* She has made him a *Jack-Pudding*, to please the Town without being capable of

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

receiving any Joy himself Now, Curses on him again for drawing me into this Digression, from the most Charming of her Sex; and only leaving me room to subscribe my self, Madam,

Your Sincere and Faithful Slave,

CELADON.

LETTER II.

Madam,

I Sent an Answer Yesterday, and hope the Porter deliver'd it right, and that I believe will overcome your *Infidelity* as to my Love. I go out of Town to morrow or *Sunday*, and shall return on *Monday* or *Tuesday*, the greatest satisfaction of which Return, is the Hopes of seeing you, Madam, and being once more happy in your Conversation, a Confirmation of which, I shall long for from your dear pretty Hands. I confess, if I could be perswaded to be prudent, I should *industriously* avoid seeing you any more whereas all this Week's Endeavours have been to order Matters so, if I can, as never to be without seeing you; but that would be too much to your Disadvantage. Ill Company at seldomest, is a Tax upon your good Nature, but to desire to put it too often upon you, may be too fond an Arrogance to be pardon'd: And since with Heav'n we must leave all things to its Disposal, so I shall not presume to direct my Heav'n in You, what Measures of Dispensation to allow to a miserable Sinner. The Divines tell us, our own Merits can never purchase Heav'n, and some *Lovers* say the same of their Mistresses. However I agree with the former, I declare myself against the latter For certainly Love merits the belov'd, which, if you refuse, you ought to suffer Violence, as they tell us that above the Stars does, and the Violent take it by force. There's Scripture for you, Madam: and if You improve not by my Doctrine, be it upon your own Head, I have discharged my Duty I have told You that you ought to reward a *Lover*, and if you will not believe me, remember *Infidelity* is a heinous Sin, and I know not what Judgments may fall on your Head for it. You know we are to be saved by Faith only, that is (as our Calvinist Divines inform us) *without the Help of Works* This I urge, because you may perhaps allow that Love is to be rewarded, but at the same time question mine, when I assure you of it: And since you have but the *Word* of any Man for his Love, Pray let my *Word* be taken as well as anothers Besides, I'm not so much a *Calvinist* and *Lutheran* in Love, but that I allow of the Merit of *Good Works*, that is, in *proportion* to any one's Ability The *Widow's* Mite must convince the Reality of her Zeal, as well as the *Prince's* richer Sacrifice. But I know not what Religious Vein I'm got into,

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

that I can't get out of the Circle of the Church for my Life Therefore to conclude with it as I began, In our Church we exclude all Unbelievers from Salvation: So look after your *Precious Soul*, and think of pitying

Your Sincere Slave and Admirer,

CELADON.

LETTER III

Madam,

THE enclos'd was writ last Night, and because it should not miscarry, I call'd with it my self, and yet it miscarried. for I could meet with no body but a strange Gentleman and a Child; and thinking neither of them fit for the Conveyance of it to the prettiest Hands in the World, I brought it back with me, and finding that it is Mrs.—'s Lodgings, I ventur'd to direct both in a Cover to her for You, wishing you all the Joys you are capable of giving me, and those are enough in Conscience for one body I am, Madam,

Your Devoted Adorer,

CELADON.

LETTER IV

Madam,

EITHER I have very little Patience, or a very strong Desire, for I am not able to bear this Fatigue of Expectation Every one that has knock'd at the Door these two Days, has put me into an Agony, my Heart surpriz'd me with larger and quicker Beatings, which almost depriv'd me of my Breath In short, I'm forced to send this Messenger to know whether You have Honour enough to be as good as your word. Or whether a Woman's or Courtier's Promise, be of the same nature, only a civil Imposition, which with the Knowing ought to go for nothing. I am not able to bear this *Uncertainty*, and I desire You at least to be so just, as to let me know whether I shall be so happy to see You to day or not For since I cannot study, I will else go lose my self a little out of Town, and lose those Thoughts which too much disquiet my Mind, though I have not stirr'd out since I saw You 'Tis a sort of *Barbarity* You shew towards me to perswade my easie Faith to a Belief that You do not despise me, and at the same time resolve not to ease that Passion, such a Belief must *inevitably* produce in the Breast of one that loves so well as does,

Madam,

Your Sincere Friend and Servant,

CELADON

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

LETTER V

I AM, my Everlasting Charmer, numbring the Hours and Minutes with Impatience, and hope You will let it be as *early* as possibly You can quit your sweet Bedfellow, that You will come to morrow Morning. For the *Day*, nay, the *Year*, has not Hours enough to tell all the *Story* of my Love. Tho' I have this Day been forc'd into *Company* about earnest Business, and some of it very warm, yet I can safely say it, You have not been out of my Mind a quarter of an Hour. Nay, in the Intervals I made two Escapes into the Fields to think only of You. I was to go from my Lodging to *German-street*, and as the nighest Way, went round about by *Marybone*, because I could so have the longer time to think of my Dear, Dear Charming *Cælia* and to go from thence to *Brook-street* in *Holborn*, I e'en went o'er the Fields as far as *Marybone*, and round to *Gray's-Inn Lane*, till now I am come home by 10 a clock, where I, as the best and last thing I do, write this to send to You *early* in the Morning. I hope You will rest better than I shall to Night for I have new Matter of *Jealousie*, but that You shan't know till I see you here. By Heav'n I love you too extravagantly. But *Love* comes on me now like a Torrent, there is no resisting him. Well, I am yours, and will be yours, as long, nay, longer than You will like it. And I foresee as great a Pain now when once You are weary of me, as You are not kind. Yet if you knew how I lov'd you, you would use me with some regard to my Tenderness, and believe me, Madam, my *Love* does but begin where other Mens ends. But I must not run on at this rate every time, I shall else have you fling aside my Letters without reading, like a great *Courner* that has too much Business on his Hands, and then I should lose a *double Pleasure*, For I am not only pleas'd while I am writing to you, but while I am thinking that at this time are the *prettiest Eyes* in the World employ'd by me. Gods! the most Charming Face that ever I beheld! Indeed, I never saw any thing so very *transportingly pretty* as You were last *Sunday*. The nearer You come to Nature, the more Charming You are, and must still be more so when you have less borrow'd from Dress. Such an one would make me justify *Adam's* Transgression, as *Milton* represents it, who indeed has much excus'd our first Father's Frailty, and put it into so advantageous a Light, that any of his Sons would justify his Fall, by confessing the same Weakness. O Lord! whither am I running? How can I, when I write to You, think or speak of any thing else? 'Twas a Fault, my *Charmer*! but I hope you'll forgive it me when I shan't my self. I long, I am impatient for *Wednesday* Morning. If You can send me a Word or two from your dear Hands by the *Porter*, he shall call as he comes back. Do, comply with my *Folly*, *Love* makes Fools of us all. Let me have a Line or two from You this Morning, if you

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

are awake; if not, let it alone; because I'm obliged to go out by Eight or Nine at farthest, but shall be at home, I hope in the *Afternoon*, at least, by Five or Six a-clock in the *Evening*, so that if you send then, I shall be sure to have it

*Fly fast ye Minutes, bring the wish'd-for Day,
That's big with the Divine Enormous Joy
To do more Mischief, Jchu could command
The rowling Sun to make immediate stand
Then cannot LOVE precipitate his Flight,
And hasten on amain the Tardy Night?
And then as swiftly bring the Joyous Morn,
With which my Pangs shall end, and Happiness return?
When Cælia breaks upon me with her Light,
More charming than the Day-spring, and more bright,
A Thousand Transports will my Heart surprize *
For she a Thousand Heav'ns will dart from her bright Eyes
All Extasy! my Soul no vulgar Joys shall prove
Oh! I'll dissolve in the Extreame of Love!
Oh! hast, dear Morn, with Fury onward move!
Thou bring'st me Cælia, and with her Life and Love*

Pardon this *Extempore Rapsody*; for I can't be sedate enough to think as I ought I am so full of Expectation, and indeed you take up my whole Thoughts, and yet I am all in *Confusion* within too Only this is the constant and intelligible Result of all, that I am your Faithful

CELADON.

LETTER VI

MY Everlasting Charmer, let me not live a Day longer than to-morrow, rather than you should forfeit your Word to Morrow You are not a Moment out of my Thoughts, tho' I have been in Company and about Business all this day I retire into my Heart to think of You, and if the Divines could find out something as agreeable to our Imagination, we may easily comply with St. *Paul*, and pray always God forgive me if I sin in my Worship of You I can't think I do, and yet I have no part of my Soul my own I'm all and intirely Yours. Let but to-morrow come, and let but *Cælia* keep her Word, and hear how much I have to say Say? Yes, in Looks, in Words, in every Action, all are and must be full of Love. So much Love has Possession of me, I am Love, as *Cowley* says,

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

nay, and which is more, shall ever be so Be just therefore, be compassionate: save me from Distraction! Keep me your Slave. Oh, use not a Mark of your *Tyranny*, but *Pity*, and lawfully Reign 'Tis great, when 'tis in your Power, not to *destroy* Heav'n is only Heav'n when it preserves 'Tis Devils Work to *destroy*, to *damn* and *torture* Be like the Heav'n in your Mind, that your Person represents Come, come, let me swear, protest Ten Thousand Vows and Oaths, enough to melt the most Obdurate Heart See all my Agonies, hear all my Eloquent Sighs, and with those tender charming Eyes, behold the Eagerness and Softness which *Love* produces Come, oh come! to damn me *entirely*, if You will not save If I must have Hell, do You bring it I shall think the Judgment just because Yours: And the Charms of my severe Judge will sweeten ev'n the Torments which she ordains Come, if it be but to see me die, to trample in the *Cruelty* of your proud *Beauty*, Yet remember, You *destroy* the most sincere, constant, and faithful of your *Lovers* 'Tis true, every body must love You, because you are *Charming*, because you must please every body, and so they love you *meerly* for their own sakes, but you will not find *many* who will let this first Motive of *Love* transport them beyond all Considerations of themselves but I am so much yours, you are so *absolutely* my Sovereign, that I have no Thoughts but to please you, nor any Happiness without your being pleased There is nothing that I am capable of doing, that I would not do to please you And I should think my self too *happy*, if my Power bore Proportion to my Will I would if I could, make you Empress of the World! But that wou'd be no Advantage to *Love* Noise, Pomp and Ceremony wou'd *destroy* the Pleasures of a mutual Passion: And all the Softness and Pleasures of two Tender Hearts, would be lost in *Vanity* and *Shew*, in empty Applause of busie Fools and Knaves, in cringing *Sycophants*, and selfish Rogues, that flatter to be flatter'd and advanc'd Oh! no! Give me no *Joys* that are loveless and unendear'd, but give me *Celia*, kind, tender, just, quiet, soft Retreat, Constancy, Peace, murmuring Brooks, and tumbling Streams, cool Shades, and Love in every Place, in Shades, in Shine, in Brooks and Glades, in *Celia*, who is her self a Heav'n and Paradise: But should I run the pleasing Idea farther, I should never have done, for I can frame no Scheme of Happiness where *Celia* has not her Share, her chief Share, where she is not all, at least the *Manna*, the sweetning Drop that gives a Taste to all that can ever be esteem'd and lov'd by her

CELADON

My Service to your charming Bedfellow, and my generous Advocate

A PACQUET FROM WILL'S

LETTER VII

Infalible Lady,

YOU are infallibly come at two or three a-clock I staid Dinner, till it was Four, in firm Belief, that when you had sent on purpose to me to let me know that you would infallibly perform your Promise, you would not fail. I got the best Fricasie of *Rabbis*, that ever I eat so good, that I relish'd it in spite of vexing, which I did heartily I had some Oisters to whet your Stomach, and a Fowl to make up your little Dinner, which I keep cold, in hopes you will yet come to night For God's sake, Madam, let me know why you use me so 'Tis not generous, and I hope I shall reflect enough upon it to endeavour to curb so unlucky a Passion A Woman of *Honour* shou'd let no Business make her break her repeated Promise I'm sure I wou'd not let any hinder me of this Day's Curse of Expectation. If this be *Love*, the Devil take *Love*, since it only qualifies a Man to be us'd like a Dog But Madam, be assur'd so *Tyrannic* a Sway will make me a Rebel And tho' I love you much, such Usage will bring me, I hope, to my self I am sensible you never intended to come, and only abus'd my *Credulity*, to make your self Sport. Madam, there is a gentle Way of making the most free People Slaves, and you have it in your Power to make me so But, like some *Monarchs*, you take the wrong way, and will only force me to endeavour to throw off so proud and heavy a Yoke That, I believe, you don't value, being so well furnish'd with Subjects yet let me tell you, Madam, you might have been so generous, not to have abus'd a Man, merely for *loving* you But I deserve it, truly deserve it, that could think — Well, Madam, be yet so just as to let me see you once more, if it be but to tell me, that I am a troublesome impertinent and credulous *Coxcomb*, to think a Woman could keep her Promise, or be sensible of a real Passion If it be possible, let me see you to night If you come not to me, I will to you, Nor will I come away, till I see you I will wait at home till Eight at Night, who am more yours, I find to my Sorrow, than I am my own,

CELADON

*Between 5 and
6 a-clock*

From the Letters of WIT, POLITICKS and
MORALITY by Cardinal Bentivoglio

LETTER XV.

Astræa to Celadon *Upon the Drawing Cuts in the Pist, who should write first.*

IF Oracles were now extant, I would consult them, to know what Fortune designs, by thrusting me into an affair of this kind Whether my lot brings Life or Death, I know not I own the hazard which I run is great, 'tis much the same as if a Novice at Fencing, should draw upon a Master of the Science. However, I am resolv'd not to make the fickle Goddess so much as one short Prayer to assist me No, I'll chuse rather to lie at your Mercy, than hers The reason is, I have known her false and foolish, and I fansie you of another Species, at least till you give me Reason to alter my Opinion Well then, what shall I say to you? Why, what can I say to a Man altogether unknown to me, a Man *who will stand or fall, by the general Opinion we have of Mankind?* Now the Sentiments we have of Men in general are very loose, but I am unwilling to entertain such of you, your late Deportment rais'd you above the common level in my Thoughts This is all I can say in your Commendation, till I know you better, for random Compliments ought to be despis'd by Men of Sense Pray observe the same Method when you write to me, for I am not so much a Woman as to love to be flatter'd Adieu

LETTER XVI

Celadon to Astræa

EXtraordinary Blessings are never merited, but freely given, nor can they come by chance, Fortune therefore shall be quite left out of my Thanksgiving for the double Favour I've been oblig'd with your Letter, and leave to answer it Notwithstanding, I find my self in this high degree of Felicity, I can't help being apprehensive that your Indulgence may prove fatal to 'me Should you severely judge my Letters, little reason shall I have to boast, if by 'em I loose that share of your good Graces you was pleas'd in humanity to give to a Stranger, before he had discover'd enough of his Folly, to shew he did not deserve it Entertainments of this dull kind, are Plagues ingenious People never fail to draw upon themselves, and they

LETTERS OF WIT

find the same disadvantage in shewing their Wit, as young Master does in shewing his Money. The needy will certainly borrow, tho they're sure they can never pay, and will imagine, those who have so much that they must shew it, know no better use on't. Just so it fares with those that carry more Wit about 'em than they can hide, we that have none shall be sure to intrude upon their Conversation, in hopes of advancing our own Characters, without ever considering (for we can't make the case our own) that to be always stooping, must needs be a very uneasie posture. So fond am I still of keeping up to my out-of-Fashion Way of Plain-Dealing with you, and to encourage you to believe that in every thing, tho never so much to my own disadvantage, I shall always treat you with Truth and Sincerity, I have ventur'd, by writing, to undeceive you, rather than to suffer you to continue any longer in a false Opinion of me, tho, I dare say, I might have spar'd my pains, for without being industrious to let you into the secret, so piercing a Judgment as yours, could have easily seen to the bottom of me. I do'n't know what ails me, but I write with an awe upon me, as if I was submitting my self to the Censure of some curious Critick, without any hopes of Success. By your next, I shall guess at my doom, if you write as much of your mind as I have done.

Celadon

June 7. 1700

LETTER XVII

Celadon to Astræa

W^Hat measure you'll take of my Manners, by the ill Nature of my wish, must be wholly submitted to your Judgment, *Astræa*, but would to Heaven you were to feel, for one hour, the torment of my Soul, for the want of your company, that little time, I'm confident, would give you a sufficient Sense of the lingring Death I suffer by it, to ingage your Pity for my Relief, if not your Love, which only can assuage and calm the Pains that thus distract me. I endure too much Torment to be silent, and methinks have endur'd long enough to have my Complaints heard with Patience. I love you, I doat on you, my passion makes me mad when I am with you, and desperate when I am from you. Sure of all miseries Love is to me the most intolerable, it haunts me in my sleep, perplexes me when waking, nor is there a Remedy in Art so powerful to remove its Anguish, nothing but those bewitching Charms which gave the wound can be its cure, if then I am not odious to your Eyes if you have Charity enough to value the well-being of a Man, who holds you dearer than you can do the thing you most are fond of, by that dear envy'd Object of your Love, I here conjure you pity the distracting Pangs of mine, and give some Ease to the severest Disquiets that ever touch'd my Breast. I would obey

POLITICKS AND MORALITY

you if I could, but when you bid me lay aside my Passion, give me leave to write, I find it is impossible. What opinion have you of my Conduct, that makes you still oppose an Application to you, which never was, or shall be Criminal? Can you imagine I will importune you to grant me a Favour to your own Prejudice? No—Heaven knows my Heart: I would rather endure eternal Torment, than be the occasion of a moment's Disquiet to that dear lovely Breast, whose Repose I infinitely prefer to my own satisfaction. Nay, so much I value you above my self, or any other Consideration whatsoever, that were it in my power to add to your Happiness, as much as it is in yours to advance mine, I'd make no scruple of Sacrificing both Reputation and Fortune to your service. I'll never believe that you deal sincerely with me, or that you think I have one good Quality about me, so long as you remain indifferent. When I can perceive Impressions upon you, or the least signs of Love, I'll be persuaded to believe I have Charms, and that I am Master of those Excellencies, of which you have been the first Discoverer. If you could look upon your self with the same Eyes that I do, you'd be convinc'd, that in my last I had no design to rally you, but that thro' the whole there was an Air of Sincerity. Your mind is like your Eye, it plainly sees every thing else, but wants a sight of itself. Consider but your self, you'll find that Youth, Beauty, Wit, and good Humour, make their constant Residence with you, with a thousand other Charms which have engag'd the heart of *Celadon*.

LETTER XVIII.

Asiræa to Celadon

I shall not condemn your wish, since it brings so light a Curse along with it, compar'd with what I now feel, I have got the Toothache. Now will I leave it to any indifferent Person to decide, whose pain is greatest. Thousands can judge of mine who have felt it, but scarce one in ten thousand ever really felt what you pretend to, and 'tis as natural for your Sex to write and make Love, as 'tis for ours to be caught by your flattering Baits. But let me tell those too credulous Nymphs, they'll quickly find those Ages of Love which they expect, reduc'd to some few days, when once their Lovers have reach'd the height of their desires. This I take to be the general maxim of your Sex—I can't imagine what you mean by this way of Proceeding—it is as contrary to my design of conversing with you, and as different from what we first agreed upon, as smuggling is from the wholesome Law of the Nation. You conjure me by what I am most fond of—I am fond of nothing upon Earth, therefore if you fail to

LETTERS OF WIT

attain, blame your ill-choice in the Charm. I am not Fool enough to believe you are unacquainted with your own Perfections, tho your modesty forbids your owning it; but if you were, I must beg your pardon, I never mean to buy your Conversation at the Price of my Repose, that is beyond the Law of God or Man. I believe *Celadon*, as sincere as any Man upon the same subject can be to me, and in return I promise, if I would barter all my future ease and quiet for any Man, *Celadon* should command *Astræa*; but I am certain I shall never be brought to change real Pleasures for imaginary ones. If it is possible for you to continue our Correspondence according to the first design, (on my side I mean) I shall account my self the happiest Woman on Earth in your Acquaintance, but if you suffer the Tares of Love to grow up and choak the good Seed of Friendship, 'tis time to cut down the Crop, and stop the ensuing Evil. We must desist writing for I am weary of this unpleasant Subject, with the Preface of sincerity. If you'll be ingenious and own it Raillery, then you shall be answer'd in Specie, but these formal Pretensions from a Man of your Sense, would not be believ'd by any. and I'm certain did I encline to love you, you could no more return it, than you would oblige a stranger with your Estate, did he want it. Therefore, pray, henceforth unmask, and deal freely with,

A S T R Æ A

LETTER XIX.

Celadon to Astræa

UNmask and deal freely with *Astræa*! with all my heart, as soon as she pleases. I have no Mask about me but my Cloaths, and those I'll quit at any time, to be more at liberty for a fair Ladies Service. I accept your Challenge, and now you find me a Man of Honour, I hope you won't be afraid of engaging, I know the odds are against me, but I had rather be bravely beaten, than despis'd for a Coward. You are the most barbarous Creature I ever met with, to boast that you delight in persecution, and can laugh at the cruelties you exercise upon Mankind, as if we were born to be tormented, for no other purpose but your diversion. Good Gods! what Raillery is it to equal the Tooth-ach to the Pains of unsuccessfull Love, there's no more comparison, than there is betwixt the biting of a Flea, and the tickling of an Incision-knife. did you but give me any hopes of pleasure at the end of this pain, could I but have a prospect of *Canaan* from this Wilderness I'm passing thro'; or foresee a Carnival after this tedious Lent, I would patiently bear my Pennance, nay could be fond of the fiteague that leads to so pleasant an End. but

POLITICKS AND MORALITY

when you tell me I'm only to expect my Service for my Reward, is I'm sure to treat me with an imaginary bliss, instead of a real one I have in view; 'tis leaving a Cloud in my Arms, instead of the *Juno* I wish to embrace. As much as I can I'll persecute you, and always entertain you upon a Subject you don't like, I'll so tease you with impertinent Letters and more impertinent visits, I'll bring you to such a sense of being forc'd to endure what you don't like, that at last you'll be glad by obliging your Lover with one favour, to purchase another of ease to your self. Be generous, therefore, and surrender whilst you may have honourable Conditions, rather [than] obstinately hold out till you are reduc'd to extremity, for then you must expect no quarter. I won't run the hazard of an assault, because I'm sure to have better success if I continue the Siege. You see I'm bent upon mischief, consult, and you'll find 'tis your interest to prevent it, thus you may secure both your Friend and your Lover,

CELADON.

Saturday
past seven

*Your Pardon, Madam, for not writing sooner,
and for writing in so much haste now*

LETTER XX.

Celadon to Asiræa

CONFESS, my dear *Asiræa*, now you know me better, that you have had reason to alter your opinion, *that she that has me would have all our Sex can give* Never judge by cursory views and specious appearances again, but dive into the merits of the Cause, before you give your Sentence 'Tis not enough to hear a Man's character from himself We all lie, Madam, nor is it sufficient to be let into the secrets of his life, to give us a true light into his Heart, Form and outside are no more proofs of a Man's being a Man of Parts, than the fine Japan of a Cabinet is, that the Jewels are good that are in it

Let me consider—have I any thing to thank you for? No, I think not: if I have 'tis so little, that 'tis not worth while to pay till the score's larger. I'll chalk on therefore, if you please, and see how the Tick will encrease by to morrow morning. *Impair my Vigor*, but I had forgot the *Usquebaugh*, that was an *item* worth the remembring, On my Conscience, and would, as I told you, if I had not had a world of Love and Vertue about me, have been a certain Preface to an ensuing Debauch; but I have been

LETTERS OF WIT

lately made sensible, that even the fragments of love exceed all those that are miscalled *the truest delights of the Bottle* Celadon resolves to renounce the Follies of Wine, and begs to be admitted to a Feast of Love

LETTER XXI.

Asiræa to Celadon.

ALter my opinion ! No, I'll stick as fast to it as Martyrs to their Religion. I did expect by this time to find you alter'd, but seeing you're still on the same strain, I may reasonably suppose you are yet in the state of ignorance, which you wilfully embrace, rather than be converted by the wholesome council of your Friends, tho I have put you in the way. Well, *Celadon*, if you ever find cause to repent this obstinacy of yours, blame your self for it. Consider before you engage any farther. for should you flatter me into a belief you lov'd me, and did not, you must e'en take what follows ; If you have my heart, you will certainly have all the train of impertinent follies that usually attend a Woman's love : and which make a Man study more how to quit, than ever he did to obtain——As, *whether go you ? where have you been ? when will you come again ? who's that Lady you ogled at the Play ? Hey ho ! you don't love me*——And a thousand things more of this nature, which in a little time render a Mistress as tiresome as a Wife to Man of Sense. These are common calamities, but now one word by the by : how would *Celadon* like Rivals ? for you must expect a thousand (if I am such a Person as I describ'd to you) tho not one of 'em upon your terms. They shall bring preservatives for *Life*, and you for *Love*, now I cannot pretend to Table a lover whose stomach won't agree with this Diet. Think on this, and change your quarters whilst you may : the Devil's in you Rake, if this Advice has no effect from,

ASTRÆA.

LETTER XXII

Celadon to Asiræa

I Do feel the Power of Love, *Asiræa*, nay, it's Tyranny in earnest. 'Tis impossible to escape insensible from such Charms as yours, and impossible to counterfeit such a Passion as mine. I have had you in my Arms all night, and if imagination is so charming, the delights of Enjoyment will be too exquisite to be born. Kill me then that way. I'll

POLITICKS AND MORALITY

never complain of your Severity, unless sighs and murmurs are complaints But if I survive your *killing kindness*, I'll vow to be reveng'd, and love you for ever: my constancy shall be a burden to you; dare but to believe and you'll engage me to be unalterably yours, and only yours.

CELADON.

LETTER XXIII

Celadon to Astræa

AS Country Curates preach better other men's Works, partly out of Idleness, but with more regard I hope to a greater benefit of the Parish, than they could presume to hope from their own, so I have transcrib'd a Letter out of the Book you lent me, for your sake as well as my own 'Tis an exact Copy of my Thoughts, but a thousand times more happily exprest, than if it had been my own, and will better bear being serv'd up again and again, than the finest Entertainment I could have set before you

Tho I don't deserve an Answer for this, I hope you'll be generously pleas'd to give me one, for I would have thought the same, but when I read this I could not be reconcil'd to any Language of my own, nay, I endeavour'd to write in other words, but these were got into my head and would be at my Pen's end in spite of

CELADON.

June 13th
1700

LETTER XXIV.

Astræa's Answer to Celadon

Idleness is as ill a quality in a Lover as in a Clergy-man, and ought to be treated alike, The Parson should lose his Tithes, and the Lover his Mistriss, for every Man must stand or fall by his own works; and since we have got *Love* and *Religion* in one Scale, Pray, let *Celadon* take care that Truth and Sincerity ballance in the other I am sorry to find you guilty of what you seemed to condemn in another, you have rewarded my lending of the Book as unjustly, (and made as ill use of the favour) as the Gentleman to whom you gave sanctuary did your Friendship Now, let *Celadon* consider if I ought not to be angry after his affecting the whol-

LETTERS OF WIT

some food of Plaindealing, he should offer me the fragments of Flattery from the Table of another Turn the Case and let it be your own: Did you not conceive a secret pleasure, when you cut the Lady's Gown for haste, in being the first she ever favour'd? Nay, the Gods were wont to be pleas'd with the first fruits of the Earth, which shews the first of every thing is the most acceptable, tho never so mean But you of all mankind have the least excuse for what you have done, you can never want words to dress your thoughts, Learning, Wit, and Eloquence are your inseparable Companions, therefore borrowing is as unpardonable in you as in a Miser You ought rather to enrich the Publick, than encroach upon it Thus far by way of Advice Now, I desire you to desist Applications, for I can't bear so gross an imposition on my Sense. I must claim the Privilege to use my Reason in Love as in Religion; and I must tell you there's not one word in that Letter could be apply'd to me, no more than the virtue of working Miracles to the Reliques of a Modern Saint, therefore I shall never be brought to believe it. Don't say but I have given you timely notice. but if after this you will play the Fool, 'tis none of my fault, my Conscience will be clear and so farewell,

ASTRÆA

P. S *I fear I shall go to the Play I believe Astræa would be well enough pleas'd to find Celadon there*

LETTER XXVI

Chloe to Astræa

IN lieu of *Celadon*, the Person whose Fate you seem to envy, was the happy Creature, who by fortune was destin'd to read your ingenious Letter, wherein I find more charms than your good nature allows in a new acquaintance, who willingly quit all superiority of Merit to his former Mistress, that has a much better title to the Compliments she is pleas'd to make a stranger, and would have you just enough to your self to believe, that if you are not capable of obliging him to constancy, the rest of our Sex must decline all pretensions If his stay in Town be longer than he propos'd, I believe indulgence for his natural indisposition detains him with more prevalency than a Passion for me: of which he will convince you by a very speedy departure, and perhaps with an unexpected store of Love at his Return to the Charming *Astræa*, whose Wit alone has wrought a most powerful value for you in the heart of the Unfortunate *Chloe*

POLITICKS AND MORALITY

LETTER XXVI

Astræa to Celadon

IF I ever was leaning to the folly of Love, *Celadon* has cured me effectually, therefore, pray bestow your gratitude on *Chloe*. I ne're expected a return for any favour I bestow'd No——Mankind is a sort of horn-book, which I can say by rote, there needs no study to find you false, and not one Art in Nature to make you true Your whole Sex is scarcely worth the trouble I have given my self about you, and now I dare boldly say, I know Mr. *A——e*. I had the curiosity to see if a man of sence could be guilty of the same errors the common stamp of Men are; and now I am convinced that there's no more difference in the honour of Mankind, relating to our Sex, than there is between the King and Beggar in the Grave I wonder *Celadon* should own an Obligation to a Person he did not think worth visiting when in Town; one who compar'd with his Charming *Chloe*, seems so worthless, that he cannot choose but curse himself for throwing away three minutes in writing to her. Perhaps you did it out of Charity, imagining my Condition desperate Faith, *Celadon*, I am just as I was, fat and merry, I shall not fast and weep, but feast and laugh, which I think the properest ingredient to drive out all thoughts of an ungrateful Lover *Chloe* was very unkind to you in not daring to stand by what she writ I imagin'd a Lady arm'd with the heart of *Celadon*, durst to have met a poor abandon'd Wretch defenceless and alone I answer'd to the Coffee-house, as you directed, resolving not to balk your vanity But upon second thoughts I find the Lady has found out your relish, she does not think me worth seeing. I am content, I am not over curious to see her, because I am not her Rival And I don't doubt but she knows where to find me, if she has a mind to see one, *whom Celadon would part from his eyes to have in his arms, whose Conversation he could not lose and live* Oh! *Celadon*, for shame, give over this Trade of lying, or on my Conscience you'll forget to speak truth even in your prayers The Friend that died in your Arms, was, I suppose, miraculously raised to life again and only suffer'd a small Metamorphosis. The suppos'd Mr —— proves to be the real *Chloe*, for the Devil of such Person died at *Eaton*, to my knowledge. Had illness detain'd you from your Journey, your Chambers, or Sister's had been the properest place of Residence for you, but I am convinced you are a stranger to both I commend your Conduct You are indeed constant for a time, and 'tis unreasonable for any Woman to desire a Man should be so any longer than 'tis in his nature I wish *Chloe* may as freely leave you, as I do, that you may pursue fresh Conquests, for

LETTERS OF WIT

if I can guess at the inclination of Mr. — nothing can oblige him more. I shall say nothing of your exposing me to your Mistress, since you have done me a piece of service by it, and taught me never to put it in the power of any Man to abuse my easiness as you have done.

LETTER XXVII.

Chloe to Astræa

I'M concern'd the charming *Astræa* is in an Error which, I am of opinion, is the only one she was ever guilty of, in mistaking *Chloe's* hand for *Celadon's*. But, Madam, believe he merits that honour you seem hardly to allow him, for he never endeavour'd to expose *Astræa*, but only shew'd *Chloe* how great her misfortune was, in having a Rival, whose sence alone denies her all hopes to gain any place in a heart so powerfully prepossess'd with a much more agreeable Idea. I must confess had he value little enough for himself, to suffer me to share his Affections with you, good nature should induce you to pity him, since he does undoubtedly, in the change, receive a punishment greater than your highest Resentments could intend him, and should he forfeit his reason to entertain a favourable thought of me for some moments, it would only teach him to distinguish your charms from my Follies, and increase, if possible, his passion for you. He seems surpriz'd and confus'd at your Accusation which is only due to me, but I now generously decline my Pretensions to a more worthy Conqueror, and propose too great an Advantage in the witty and obliging *Astræa's* Acquaintance, not to wish with impatience for the happy opportunity of paying my Respects where my best inclination is already on the Wing. I leave it to you, Madam, to appoint a Place where I may be capable to shew you the just Conquest you have gain'd over your unknown humble Servant

CHLOE.

LETTER XXVIII.

Astræa to Chloe

AS soon as I receiv'd *Chloe's* ingenious Letter, with *Celadon's* direction where to answer it, I was impatient to see my beauteous Rival Rival, did I say? No——I renounce the name in extasie of Joy at the bare Apprehension of our growing Friendship. If *Chloe* be but what she pretends, easie in the absence of her Charming Lover, I'll strengthen her Resolution by assuring her I have an indifference for the whole Sex

POLITICKS AND MORALITY

Nay, I'll prove it, there's not one worth her care; but if villainous Love has shot poyson into her Breast, and fixt *Celadon's* Image there, he shall reign undisturb'd, and, to please my fair Friend, I'll talk of nothing else but *Celadon*. Your generous offer to quit your Pretensions to him, whether it proceeds from true Generosity, or a Sinner's Contempt of this World at the hour of Death (when you can enjoy it no longer) is the same to me, and to shew you I scorn to be out-done in that point, bring him along with you, and you shall see with what serenity of mind I'll resign him into the Arms of the incomparable *Chloe*.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. Ch. U—— to *Celadon*.

SIR,

I Accidentally meeting with a Banter on a Gentlewoman in *B—— Street*, who, I suppose, is known to you by the name of *Astræa*, the interest I pretend to have in her, commanded your name, which for some time she made a secret of, and since I find you use her so freely as to make your Mistress write to her, I may reasonably suppose you have been pretty familiar with her. Now as your vanity has expos'd her to your *Chloe*, I hope you'll have honour enough to let me know how far I am abus'd by one, whose sence I did imagine would have preserv'd her vertue, or, at least, made a better choice. If you are a Gentleman you'll give me satisfaction e're you leave the Town, else I shall find you at your return. You'll meet with me at her house, if not, leave a Note at *Tom's* Coffee-house in *Russel-street* for *Charles Ustick*.

LETTER XXXI

Celadon's Answer to Mr Ch—— U——.

SIR,

I Have just now received a Letter from you that has relation to a Lady I have the honour to call *Astræa*. You pretend to be a Husband or a happy Lover, which ever you are I envy you, and wonder that one of your interest in her should be so much under the Tyranny of a jealous Temper, as to believe her Vertue or Conduct should be any way inferiour to the rest of the good Qualities she is Mistress of. I'm not asham'd to admire her, but never obtain'd any favour from her, to her shame or your dishonour. This I speak not out of fear, but for her Justification, whose

LETTERS OF WIT

quiet I prefer to my own I'm sorry yours did not come to my hands before I left the Town. I shall be sure to keep your invitation, and endeavour to kiss your hand in *October*, when you shall have what satisfaction you please: I shall be glad to see that envy'd happy Man for whose sake I have been refus'd.

July the 16th
1700

LETTER XXXII

Celadon to Astræa

I Wrote to *Astræa* last Post in pain. I now write in the greatest confusion, and sense of my ill manners, for not kissing your hands before I left the Town, and several worse Treatments to a Woman who indeed deserves the best usage, puts me under the severest conviction. If a Penance of fourteen weeks in an unsociable Country, where love has no being, but in my Breast, can atone for fourteen days Transgression, I may hope at the end of my Pilgrimage to be absolv'd, and restor'd to the favour of her I adore. I presume upon nothing but my Penance, which will be indeed a hard one, and if any thing besides good Works be meritorious, sure Sufferings are. Imagine me banish'd, deservedly condemn'd to a Desert, where nothing conversible is to be found. Women, here are none no finish'd ones I mean, some unlickt creatures, which seem to be of that species wander up and down, and are so awkwardly innocent, their Virtue is not worth corrupting. Can you fancy me in such a place where the Men too are all drunken Monsters, and not pity my condition, which is truly wretched? The only comfort of my Life I have abus'd, and made my best Friend my Enemy, I dare not look up to her for Pardon, No! I have affronted her beyond forgiveness, nor ought she to vouchsafe the least kind influence, or shew any sign of good Nature or Remorse to a thing that has not only shaken hands with Civility and Good-manners, but deserted even the common principles of Gratitude and Humanity. Oh! I appear so horrid to my self, and bear such a load of shame about me, that if ever I should have leave to see your Face again, I don't believe I should have the confidence to approach you Good Gods! when I reflect upon my self, I'm mad, and have no better Plea than Lunacy. There was no reason for my foolish Carriage

Thus far I wrote, Madam, when a Letter in nature of a Challenge subscrib'd *Ck U* came to my hands by the Post, directed for me at *Chelsey*, and inclos'd by my Sister I am sorry I am at such a distance from your Friend Were I nearer, he should find me ready to give him Satisfaction,

POLITICKS AND MORALITY

for I should be glad of an opportunity to expiate my faults to you by my Blood. You could not have oblig'd me more than by employing the hand of a Gentlemen in your Service, tho of the crimes he seems to accuse me, I am innocent, I have neither expos'd you, nor been false, but that's more than he needs know, 'tis enough that he knows I can with as little Patience bear a Rival as he can, and when I come to Town, I shall endeavour to find him out at *Tom's* Coffee-house, whether I have sent him an Answer to his Letter this Post.

Whilst I am here, I beg you'd write to me, tho it be but to chide, a knowledge of your resentment will add to my Penance, and Heaven knows my Heart, I don't wish for a moment's ease, now I know that *Astræa* prefers another to

CELADON

July 16
1700

LETTER XXXIII

Celadon to Astræa.

Moderate your Reproaches, I beseech you, Madam, and let me implore your Pity in my defence, Mercy becomes those best, who are beyond measure offended. Should I offer to justify my self, you'd have reason to be severe in my Punishment, but when I throw my self at your feet, and with a true contrition repent of my Folly, you can no more think me worth your Aversion than your Love. Despise me, be indifferent, do any thing but hate me, because that would be thinking as I do, for I hate my self. You have set my shame in so true a light, and made me so sensible of my baseness, where I ought to have paid my most sincere regards, that the hatred of my self is grown hearty and inveterate, beyond a possibility of being reconcil'd, The Wit too, which you have shewn in my excuse, serves but to aggravate my Crime, it heightens the Fault, and makes the ill-nature more apparent. You have struck me with such horror that I dare not be alone for fear my self should appear to me, that very ugly self you describe, and provoke me to do what I can never repent of I can't endure to think, every Reflection is a Dagger to my heart, methinks I carry the mark of a Villain so plain in my forehead, that every body that sees me may discern it, I blush as much when I look a Woman in the face, as a young Girl does when first she has lost her Maidenhead I believe the beginnings of all manner of Guilt have the same appearances, and 'tis a certain sign of young Sinners, to be asham'd of what they have done, tho the newness of the thing makes me but the more inexcusable. Why should I begin to practise upon my best Friends? And like the Snake

LETTERS OF WIT

in the Fable sting her that had in mere compassion receiv'd me into her Bosom? But the *Plaindealer* tells us 'twill always be so None can betray us but those we trust Had *Astræa* us'd *Celadon* ill, as he deserv'd (to his everlasting shame be it remembr'd) he had never it in his power to—I'm asham'd to say what—'tis something so very heinous I want a name for it Ah! *Celadon*, boast no more of a character, having deserv'd well of the World before, makes you more worthy to be blam'd by *Astræa* Was it not possible for you to be just to one who has Charms enough to fix inconstancy it self? sure the Devil could never have chosen so unlucky a time to tempt me in, and make me surrender when my Heart was so powerfully prepossest I have been true to ugly and foolish, and was always averse to Variety. but I believe my Vertue had never been try'd, because it yielded to the first assault I'll never be confident again, nor believe it in my power to do or hinder any thing from being done, for I believe it is not possible for a Man to keep his resolution—I am more than half distract'd with the sense of my ingratitude, whilst I live I'll repent of it, and mortifie, by denying myself all the pleasures of Man and Womankind I desire nothing so much, and wish for nothing more than a Cell in *Bedlam* My opinion is that Men who have renounc'd their Reason, are fitter to be confin'd there, than those who have lost their Senses, because one is an Act of Choice, the other an involuntary Misfortune

So long as I am here, pray, write to me 'twill keep that in mind, which I would not forget that there lives not a baser Villain than

July 21
1700

Unfortunate *Celadon*

LETTER XXXIV.

Celadon to Astræa

TO tell you, Madam, that I'll do a thing, when I don't know whether I can or no, is keeping too close to the character you have of me already, therefore now I'll proceed with Caution, grow serious, will banter no more, and be heartily sorry for any deceits I have had a hand in. If I had a mind to return your Letters (as methinks at this present writing I could find in my heart to obey any Commands you lay upon me) 'twill be some months before I shall be where they are, and how can I foresee what Revolution may happen in my temper before that time? I had the opinion of a Lady last Post, whose judgment in inconstancy I much rely on, that no man can promise for the future a friend of yours and mine has been a late instance of it, whoever should have told me a month ago, that *Celadon* could have been tempted to be a Rogue to *Astræa*, should as soon have

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made me believe that Courtiers keep their words, and Citizens Wives are Saints. Therefore I'll breath the same Air again that you do, before I dare engage to grant your request, least I should relapse into the common infirmities of mankind, and break my word I'm as honest here by principle and practice as a Hermit, but whether the fit of Villany mayn't return upon me when I come within the reach of infection, I can no more foretell, than I can whether I shall be kill'd by your disdain, or have my Throat cut by your Friend. 'Tis possible you may have your Letters upon Honourable terms, for whatsoever you think of me, I assure you, you shan't be a moment uneasie, for any thing in my power to remedy

Pray let me tempt you to break your word, and continue to write to me, whilst you are in Town, for if I apprehend you right, *Asiræa* goes with her friend at *Michaelmass* You won't believe me if I tell you that I'm most passionately concern'd, that I shan't have an opportunity of shewing you how penitent I am, for the affront I have put upon you, the only base thing I can swear I ever was guilty of in my life, the greater is my Remorse therefore, that by one false step I should ruine my Reputation, and loose a friend, in whose Conversation I had propos'd to my selfe an eternal satisfaction Don't deny me the comfort of your Letters, tho' they're angry ones, there's something in 'em most agreeably charming, when you tell me I'm a man you could have lov'd, methinks it shews me you so generous, and my self so base, that nothing can exceed it, I don't think any Man but he that first sin'd was ever so great a Bar to his own happiness

As oft as I have thought of *Asiræa*, it has been to her advantage, I never thought her less than the best, and most desirable of Womankind one whose Sense, Temper, and good Manners, are not to be match'd in her whole Sex. Upon my Soul this is the worst opinion I have of her, and shall never cease to lament that as my greatest misfortune, which interpos'd between her and

CELADON

July 23
1700

LETTER XXXV.

Celadon to Asiræa

I Ndeed, Madam, my recriminating with you was altogether a jest when I offer'd to quit scores and forgive one another, as if we were equally guilty, I hapned to be in a gayer humour than ordinary, and wish'd you might be so too when you read it You would then have perceiv'd I was not in earnest, but that that part of my Letter was written more loosely

LETTERS OF WIT

than the rest, as if 'twas meant only to make you laugh, and not to put you upon thinking. We are got over all Reserves now, and allow one another freedom of Speech: I'll therefore frankly confess that since you acknowledge you've a Husband, and have had some time, you appear more a Mistress to me than ever you did, for I had a much better opinion of your Conduct, than to believe you would trust your affairs of the Nature of ours, to your Servants, as well as your Friend, if you was married privately, and to a Man of so nice a resentment as yours seems to be, when you told me your self, that your Friend, how good soever her inclination might be, durst not make tryal of a mutual secrecy, nor engage in an intrigue at your house, for fear you should discover it to Cousin *Jack*. I would do a great deal to obtain the solution of such a Riddle as this, and I have a strange curiosity to be let into your secrets, which I once was vain enough to think I had known the Bottom of. The price you are pleas'd to set upon that Favour, is more than I'm able to raise at present, as soon as it is in my power, upon my word you shall have it. *Chloe's name* would do you no service, unless you could tell where to write to her, she has lately miscarried and is gone out of Town, I don't know whether, nor do I believe, I shall till she or I return to *London*. I give you my word if she and you are in Town at the same time in Winter, you shall have a Letter from her, shall know her name, and see her too if you please. If you expect a Beauty, she won't answer expectation, she's but a Girl, not eighteen, she sings tolerably, and you'll allow her to have some Wit, if your Taste and mine are alike. I don't presume to deserve the Reward you propos'd for this, tho I swear I have told you as much as I know, and a generous confidence on your part, will always engage me to as frank a manner of dealing with you. Judge favourably of me, and believe that nothing but the honour I have for you, could tempt me to do what I do. 'Tis a strange tryal you bring me to, when I must offer that as a proof of my love, for which you ought to despise me, and 'twould be a very great instance of my Folly, if by such a proceeding I should hope to restore my self to your affection. You tell me your Passion for me made you false to another you did not like. I see you follow *Con*——e's rule, and don't think you can relish your *Lover*, without having a sufficient disgust for your Husband. Had he been more agreeable, I had not been happy, and had I been more constant, he had not had that place in your esteem he now has, so he's oblig'd to me for procuring that by my ill conduct, for him, which he with all his services could not obtain for himself. I had not the same motive to be false that you had, for I had never seen *Chloe* when I lov'd *Alira*. I met her by chance a visiting, and heard her sing, the Devil tempted me to like her, out of mere envy of the happiness I propos'd, nay, had resolv'd to enjoy with you, and only you. but what provok'd her to like me, I can't imagine, you know best. if you don't banter me when you tell me you

POLITICKS AND MORALITY

did not believe there was such a thing as a *Chloe*. I could flatter you in that belief, if I would indulge my self in the humour of lying, but I have been more than wicked to you another way: I'll redeem my credit, if I can, by dealing ingenuously for the future 'Tis not from excessive idleness, and want of opportunities to employ my self, that I write so long Letters: No—do me the justice to believe that I never think my time so well spent, I mean with that pleasure and satisfaction, as when I converse with *Astræa*: or else I should not so often put you in mind of an ungrateful *Celadon*, when you so freely declare that at any rate you'd purchase the forgetfulness of him

The Letter from your Secretary came to my Hands; 'twas a very welcome one. I was glad to be undeceiv'd, and to find that *Astræa* had not departed from her good manners; tho she has from her love to

CELADON

August 6th
1700

P S Again I ask your Play, and if the Duke of Gloucester's Death produces any melancholly 'W't worth reading, pray, send it. You must not judge my Taste by your own, for any thing will go down here

LETTER XXXVI.

Celadon to Astræa.

UPON my word and Honour, Madam, I have not prevaricated with you in the least, but told you truth of *Chloe* in every tittle, as much, I mean, as I knew my self, for 'tis above a Fortnight since I had the last Account of her, *So help me God* I'll keep my word with you: you shall, if you please in the Winter both see her, and see her write, at this distance I can do no more to serve you, if I was to gain or loose by it the greatest satisfaction I am capable of. I laugh at your *Richmond* scandal, and shall live to convince *Astræa* 'tis falsly fix'd upon me, and perhaps punish the Authors as they deserve. But hold! perhaps this may be some of *Will W—*'s Banter—if so, I heartily forgive it, and will only be reveng'd his own way. I believe you a Person of Honour, and as fit to be trusted as a Surgeon or a Confessor, but I can't trust you with what I don't know my self. I have endeavour'd to give you all the satisfaction I can in this matter; if it is not to your content, 'tis I assure you, none of my Fault, but altogether my misfortune. I beseech you therefore, let

LETTERS OF WIT

not my punishment exceed my Guilt, this is only a sin of ignorance and not of Presumption. I wish from my Soul 'twere in my power to oblige you to the utmost of your desire, I'd shew you that *Asiræa* is prefer'd to all other considerations in the Esteem of

CELADON.

August 11.
1700

LETTER XXXVII.

Celadon to Mr. Ch to be left with Asiræa.

YOU say true, Sir, *Aslsbury* is a very pleasant Town, seated upon a Hill, in the midst of a very fruitful Valley, therefore much more proper for our Business than *Dunstable* or *Chipping-Wickham*. Besides it luckily falls out that I have promis'd to use my interest there to make a Vote for an honest Church-man against the Whig-Party. Now this is a lawfull call from home, and the Christian Diversion you are pleas'd to invite me to, may be taken at the same time; but, pray, let the Dog-days be over first, because 'tis hot riding. and to tell you the truth, I have some affairs to dispatch before I can have leisure to attend the accomplishment of my Hearts desire upon my Enemies. I must deal fairly with you. I confess I am become one of *John Asgill's* Disciples, and firmly believe I shall never be run thro, nor hang'd: If under these disadvantages you'll do me the favour of a Rendezvous, I shall be at your service assoon as I have nothing else to do, the time shall be wholly submitted to your greater Wisdom, and Experience by,

S I R,

Your, &c

August 18
1700

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr B——r to Asiræa

HAVING, dear *Asiræa*, but indifferent News to send, I made no haste to answer your last Letter. Mr. B—— has perus'd your Play, and thinks the Catastrophe too abrupt: This is a particular opinion, but some other persons of a truer judgment entertain more favourable thoughts of it. I design to desire Mr F—— to peruse it, for I have reasons to think

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both he and Mr. *W*— will stand your Friends in this affair. Mr. *F*— has not publish'd the Book he intended: Neither do I think he will ever any on that Subject. *Briscoe's* Book is out, and your Letters in it, with Answers to the same, both which are no small Ornament to the Collection. 'Tis a great Reflection on your Vanity, that you should be at so great Expence of Wit and Humour, when you write for the Publick, and only fill your Letters with Business, when you write to your private Acquaintance. Not but that I value your Letters upon any score, but I would be extreme glad to see some Production of your fertile Brain in your Retirement. Sure, so sublime a Genius as yours never fears the Damps of a *Northern* Clime: the Muses are your inseparable Companions, and wherever these are, *Parnassus* and *Helicon* are also. If you do not versifie, it must be for want of a Theme—Here, Madam, here's a sad one for an Elegy! *Dryden*, the Great *Dryden* is dead—*Will's* Coffee-house and both the Theaters are in Mourning, the Town laments her Darling, and the Muse, despair of ever finding him a Successor among the Men Poets, but as the *Salick* Law has no more Force in *Parnassus* than in *England*, I dare prophesie the Bays will fall to your share. Hasten therefore, dear *Astræa*, your Return, and cheer the afflicted Sons of *Apollo* with your Presence. The Town affords no news, and as for the Court take the following: My Lord *Portland* is married to my Lady *Berkley*; my Lord *Jersey* made Lord Chamberlain, and Sir *John Wright* Lord Keeper. 'Tis said, either my Lord *L—n*, or my Lord *B—r* will be made Secretary of State, and my Lord *R—r* Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*. I write from your Friend's house, where I desire you would direct your Letters for the future; but rather write no more, and come your self. I am sincerely

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

Astræa's Answer to Mr B—r

I Receiv'd your Letter with as much joy, as the Wretches left in *Greenland* did the Light. The Inhabitants are much the same, tho the Climate differs, the most rational Creatures here are the Beasts of the Field. There are things indeed that bear the figure of Men, but that's all. A sort of unlickt Cubs, who know no more of Nature than was taught 'em by their Sires, Goats or Monkeys. The Trade of this place depends upon the Sea, and their Study and Practise is how to cheat both King and Country. The Town is small, but there was not more diversity of Languages at *Babel*

LETTERS OF WIT

than of Religions here. The Mayor and Aldermen are a sort of Oyly-constitution Men who are sure to be uppermost, and therefore in a readiness for any Revolution. They supply three Religions at once: in the forenoon at a Meeting, in the afternoon at Church, and at night at a *Jacobite* Club. I had like to have forgot one Thing worth your notice: at each door of the Church stands a Tavern: at one the Parson takes his refreshing Glass, the better to hold out his harangue, and the Congregation gathers together at 'tother to attend the coming of the Holy Man. I fancy were *Will's* Coffee-house at 'tother door, our *Parnassian* friends would mistake it for the Playhouse and enter, so ten to one be converted. This place is noted for Witches, which I much wonder at: for there's not a handsom Woman in the Town. By that you may think them vertuous, but to undeceive you, here's not a Man, but has Cuckold writ in his Forehead. Nay he would take it as a peculiar Affront should any one tell him his Wife were honest. Hypocrisie and smugling is what they thrive by, and some of them are very rich, I assure you; I am almost afraid my Principles of Plai-dealing are upon declining, since I saw Vertue starve, whilst Vice is bountifully rewarded. But no more of that——To be serious I am extremely concern'd for the loss of *Apollo*, for such I always thought Mr. *Dryden*. I have read his Works with Admiration; 'tis they that first inspir'd my feeble Genius, and fill'd my pleas'd fancy with Poetick Gingles. Old as he was, I lov'd him, tho a Stranger to his Person, what must you do then, you Sons of *Parnassus*, who daily drank of the same spring with him, and light your Taper from his greater light—. You know how averse I am to Flattery, therefore how dare you compliment me at so prodigal a rate?——I wish for the Genius of *Behn* or *Philips* to return your praises in Specie — If he who pleases best merits most, I am bold to say the Bays will fall to the *Hibernian* Bard: and were his vanity as great as his success, he would demand the Trophies of his Conquest, nor fear the Malice of his snarling critical Brethren, nor the ill-nature of the Town, who just even in the Grin of Laughter shall condemn the Play. This, by the by, I think a very great defect in their judgment. either in damning the thing that pleases 'em, or paying for what they don't like. I think the main design of Comedy is to make us laugh. Now if the Poet can be so happy as to divert our Spleen, 'tis but just he should be commended for it. This consideration has carried me so far as to make me write the Copy of Verses, which you'll find here enclos'd. Read them as a Friend, and not as a Critick; for I write only to amuse my self, and not to be admir'd. My hand is weary and cannot keep pace any longer with my Inclination to converse with you. Let me hear from you by the next Post, and believe me, your affectionate Servant

Astrea.

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EPISTLE XL.

To Mr Farquhar upon his Comedy call'd

A Trip to the Jubilee.

S I R,

AMongst the many friends your Wit has made,
Permit my humble Tribute may be paid ,
My Female Genius is too weakly fraught
With learn'd Expressions to adorn my Thought.
My Muse too blush'd, when she this Task began,
To think that she must Compliment a Man.
She paus'd a while——at last she bid me say,
She lik'd the Man, and I admir'd the Play.
For since the learned *Collier* first essay'd
To teach Religion to the Rhiming Trade,
The *Comick* Muse in *Tragick* posture sat,
And seem'd to mourn the Downfall of her State,
Her eldest Sons she often did implore
That they her ancient Credit would restore.
Strait they essay'd, but quickly to their cost
They found that all their industry was lost.
For since the *Double Entendre* was forbid,
They could not get a Clap for what they did.
At last *Thaha* call'd her youngest Son,
The graceful and the best beloved one:
My Son, said she, I have observ'd Thee well,
Thou doest already all my Sons excell;
Thy Spring does promise a large harvest Crop,
And Thou alone must keep my Glory up.
Go, something Write, my Son, that may atone
Thy Brethren's Faults, and make thy virtues known.
I'll teach Thee Language in a pleasant stile:
Which, without Smut, can make an Audience smile.
Let fall no word that may offend the Fair,
Observe Decorums, dress thy Thoughts with Air,
Go—lay the Plot, which Vertue shall adorn;
Thus spoke the Muse; and thus didst Thou perform.

LETTERS OF WIT

Thy *Constant Couple* does our Fame redeem,
And shews our Sex can love, when yours esteem.
And *Wild-Att's* Character does plainly shew,
A man of sense may dress and be a Beau.
In *Vizor* many may their Picture find;
A pious Out-side, but a poisonous Mind.
Religious Hypocrites thou'st open laid,
Those holy Cheats by which our Isle is sway'd.
Oh! may'st thou live! and *Dryden's* Place supply,
So long till thy best Friends shall bid thee die;
Could I from bounteous Heav'n one wish obtain,
I'd make thy person lasting as thy Fame.

LETTER XLI

Astræa to Damon.

I Am extremely concern'd at my ill Fortune in being absent when *Damon* design'd me a visit. Could I have known by instinct that your visits were pretty well over, and that I should come again in my turn, I would have waited with pleasure. I am going into mourning, for I have lost my Rabbits, which makes me as melancholly as a Cat. Assoon as I brought them home, I christen'd them, the Male *George* and Female *Suky*. *George* no sooner shar'd your Name, but all your inclinations follow'd, which made him grow indifferent to his *Suky*; and on *Sunday* whilst I was at Church he scamper'd away, and left his poor Female over-whelm'd with Grief. At my return, I made strict inquiry in the Neighbourhood, but nothing can be heard of him. The next day I was reading Mr. *Asgill* (which you lent me) and *Suky* by me, in a very melancholy posture, bemoaning the loss of her belov'd *George*, when of a sudden I mist her, and notwithstanding all diligent search, she's no where to be found. She's, I suppose, bent upon Pilgrimage, till she finds her Mate, except *Asgill's* Doctrine had effect upon her, and mounted her to the Heavens, to provide a seat for her *quondam* Master and Mistress. Thus I have given you an account of my unhappy fate, by which you see that nothing of Male cares long for

S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

A S T R Æ A.

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LETTER XLII.

Damon to Astræa

DId I think, Madam, that my visits were as agreeable to your inclinations as to my own, I would repeat them oftener: but I can't imagine, Madam, that a person whom you make a perfect *Rabbit* of, should ever employ your thoughts, either with hopes or disappointments. Some think me a *Rabbit* in another case, because they imagin I have been digging a *Cunny-burrow* in the Country, and have saluted me with joy upon my Marriage, but they should rather think me a *Fox*, for I care not for Earthing too long in the same hole, for fear I should be found out by the Huntsmen. But, Faith,* Madam, I am at present more unhappy than the Beasts of the Field, for I have ne're a Den to put my head in, much less a Noose to secure my Neck. You have heard, I suppose, Madam, how scurrilously I have been abus'd by Mr. — I am now busie about the vindication of my Honour, and endeavouring to answer him in his own Kind Had the *Rabbit* staid I had perhaps expected your Prayers for my increase of ill-nature, to qualifie me for so kind an office, but now I beg only you would not think me so fickle as my name's-sake, since I am with as much Truth as ever,

Ingenious Astræa, yours, &c

XLIII.

An Epistle in Verse.

Astræa to Damon.

THo Nature here what most delights us yields
A flowing stream, cool shades and chearful Fields,
Yet my sad Soul indulgent to its grief,
Neglects the Pleasures that should give relief.
In vain from solitude I seek for ease,
Since nothing but the thoughts of *Damon* please.
Methinks I hear you ask, how long this Fire,
Shall warm my Breast with this extream desire?

LETTERS OF WIT

The Fates, ask them, are better Judges far,
Who of my life have all ov'r-ruling care,
A sacred Tie unites my Life and Love,
Both by some hidden Springs and Wheels do move.
Each on the other so dependent is
That what unhinges that, disorders this.
Like Soul and Body hand in hand they go,
And Separation gives the fatal blow.
Nay, as the Soul survives the stroke of Death
My Love too shall out-live my latest breath,
And midst the throng of the Scraphick Powers,
M'enamour'd Soul shall gently seize on yours,
Embrace it in the blissful Courts above,
And revel in the endless joys of Love.
Can Absence then do more than Death can do,
Absence that gently does the Passion blow,
And makes the kindled Fire more eager burn
With pleasant Breezes at the blest return?
So the bright Orb that paints the gaudy Day
In silver Circles wheels his airy Way,
And by his universal influence,
His generous warmth does here below dispense.
We bless the beauteous Planet, and admire
Th' excessive goodness of the center'd Fire.
With chearful Eyes we see him on his Throne,
And do not strait forget him when he is gone—
With greedy hopes we wait his blest Return,
And pleas'd to think on the approaching Morn.
Just so, my Dear, I raise my drooping Soul,
And all my tedious Thoughts and Pain controul;
With wishing hopes of being repossess'd
Of the dear Charmer of my longing Breast.
Hopes!—there are none—he loves me not—that's true—
Yet wretched I must ever dote on you.
Not all the gaudy Tempters of the Court,
Where gay delusions in full crowds resort.
Not all the gilded Baits which Riches lay,
Nor the ambitious thoughts of Empire's sway
Can shake my steady Faith—
Much less can terror of impending ill
In all its dreadful shapes e're shock my will.
Not *Tityus's* Vulturs, or *Ixion's* wheel;
Th' eternal pains the bloody Sisters feel;

POLITICKS AND MORALITY

The witty Torments of th'infernal cell
And all the sad variety of Hell,
Where subtle fires in endless plenty dwell
Much less, I say, can these fright from my Breast
My dearest *G*—— my only welcome Guest.
The glaring Sun may lose his glittering light,
And all the welcome day transform the night
The universal frame of Nature shake,
And all his massy Bars and Hinges break;
The world become a Chaos void of form,
Dissolve and into ancient nothing turn,
But my fixt passion is as firm and great
As are the strong Decrees of powerful Fate,
No Revolution shall destroy my love,
But I'll be constant, as th'eternal Jove.

XLIV.

A Copy of Verses

*Shut up in a Snuf-Box, wherein was drawn a Woman a-sleep upon a Couch,
with a Cupid shooting at her*

*Astræa's Advice to Cupid, in the Box, when
open'd by Damon.*

Now *Cupid* shoot, and with thy Dart
The roving Youth surprise
Aim right your Arrow at his Heart,
And make him feel the subtle smart,
By which *Astræa* dies.
Leave trifling with the sleeping Dame,
Lift up thy drowsie Eyes,
See *Damon* stands, he's nobler Game
Wound me him, and immortal Fame
Shall crown thy Enterprize
But if thou'rt deaf to what I say,
And will no Succour give,
A Prisoner in this Box you stay
Untill you sigh your self away,
Or till I cease to live.

LETTERS OF WIT

XLV.

Daphne's Complaint to Astræa.

An Epistle.

STill does *Astræa* urge her friend
To that sad Tale which knows no End.
Forbear, alas! thy *Daphne's* Love
Can only fruitless Pity move
But Thou regardst not what I say,
In vain I would the task delay,
Resolv'd thou art, and I obey. }
Here then unhappy warning take,
Shun Love and Men for *Daphne's* sake
To surly *Damon's* conquering Eyes
First my heart was made a prize,
But soon the bright *Aminor* came,
And then I felt another flame
Not that the first could be suppress'd
By force of the intruding Guest,
For both I lov'd, both still admire,
And feel for both an equal Fire
Damon has Charms the Sex to insnare,
Were not one half *Aminor's* share
Generous *Damon* bears a mind
Above the treachery of his kind,
Untainted Honour, Manly Sense,
Stern Courage, and soft Complaisance
In him with equal lustre meet
And render all his Actions great
Then dear *Aminor's* Form and Grace,
His Wit, his Meen, his Voice, his Face
Have all resistless power to charm,
And can the coldest bosom warm.
Between them I my Peace have lost,
And know not which I value most.
Nay, 'tis impossible to say
Which best deserves the love I pay;

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Which the most generous return,
Amintor's love, or *Damon's* scorn.
Damon, neglecting all, does rove,
A very Infidel to love,
Without design or guilty art
He views the Maid, and takes the Heart:
Then free and thoughtless rambles on,
And scarce believes the mischief done.
Now when so many sigh in vain,
I may despair, but can't complain.
Amintor is not thus severe,
But far more kind, far less sincere,
Damon's heart is made of Stone,
Amintor's worse, for he has none:
He had one, but alas! 'tis gone.
, Long since divided with such art,
That every Fair one boasts a part,
Tho so small the portions are,
They neither merit Thanks nor Care.
Of such a Treasure I'm possest,
And share his smiles among the rest,
And tho but late my heart came in,
No earlier Rival moves my Spleen.
By chance he did a part preserve,
An Atom, but 'tis like to serve,
For since I know 'tis all his store,
'Twere base in me to covet more
Now, dear *Althea*, 'tis some ease
When raging Love the Soul deceives,
To curse the Author of our pain,
And of the wrong to Heaven complain.
But even of this I am depriv'd,
And dare not blame, tho ne're I liv'd.
Ah! pity the unhappy Maid,
Thus doubly curst, yet can't upbraid.

LETTERS OF WIT

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. ——— to *Astræa*.

HAd the Country prov'd as dull to *Astræa*, as the Town to me in her Absence, she would no more have relish'd one, than I have done the other: but, like the Sun, she makes all chearful where she goes.

*And only those who want her Sight
Are doom'd to melancholly Night.*

'Tis a hard case that a man should fall into *Love* and *Poetry*, at the same time, when one of them is enough to ruin him; and yet, this strange Metamorphosis have I suffer'd, Madam, since I saw you last; for then I was a Libertine, but reasoning with that Devil *Love*, I've got into his Snare—Sure nothing pleads so subtly as a Woman's Charms? for they confound ev'n our strongest Resolutions,

*And 'tis in vain that our Sex try
To conquer yours, but when we fly.*

You've gain'd a victors Right o're me as well as *Celadon*; and I expect you'll use me ill because he abus'd your Mercy; but know, *Astræa*, 'twill be both barb'rous in you, and unjust to make me suffer for another's Crime, when I've committed none my self, unless you think this one, to tell you that of all your Sex, I would be only yours,

B

LETTER XLVII.

Mr Farquhar to Mr. R—S—

SIR,

HAVING been in company with Mr. *Johnson* just now, he inform'd me that you were in Love, and that you desir'd the advice of your Friends upon that Subject; I have long wish'd, Sir, for an opportunity of serving you, and I thank fortune which has now presented me so fair an occasion, for *Love* being very often of the same importance with an affair of Life and Death, the tryal of a friend may be well enough prov'd in it.

I have had some hints in that Folly from my own Experience and general Observation: but I have found it like Chymistry, a knowledge very

POLITICKS AND MORALITY

chargeable in Experiments, and worth nothing in the Enjoyment 'Tis a misfortune, Sir, that Love can only be nourish'd by *ingenious* Men, yet Women should admire none but *Fools*, for which reason, I'm afraid, your success will prove but indifferent If your passion can make you a Coxcomb, something may be done, but be assur'd, that the affection which can have so much power over one of your parts, is much too violent to last, and the sober reflections of a Man of Sense, will certainly at the last incline him to a hatred and detestation of whatsoever could throw him into extravagance, or abase him below the dignity of his Reason Had my experience extended only to one Woman, I should not have concluded so peremptorily to the disadvantage of the whole Sex, but, Sir, I have known several, and they all wear blacker Masks on their minds, than on their Faces. They are as fickle as Fortune, and like her, favour none but Fools. The nature of a Woman's composition is exactly opposite to the frame of a man's, for their Bodies are heavenly, but their Souls are Earth, and therefore their corporeal parts I like well enough, but their Minds let them bestow on sordid Souls of an equal size in understanding. If a Woman's Beauty is extraordinary, she is only qualified for a Whore, if her sense be above the common level, she is equip'd, and sets up for a Jilt Some will say that a Woman has a thousand irresistible Arts and Tricks not half so many as a Monkey, nor half so witty and surprizing. Whence comes it then that they please us so Why 'tis our fancy that pleases, which like a flattering Glass creates the Beauties, and therefore should be broke for telling so damn'd a lye, as to make a Devil an Angel. When once Love comes to be heighten'd by thought, 'tis like the study of the black Art, which after long pains and application raises the Devil to run away with the Conjuror 'Tis the freedom of a friend, Sir, to communicate his thoughts, and to be yet more free, you must know that I have at this instant a Mistress that I love dearly, but all as a reasonable man ought to do My love is a down-right Syllogism; her Beauty and Wit are major and minor, and my Passion is the conclusion, but if I find either of the Premises false, (which ten to one I shall) I have the same thread of reason to guide me out of the Labyrinth which led me in. Some will say that a Mistress is a pretty amusement in a man's studies, but my observation can allow it no less than the ruin and destruction of study, for a man must make it his business to gain her, and afterwards she will make it her business to disturb him, you may perhaps, find innocence in the Country, but remember, Sir, that *Eve* lost her Maidenhead in a Garden Advice, I know, is a very impertinent thing, but any thing upon so dear a Subject is agreeable to a Lover. If I can be so happy as to be serviceable to you in any other respect, Pray, Sir, Command

Your humble Servant

G FARQUHAR.

LOVE
&
BUSINESS
IN A
COLLECTION
OF
Occasionary VERSE
AND
Epistolary PROSE
Not hitherto Publish'd.

A Discourse likewise upon COMEDY in Reference to the *English* STAGE. In a Familiar Letter.

En Orenge il n'y a point d'oranges.

TO
Edmond Chaloner, Esq;

SIR,

AS it is the Business of Writing to transmit Vertue to Posterity, so 'tis the Policy of the Pen to make a Party for it's Productions, by *engaging in their Cause some worthy Person universally Honour'd and Belov'd*, whose admir'd and establish'd Character may add a Value to the Work, and take off all Imputation of Flattery from the Author.

These Advantages I had design'd my self before, in a Piece of another Nature, had not your Modesty caution'd me the contrary; but I think it Injustice that one Part of your Character shou'd obscure the rest; and tho' I must despair of your Consent for what they call a *Dedication*, yet I must beg your Excuse, if at present I consult what shall turn most to my own Honour, and the Interest of my Book, before your Approbation and Allowance. But I hope you will come to pardon the Presumption, when I assure you, that my Intention is not so much a *Panegyrick* upon you, as to compliment my self, and my own Modesty, not yours, shou'd take the Offence.

The great and vertuous Actions of Progenitors look with a twofold Aspect upon their Posterity, for when the Vices of the latter appear in the same Degree of Opposition with the Merits of the first, the Praise of the Father becomes a Satyr upon the Son, and that *Coat of Arms* which was the Glory of one, turns to a severe Libel upon the t'other. But when the Blood runs in the same Channel of Virtue, as of Consanguinity, when the Course of the Stream is as pure and lucid as the Fountain-head, then may the Memory of the past, and the Practice of the present Age come boldly Face to Face, where, by a just Resemblance of Features, the Forefather may joyfully own his Legitimate Posterity.

This Advantage, Sir, is yours in Perfection, being sprung from an ancient and honourable Family, of which Merit laid the Foundation, and Vertue has cemented the Structure.

The known Bravery of your famous Ancestor Sir *Thomas Chaloner* added more Value to the *Order*, than he receiv'd by the *Knighthood*, not meanly dubb'd by a Court-Favourite, but on the Field of Battel, where the Voice of War declar'd him Noble, before the General made him a *Banneret*. Add to this, the Politick and Prudent Discharge of his honourable Embassy from *Queen Elizabeth* to the *King of Spain*, and it will evidently appear

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how *Minerva* had an equal share with *Mars* in his Education, and that his Character left us by a Great Statesman, and his intimate Friend, the illustrious *Cicil*, was just to his Merit.

——*Pietas, Prudentia, Virtus*
Quæ divisa alius, Chalonerò juncta fuere.

This Encomium, Sir, is lineally descended to his Posterity, but with all its Circumstances appears most visibly intail'd upon you. In Vindication of which I shall only appeal to the Judgment of Mankind, and the Actions of your Life; and tho' your Modesty may quarrel with the World for doing you Justice, yet you cannot give your own Behaviour the Lye—— Sir, there is not a Day of your Life but will rise up against you, and produce in legible Characters the constant Actions of your Piety, your Generosity, your Loyalty, Honour and Integrity, to convince you of your Merit whether you will or not

So that you must give me leave to apply the Great *Burleigh's* Versification to the present Opportunity, with the Alteration only of a Word

——*Pietas, Prudentia, Virtus*
Quæ divisa alius, Chalonerò, juncta supersunt.

Another part of your great Ancestour's Character I remember is thus described by Mr. *Malim*——*Nam quamvis polvisos ac variæ lectionis fuerat Chalonerus, utilitatem tamen potius veræ, quam ostentationem variæ Eruditionis mihi quesuisse videtur.* These Colours, Sir, present you with your own Picture drawn to the Life, your Application to Books is qualify'd by an universal Knowledge in Mankind, and your Acquisitions by Study are as far removed from Pedantry, as your Experience in the World from the Foppery of a Traveller The Qualifications of Foreign Countries are so naturaliz'd in you, that they seem rather a genuine Transmigration from your Ancestours, than the Effects of your own Industry, and the Temperance of your Life, with the modesty of your Conversation, makes not to inform us that you have seen so much, but may convince the World that you have chosen the best

But we need not have Recourse to *France* or *Italy* for your Improvements, your Alliance and daily Conversation with so many of the most noble Families in *England* is sufficient to authorise your Merit, and finish your Character, being equally related to their Blood, and their Vertues

And now, Sir, I come about to my first position, inferring from this a Compliment upon my self, I have the Honour sometimes of sharing some few Hours of that Conversation, which is so much courted by my Superiours, and consequentially do plume my Vanity in this Occasion of acquainting the World with my Happiness.

From the mentioning of the Honourable Sir *Thomas Chaloner*, I deduce

LOVE AND BUSINESS

this Advantage, That I make the most Courtly Address imaginable, to Poetry, by informing the World, in Defence of that Art so much vilify'd by some, that this great Statesman and Souldier, the truest Minister, to the greatest of Queens, and the intimate Friend to the wisest of Politicians, was at the same time one of the greatest Poets that ever *England* produc'd His ten Books *de Republica Anglorum instauranda* are sufficient Proofs that the Qualifications of *Virgil* are consistent with those of *Cato*, and that a poetical Genius has accompany'd the greatest Abilities both in Court and Camp

Thus, Sir, you see that I have avoided the current Form of Pieces in this Nature, not loading the Modesty of my Patron, but heightning the Vanity of the Author, and by commending you, I have flatter'd my self

As the Form is new, pray Sir, let me entreat you to believe the Design of it Novel, it being only sent in the Capacity and Character of a familiar Letter, and therefore refuses to be receiv'd with the usual Formalities of a Mercenary Dedication. I am,

S I R,

Your most faithful, and

most Humble Servant,

G. Farquhar.

TO THE
R E A D E R

SIR,

IN this Collection of Letters, 'tis but reasonable that you shou'd have one among the rest; and tho' I may want the Honour of your Acquaintance, yet be assur'd, there is no Person in the World more willing to oblige you at present than your Humble Servant. I have heard such a Character of your Honour, your Wit, your Judgment, your Learning, and your Candour, that I'm in a perfect Rapture to think how happy I shall be in your Hands.

It was a good ancient Custom with our Forefathers, to begin their Prefaces with Kind Reader, I wou'd have reviv'd that Fashion with all my Heart, and call'd you Courteous or Gentle Reader, as you very well deserve; but I thought the Stile a little too obsolete for a Book that I design shou'd be a Beau For you must understand, Sir, that this Gentleman is Span new from Top to Toe, talks of every thing but Religion, admires Himself very much, and his greatest Ambition is, to please the Ladies. But to finish his Character, he is perfectly civil to every Body he meets, and with a more particular and profound Respect do's he run to kiss your Hands. He's none of those Bully-books that come bluff into the World, with Damme, Reader, you're a Block-head if you don't commend me. No, no, Sir——If you like him, why you have all the Sense that he thought you had——If you dislike him, you have more Sense than he was aware of, that's all.

Besides all this, he has more Manners than to come among Gentlemen with his Tailour's Bill in his Hand, and to entertain the Company with a long Preface or Inventory of his Equipments, as, such a thing cost so much, and such a thing is worth so much, the Work of such a part is excellent, the Fashion from Paris, and the Tailour a Frenchman, you must pardon him for that, Sir, if you like the Suit, taking it all together, approve his Fancy, and allow it becomes him, he's your very humble Servant.

Moreover, Sir, I wou'd have you to know, that this Gentleman is of some Circumstance and Condition, and has not been engag'd in the Shifts that some late Sparks are put to for their Habilliments, who ferret all the Wit-brokers in Town, taking up from several Places, and strut in a Second-hand Finery, patch'd up of the Scraps and Remnants of the eminent Men of the Age. For I must tell you, Sir, tho' his Cloaths be but plain, yet they are his own, taken up handsomly at one Place, where he may have Credit for as much more, when these are worn out.

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And now, Dear Sir, let me intreat you to receive him with the usual Forms of Civility ; if you be a Courter, you will show your Breeding, receive him with a sincere Smile, swear to do him all the Service you can, and you will certainly keep your Word—as you us'd to do From the City he expects a more than ordinary Reception, because he is become one of their Honourable Society, he is bound to Mr. Lintott, and ten to one may serve Seven Years in his Shop, if the Town don't club to purchase his Freedom , he expects good Quarter from the Wits, and Criticks, because he sets up for neither , besides, he has scatter'd some little Nonsense here and there, that they might not be disappointed of their Prey But his greatest Concern is for his Entertainment with the Ladies, resolv'd however not to complain, thinking it a greater Honour to fall a Sacrifice to the Resentment of the fair, than to live by the Approbation of Men. Tho' he has some Grounds for a more moderate Fate at their Hands, because a great Part of the Work was first design'd for one of that Sex, without any farther Consideration of pleasing the World , and the Beauties of the Book, if there be any, was brought from a Ladies Cabinet to the Press, and if it can but from the Press get back again into the Ladies Closets, there may it rest, and Peace be with it

Now, Sir, as we met good Friends, pray let us part so ; I hate quarrelling mortally, and especially with a Person of your present Character and Condition , and as you like my Epistolary Stile, we shall settle a farther Correspondence.

Advertisement

✎ In the Discourse upon Comedy, I must beg the Reader's Excuse for omitting to mention a certain Fragment of Poetry, Written by *Aristotle* I thank *Scaliger* for his timely Discovery, but shou'd be much more obliged to any body that cou'd shew me the Piece

*On the Death of General Schomberg kill'd
at the Boyn.*

A Pindarick

(1.)

What dismal Damp has overspread the War?
The Victor grieves more than the Conquer'd fears,
The Streams of Blood are lost in Floods of Tears,
And *Victory* with drooping Wings comes flagging from afar.

(2)

The *British* Lyon roars
• • Along the fatal Shores,
The *Hibernian* Harp in mournful Strains,
Mixt with the *Eccho* of the Floud, complains.
Round whose reflecting Banks the grieving Voice,
Shakes with a trembling Noise,
As if afraid to tell
How the great, Martial, Godlike *Schomberg* fell

(3)

Gods! How he stood,
All terrible in Bloud
Stopping the Torrent of his Foes, and Current of the Floud.
He, *Moses* like, with Sword, instead of Wand,
This redder Sea of Gore cou'd strait command,
But not like *Moses*, to secure his Flight,
But spite of Waves and Tides to meet, and fight.

(4.)

The labouring Guns oppos'd his Passage o're
With Throws tormented on the Shore,
Of which delivered, they start back, and roar,
As frighted at the Monster which they bore.
The furious Offspring swath'd in curling Smoak,
And wrapt in Bands of Fire,
Hot with it's Parent's sulphurous Ire,
And wing'd with Death, flies hissing to the Stroak

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(5.)

Like some great rugged *Tower*,
The Ancient Seat of Power,
Bending with Age it's venerable Halls,
With old and craggy Wrinkles on its Walls,
The Neighbours Terror whilst it stands, and Ruin when it falls.
Thus mighty *Schomberg* fell——
Spreading wide Ruines o're the Ground,
With Desolation all around,
Crushing with destructive Weight
The Foes that undermin'd his Seat,
Whilst *Victory*, that always sped,
With towering Pinions o're his Army's Head,
Making his Banner still her Lure,
Like *Marius's* Vultures, to make Conquest sure,
Seeing the spacious Downfal so bemoan'd,
Perch'd on the Ruines, clapt her Wings, and groan'd.

(6.)

Thus **Israel's* Heroe 'twixt the Pillars sat,
The *Ne plus Ultra* of his Fate
These *Columns* which upheld his Name,
Much longer by their Fall,
Than those erected strong and tall,
The standing Limits of *Alcides's* Fame
He sat depriv'd of Sight,
Like a black rowling Cloud 'involv'd in Night
Conceiving *Thunder* in it's swelling Womb
Big with surprising Fate, and rushing Doom.
No Flash the sudden Bolt must here disclose;
The Lightning of his Eyes extinguish'd by his Foes
His Foes, industrious in their juggling Fate,
Him slavishly enchain'd we see,
To what must set him free,
And them his cheated Keepers captivate.
He shook his Chains with such a Noise,
The trembling Rout,
Amidst their Joys,
Gaz'd all about,

* Sampson

LOVE AND BUSINESS

And heard the real *Sampson* in the Voice:
They saw him too, 'twas *Sampson* all,
Who by his thundring Fall
Gave the loud dread Alarm,
Dragging a Train of Vengeance by each *Giant* Arm.
Their chilling fears did such amazement Frame,
They seem'd all stiff and dead before the Ruin came
The Ruine! only such unto his Foes,
From thence his glorious Monument arose,
But *Time*'s corroding Teeth in spite of Stone
Has eat thro' all, and even the very Ruine's gone
But *Schomberg*'s Monument shall ne'er decay,
The gliding *Boyn*
Time never can disjoyn,
Nor on it's Flouds impose his Laws,
They slide, untoucht, from his devouring Jaws,
And always running, yet must ever stay

(7.)

Hark! how the *Trumpets* hollow Clangours sound,
The Army has receiv'd an universal Wound,
The Death of *Schomberg* hung
On every faultring Tongue,
Whilst pallid Grief did place
A sympathizing Death in every Soldiers Face.
But hold, ye mighty Chiefs,
Suspend your needless Grieffs,
And let victorious Joy your Arms adorn,
The mighty Warriour's *Ghost*
Upon the Stygian Coast
Your Sorrows, more than his own Fate, do's mourn.
He scorns to be lamented so,
Moving in stately *Triumph* to the Shades below.
Behold the Sprites that lately felt the Blow
Of his commanding warlike Arm,
They shivering all start wide, and even more fleeting grow
As if the powerful Hand
That cou'd their Grossest Shapes alive command,
Had Power to dissolve their Airy Form.

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(8.)

Then let not funeral Complaints his Trophies wrong ;
Let Spoils and Pageants march his Hearse along,
And shout his *Conclamatum* in Triumphal Song.
All baleful *Cypress* must be here deny'd,
But Lawrel Wreaths fix in their blooming Pride
For as he conquer'd living, so he conquering dy'd

}

*Written on Orinda's Poem's, lent to a Lady,
in imitation of Ovid*

ME *Damon* sends his amorous Cause to plead,
Orinda must for *Damon* intercede .
Me has he chose to move your angry Mind,
Me the soft Favourite of the Softer Kind.
Me has he chose your rigorous Breast to move,
He knows my Force in Poetry and Love
Me has he chose to tell his anxious Pain ,
Read me, and read the Passion of the Swain.
Whatever Power of Love my Lines can show,
It falls far short of what he feels for you.
Where're *Orinda* melts in moving Strains,
Think, *Celia* think, that *Damon* thus complains .
Whene're I grieve, think *Damon* grieves for you ,
Pity the Swain that do's so humbly sue :
This *Damon* begs, *Orinda* begs it too

}

*To the Ingenious Lady, Author of the Fatal Friendship,
design'd for a Recommendatory Copy to her Play.*

Let others call the sacred Nine to Aid,
Their moving Thoughts, in moving Numbers laid,
Invoke the fiery God with all the Throng
That ancient Bards implore to guide their Song ,
Whilst I for nobler Inspiration sue,
Scorning their weaker Helps, invoking You
You, who alone have Power our Thoughts to raise,
And wing our Fancy to attempt your Praise
Nought but your charming Beauty can dispense
A Flame sufficient to describe your Sense.

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Whilst so much Beauty in your Form is shown,
No Pen on Earth can reach it, but your own.
Go on then *Daphne*, *Phæbus* will pursue,
His chaster Fires are all enjoy'd by you;
You are his fairer Nymph, you bear his Lawrel too.
Go on, thou Champion for thy Sex design'd,
And prove, the Muses are of Female kind,
Let distant Nations *English* Beauties prize,
As much for Charms of Wit, as Power of Eyes
Your moving Scenes the ravish'd Audience drew,
Raptures we felt, as when your Eyes we view;
Such Arts were us'd to mix our Hopes and Fears,
You made Grief pleasing, and we smil'd in Tears.
Thus Lovers view a Mistresses Disdain,
And love to look, tho' sure to look in Pain
Th' effects of labour'd Art your Work reveals,
Yet a superiour Art, that Art conceals
Here Nature gains, tho' naked, thus display'd,
Like Beauty most adorn'd, when least array'd.
Go on then, doubly arm'd, to conquer Men,
Phæbus his Harp and Bow, you boast your Eyes and Pen
All to the first without Reluctance yield,
But your victorious Pen has forc'd the Field

*An Epigram, on the Riding-House in Dublin,
made into a Chappel*

A Chappel of the Riding-House is made,
We thus once more see *Christ* in Manger laid,
Where still we find the Jocky Trade supply'd,
The *Laymen* bridled, and the *Clergy* ride

*To a Lady, being detain'd from visiting her
by a Storm.*

SO poor *Leander* view'd the Sestian Shore,
Whilst Winds and Waves oppos'd his Passage o're,
More moist with Tears, because by Flouds restrain'd,
Than, in these Flouds had he his Wish obtain'd,
So drown'd, yet burnt within, upon the Banks he lean'd,

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Lean'd begging Calms, and as he begging lay,
Implor'd with Sighs the Winds, with Tears the Sea.
One would have thought by all these Mixtures sent,
To raise a second greater Storm he meant.
Just so whilst kept from you by Storms, I weep,
The Winds my Sighs, my Tears augment the Deep;
With flowing Eyes I view the distant side,
The space that parts us doth my self divide.
Here's only left the poor external Part,
Whilst you, where're you move, possess my Heart
Depriv'd of Love, and your blest sight, I dye,
Whilst you the first, and Storms the last deny.

The Lovers Night.

THE Nights black Curtain o're the World was spread,
And all Mankind lay Emblems of the Dead,
A deep and awful Silence void of Light,
With dusky Wings sat brooding o're the Night,
The rowling Orbs mov'd slow from East to West,
With Harmony that lull'd the World to rest
The Moon withdrawn, the Oozy Flouds lay dead,
The very Influence of the Moon was fled,
Some twinkling Stars, that thro' the Clouds did peep,
Seeming to wink as if they wanted Sleep,
All Nature hush'd, as when dissolv'd and lay'd
In silent Chaos e're the World was made,
Only the beating of the Lovér's Breast
Made Noise enough to keep his Eyes from Rest;
His little World, not like the greater, lay
In loudest Tumults of disorder'd Day,
His Sun of Beauty shone, to light his Breast
With all its various Toils and Labours prest,
The Sea of Passions in his working Soul,
Rais'd by the Tempests of his Sighs did rowl
In trowing Flouds, to overwhelm the whole,
Those Tyrants of the Mind, vain Hope and Fear,
That still by turns usurp an Empire there,
Now raising Man on high, then plunging in Despair.
Thus *Damon* lies, his Grief no Rest affords,
Till swelling full, it thus burst out in Words.

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Oh! I cou'd curse all Womankind, but one,
And yet my Griefs proceed from her alone.
Was not our Paradise by Woman lost?
But in this Woman still we find it most:
Hell's greatest Curse a Woman if unkind,
Yet Heaven's great Blessing, if she loves, we find.
Oh! if she lov'd, no God the Bliss cou'd tell,
She wou'd be Heaven it self, were she not so much Hell.
Thus our chief Joys with most Allays are curst,
And our best things, when once corrupted, worst.
But Heaven is just, our selves the Idols fram'd,
And are for such vain Worship justly damn'd
Thus the poor Lover argued with his Fate,
Emilia's Charms now did his Love create;
That Love repuls'd, now prompted him to hate.
Sometimes his Arms wou'd cross his Bosom rest,
Hugging her lovely Image printed on his Breast,
Where flattering Painter Fancy shew'd his Art,
In charming Draughts, his Pencil *Cupid's* Dart.
The Shadow drawn so lively did appear,
As made him think the real Substance there
Then was he blest, all Rapture, stunn'd with Joy,
Excess of Pleasure did his Bliss destroy;
He thought her naked, soft, and veilding waste
Within his pressing Arms lay folded fast;
Nay, by the Gods, she really there was plac'd,
Else how cou'd Pleasure to such Raptures flow?
Th' Effect was real—Then, the Cause was so
What more can most substantial Pleasures boast
Than Joy when present, Memory when past?
Then, Bliss is real which the Fancy frames,
Or these call'd real Joys are only Dreams

The Brill, August the 10th. 1700
New Style.

Dear Sam,

TO give you a short *Journal* of my short Voyage, on *Wensday* I got to *Harwich* about Four in the Afternoon, and alighted at one of the cleanest, best-furnish'd *Inns* in the Kingdom. My Warrant for the Packet-Boat coast me *Half a Piece*, and to the Officers for not executing

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their Duty *Half a Crown* This Place, like most Sea-Ports, we found extravagantly dear; but to ease that inconvenience, we were advis'd to get aboard'd by Eleven at Night, here I met a Gentleman, whose Company I was very happy in, tho' extreamly concern'd for the occasion of his Voyage, which was an Express to the King, of the Duke of *Glocester's* Death. This was the first News I had of this publick Loss, which I had not much time to reflect upon, being so nearly touch'd on the Score of my Private Concern by a violent Storm that immediately came upon us; you may guess at our Circumstances, when I assure you, that our greatest Comfort was the Lightning that show'd the Seamen their Business, which otherwise they must have grop'd for, all Intercourse of Speech being broken off by the loudness of the Thunder: We had such warm Work, that I sometimes allow'd it a Just Thought, that Satan shou'd be intitled *Prince of the Air*, and again, why the Devil shou'd command the Artillery of Heaven, I cou'd not so well comprehend. I supported my self with the Thought, that Providence had no design upon me, but that this Tumult of the Elements was their manner of expressing their Grief for the Loss of his *Highness*; or that they were angry at Mr. *L—r* for bringing such unwelcome News into their Dominions, and for making a Property of them to spread it abroad. By this kind of Poetical Philosophy I bore up pretty well under my Apprehensions, tho' never worse prepar'd for Death, I must confess, for I think I never had so much Money about me at a time; we had some Ladies aboard, that were so extreamly Sick, that they often wished for Death, but were damnably afraid of being drown'd, but, as the Scripture says, *Sorrow may last for a Night, but Joy cometh in the Morning* The Weather clear'd up with the Day, the Wind turn'd Westerly, and in a few Hours, I was going to say, we saw *England* out of Sight, all *Thursday* we had a fresh Gale, and cold Chickens, our Wine went about at a strange rate, for our Stomachs ebb'd and flow'd like the Element. On *Friday* Morning we made the Coast of *Holland*, a stiff Gale, and the Sea runs high. I was mightily pleas'd to view the Continent, you may be sure, but as I stood upon the *Poop* perusing its first appearance with my *Perspective*, I had such a Rebuke for my Curiosity, by a great Sea, that took us *Fore and Aft*, that I was season'd for a Dutch-man immediately. Whether this be a Compliment of Salutation usually paid to Strangers, or that the Batavian Out-Guards took me for a Spy upon their Frontiers, I shall leave the Skipper to determine. In short, by working of a Staunch Ship, and the influence of a Staunch *Proverb* in favour of the *Old Bayly Bar*, we got over the *Bar* at the *Maese*; and the Dutch Wave has clear'd my Eye-sight of an Errour that we *Brittains* are very fond of, that the *Thames* is the finest River in the Universe; for I can assure you, *Sam*, that the *Rhine* is as much beyond it, as a *Pair of Oars* before a *Sculler*, let all the *Tritons* between *Chelsea* and *Richmond* Argue never so loud to the

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contrary, tho' in one sort of *Traffick* upon that part of the *Thames* we exceed the whole World, both for the Quantity and Cheapness of the Commodity; and I believe the Store-house for this kind of *Staple*, including the *Play-house* and the *Rose*, may contend with most *Marts* in *Europe*

This Day at Eleven we landed at the *Brill*, and here I have a small Taste of this *Republick*, that makes such a noise in the World—My Fancy in respect of Expectation has generally been so fruitful, that the dearest Part of my Hopes have frequently ended in Disappointments, and I have seldom found things come up to answer the *Idea* that I have usually fram'd of their Excellence, but here I must confess the Reality exceeds the Shadow, and I am pleas'd once in my Life to find a thing that can afford me substantial Pleasure in the Enjoyment I have read much of this Place, fancy'd more, yet all falls short of what I see

At my first Entrance into this Town, I made one Discovery, which I beleive has hitherto scap'd most Travellers, *viz.* That the Dutch are the greatest *Beaux* in the World, only with this difference from the Gentlemen at *White's*, that their Finery is much more noble, and substantial, I never knew the fairest, finest, full-bottom Wig, most nicely fixt on the most beautiful Block in the Side-Box, look half so genteel as a Dutch Canal with a stately row of flourishing Trees on each side, and some twenty beautiful Bridges laid a cross it, within sixty or seventy Paces one of another. I never knew a Valet and a Barber with Rasors, Twizers, Perfumes, and Washes, work half so hard upon a Gentleman's Face, that design'd a Conquest on a Birth-Night, as I have seen a lusty Dutch Woman with a Mop and warm Water scrub the Marbles and Tyles before the Door, till she has scour'd them brighter than any Fops Complexion in the Universe. No first Rate Beau with us, drawn by his Six before and Six behind, lolling luxuriously in his Coach, appears half so Gallant, as a jolly *Skipper* at the Stern of his Barge, with a fur'd Cap like Rays about his Head, the Helm in his Hand, and his Pipe in his Mouth, with Liberty seated in one *Whsker*, and Property on t'other, and in this Splendour making the *Tour* of half a Dozen fine Cities in a Day, without either Qualm of the Spleen, or Twinge of the Gout. Such a Person I take for a Beau of the first Magnitude, who scorning to be lugg'd by Beasts as Fellows are to *Tyburn*, can harness the Winds and Waves for his Equipage, and improving on the Works of Providence, makes the universal Elements, (Air and Water) submit to his private Composition of Advantage and Diversion, to see the Wind work in his Sails, and play with his Pendants, must certainly afford more substantial and pure Satisfaction, than the Whinnee of a Horse, or the Crack of a Coachwhip

In short, dear *Sam*, I am not so bigotted to Domestick Customs, as not to approve what is admirable here, and you must Pardon me that I have thrown up the Prejudice of Nativity with my Beef and Pudding as I

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came over; and 'tis no small part of my present Wonder, why we should call the Dutch a slovenly sort of People, since to the Eye, which must determine that Circumstance, they are much more gaudy than that Nation we so mimic and admire, and with this Advantage that they are gay without Levity, and fine beyond Foppery. Why we shou'd mention the *Dutch* with Contempt, and the *French* with Admiration, is a severe Satyr upon the *English* Judgment, when the Bravery of the former attract the Admiration of Men, and the Pageantry of the latter draw only the Eyes of Women: But our *English* Ladies are so very fine, that we are very willing to please them, and thus are drawn into this unreasonable Prejudice; but we ought to take Care, that by being thus particular Slaves to our respective *Mistresses*, we ben't drawn at last into universal Bondage to a *Master*. The *French* have taken no small Pains of late Years to render themselves agreeable; they treat us like a Mistress, do every thing that they fancy will please us, till they bring us at last to act whatsoever shall please them, but this is no News, and I think it a little improper to tell you an English Story from a Place where you may expect some Foreign Entertainment. I have no more to say at present, but that I am just going for *Rotterdam*, and departing from a *Scotch* House here, where nothing of that Country is to be found but the Landlord, for the Rooms are a Paradise for Cleanliness, but the Host is a Rogue for his Reckoning. I have got such a heap of Silver out of a *Pistol*, as upon a hansom Counter might give Credit to a Banker, and I can assure you that while I have a Brother to that *Pistol* left, you shall not see

Your Friend and Servant.

Leyden *October* the 15th 1700

Dear Sam,

THE usual Excuse of Gentlemen abroad for neglecting their Friends at home, is, that new Setts of different Objects continually entertaining us with Changes of Admiration, the Idea's of our Old Acquaintance is by degrees worn out by the Accession of the New. But this kind of Forgetfulness were too severe a Charge upon the Merit of my Friends and my own Gratitude, both which I will choose to maintain, and leave it to your Charity to make me an Excuse for my Silence: The Truth is, I have had a very tedious Fit of Sickness, which had almost sent your Friend a longer Journey than he was willing to undertake at present, but now being pretty well recover'd, I can only inform you in general, that every day surprises me with some agreeable Object or other; and I find very much to my wonder, that the Accounts I have had of this Countrey are very different from the Observations that may be

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made upon the Place. Some general Remarks there are undisputably certain, as that nothing can parallel the Dutch Industry but the Luxury of *England*, and that the Money laid out in the Taverns in *London*, in purchasing Diseases, wou'd victual the whole *United Provinces* very plentifully at their wholsom Course of Diet, that the Standing Army maintain'd by the *Dutch* for their Security against a Foreign Force, are not half so expensive, as the fifty thousand Lawyers kept up by our civil Factions in *England*, for no other use but to set us continually by the Ears; People, like the Jews, that are tolerated in all Governments for the Interest of the Publick, while their main Drift is to enrich themselves, and who by their Gettings and Cunning have brought their Riches and Practice into a Proverb. The Lawyers here put the Question only, Whether the thing be Lawful, and, upon Application to the Statutes, the Controversy is immediately determin'd. But our Casuists at *Westminster* dispute not so much upon the Legality of the Cause, as upon the Letter of the Law, and make more Cavils on the meaning of Words that shou'd determine Justice, than upon the Equity of the Allegations contended for by the Parties; and the bulk of our Laws have loaded Justice so heavily, that 'tis become a Burthen to the People, who in regard of their Sufferings in this kind shou'd borrow an Appellation from Physick, and be call'd *Patients* rather than *Clients*.

Another thing worth Consideration in respect of the Laws in *Holland*, is this, None but honest Men make Estates by their Practice, for the siding with the wrong Party brings the Lawyer into Contempt, and lays him under a severe Reprehension, either of Ignorance in his Business, or Knavery to the People. Hence it comes to pass, that Injustice, not finding a Patron to support its Cause, is forc'd to remove to a neighbouring Country, where the wrong Side was never known to make its Assertor blush, where the Eloquence of *S—re*, and the Impudence of *S—n* are plausible Pretences for patronising Injustice, and abusing the Client. But there are Bravo's in all parts of the World, that will take Money for cutting of Throats, whether there be Grounds or not for the Resentment.

So much for the Law, now for the Gospel, *Sam* I think *Holland* may contend for the Catholick Church with any part in *Europe*, because 'tis more universal in its Religion, than any Countrey in the Universe. 'Tis a pleasant thing to see Christians, Mahometans, Jews, Protestants, Papists, Armenians and Greeks, swarming together like a Hive of Bees, without one Sting of Devotion to hurt one another, they all agree about the business of this Life, because a Community in Trade is the Interest they drive at, and they never Jostle in the Way to the Life to come, because every one takes a different Road. One great Cause of this so amicable a Correspondence and Agreement, is, that only the Layety of these Professions compose the Mixture, here are no Ingredients of Priestcraft to sow the Composi-

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tion; Pulpits indeed they have, but not like *Hudibras's* Ecclesiastick Drums, that are continually beating up for Volunteers to the alarming of the whole Nation. Here is no Interest of Sects to be manag'd under the Cloak of gaining Proselytes to the Truth, nor strengthening of Parties, by Pretence of reclaiming of Souls; every Shepherd is content with his own Flock, and Mufti, Levite, Pope, and Presbiter, are all Christians in this, that they live in Unity and Concord.

'Tis a strange thing, *Sam*, that among us People can't agree the whole Week, because they go different Ways upon *Sundays*. This is to make the Lord's Day a Sower of Dissention, and Religion, (which is call'd the Bond of Peace) to be the Brand of Discord and Combustion. But we have some Preachers that think themselves inspir'd with the Spirit, when they are really possess'd by the Devil, the Fervency of whose Zeal dismisses Congregations with Heats and Heart-burnings of Spirit, and blows up the Coals on the Altar to set their Neighbours Houses on Fire, the Efficacy of the Pulpit is sufficiently shown in the Practice of the Congregations. No People in the World are so full of National Principles of Faith, and to what purpose the following Instance shall shew you. Two Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, one a Devout Hearer at *Common-Garden-Church*, and the t'other a violent Zealot for Doctor *Burgess's* Meeting, met one Evening at *Tom's Coffee-house*, and wou'd adjourn to the *Fleece-Tavern*, to discourse upon some Point of Doctrine manag'd that *Sunday* by their respective Ministers. The Drawer brought in a Bottle of New French, and the Disenter introduc'd Predestination. After two or three hearty Glasses, the Dispute grew pretty warm, and the Quotation of the Fathers and the Texts of Scripture made such a Noise, that two Wenches that usually ply upon those Stairs, overhearing the bustle, took them for a couple of Levites, and so made account to bolt in, and sell their Mackerell. The fervency of the Argument was presently abated upon the appearance of the Ladies, and a Topick of a more Familiar Nature assum'd, till both being pretty well convinc'd of their Opponent's Fire and Fancy, the Whores were dismiss'd, and Predestination reassum'd, the Argument grew warmer, as the Disputants grew fudled. In short they disputed themselves stark drunk, drew their Swords to decide the Controversy, and, had not Mr. *Fern* come in, 'twas great odds that Predestination had sent one to the Devil, and t'other to the Gallows. But they parted Friends at last, and said one to t'other, *I'm sorry at my Heart, dear Friend, that you wont go to Heaven my Way*. And so away he reel'd to a Bawdy-house. Now the Moral of the Fable is this. If the Divines, instead of their Speculative Theology, had preach'd that Day a thundring Sermon against Drunkenness and Fornication, 'tis probable that the Faith of these Gentlemen had been ne'er the less fortify'd, and their *Good Works* much more improv'd.

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But I beg your Pardon for this Digression, I was going to say that, excepting a few general Remarks, some of which I have mention'd, the Accounts we have of this People are very lame, and sometimes exactly opposit to the Truth. I shall mention one or two Particulars that I found very obvious.

We have a Notion in *England*, that the Dutch are very great Drunkards, whether this Aspersions arise from some People's confounding the *High Dutch* with the *Low*, or that there is a Sottishness in their Miens and Complexions, I can't determine, but this I can assure you, that the Report is as false, as shou'd I aver, that the People in *London* are the most chaste and sober Gentlemen in the World. 'Tis true indeed they will take off a toping Glass of Brandy, but that is only what is absolutely necessary to moderate the Moisture and Coldness of their Constitution, and us'd in such quantity by the meaner sort only, who living continually in the Water, must require an allowance to fortify themselves against the Chillness of their Habitations, for you must know, that whole Families, Men, Women, and Children, live continually in Boats, and have no more Tenement on Dry-land than a *Thames-Salmon*, but notwithstanding this incumbent necessity of their taking a Cup of the Creature, I never have seen since I came into this Countrey but one *Dutch-man* drunk, and altho his Impertinence was no more than is naturally incident to any Body in his Condition, yet the whole Boatful of People, to the number of sixty Persons, shew'd the greatest aversion imaginable to his Circumstances, except two or three Jolly English Men that made very good sport with his Humour; and had not we, with some French Gentlemen, protect'd his Carcass, his Countrymen wou'd have sous'd him in the Canal very heartily for his Debauch.

As the laborious Life of the inferiour sort requires an exhilarating Glass, so the same Necessity both as to Time and Charge secures them from Excess. And for the Gentry, they are indeed sociable in their own Houses; but were it not for Strangers, all Places of Publick Entertainment must consequently fall, which is the greatest Argument imaginable for the Sobriety and Temperance of a People, whereas 'tis very well known, that if the very Taverns in *London*, with Seven or Eight handsom Churches, and one or two of our Inns of Court, (all which we could well enough spare) were but handsomly seated on the Banks of a River, they would make a Figure with some of the most remarkable Cities in *Europe*. This indeed is a Noble Argument of the Riches of *England*, but whether our Luxury sprang from Plenty, or the Temperance of *Holland* the Effect of Necessity, be the happier State, is a question that I want leisure now to determine.

Another Account we have very current among us, That there are no Beggars in *Holland*; That they are very careful in employing their Poor,

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and that their Manufactures require a great many Hands is most certain, but Ocular Demonstration is too strong a Proof against all their Industry; and I'm apt to believe, that the Order of Mendicants is of a very late Institution, else so visible a Falsity cou'd never have put this Trick upon Travellers. Whether their late expensive Wars have ruin'd more People than their Manufactures can employ, or that the Poverty of the *Spaniards* in the Neighbour *Netherlands*, have by degrees infected the meaner sort, I shan't be positive; but nothing is more certain, than that a well-dispos'd Christian may find as many Objects of Charity here as in any part of *England*, if we may judge of their Wants by the Fervency of their Cries.

I do believe that the Charity of the *Dutch* is no great Incouragement to Beggars; which is the Reason (I conceive) why the Poor flock all to the High-ways and *Track-scouts*, where the Opportunity is good for Application to Strangers.

From these, and some other such like Particulars, I found it matter of some Speculation, how the generality of the *English* Nation being so near Neighbours to this State, should be so very short in their Knowledge of the Manners and Constitution of this People, but this I may presume to proceed upon the following Accounts

Most of our *English* that visit this Place, are either young Gentlemen that come abroad to Travel, or Merchants that make a short Trip upon their own private Concerns

'Tis the usual Way with the first of these to take *Holland En Passant*, either going or coming, and being youthful Sparks, are so fond of the Finery at *Paris*, and Delicacy of *Rome*, that they han't Leisure, forsooth, to dwell upon the Solidity of this Place. *France* and *Italy* are their Provinces, and *Holland* is only their Inn upon the Road, they lye for a Night, and away the next Morning

They can tell you, perhaps, that the *Dutch* manner of Travelling is very commodious, that the *Hague* is a pretty Village, *Amsterdam* a fine City, and that the People are a parcel of heavy, dull, unconvertible Creatures, and so they leave them. Nothing can relish more of old *England* than this peremptory Declaration, I wou'd willingly understand how Gentlemen can make a true Estimate of the Wit and Ingenuity of a People, when they don't stay to make one Acquaintance in the Country, nor can speak one Syllable of their Language.

Most of our young Nobility and Gentry travel under the Tuition of French Governours, who however honest in their Intentions of serving their Pupils, are nevertheless full of their *Moy Meme*, and from the Prejudice of Birth and Education, like all other People, are most inclinable to the Manners, Language, Dress, and Behaviour of their own Nation; and tho' perfectly skill'd perhaps in the Accomplishments that compose

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what we call a fine Gentleman, yet 'tis probable they may fall short in those Qualifications that are absolutely necessary to an Englishman in respect of the Interest of his Country, and of these I take the Dutch Language to be none of the most trivial For at the present Juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the Interest of *Europe*, that we shou'd be well with these People, it were not unnecessary that our Amity shou'd be link't with private Friendships and Correspondence, as by publick Leagues and Alliances. An Instance of which is very visible to our Prejudice in the Habitudes and Familiarity contracted by our young Gentlemen at *Paris*, which, without all Dispute, is one great Reason for the Influence retain'd by that Court, not only over our Fashions and Behaviour, but which is extensive also to matters of more wighty Consequence, including even our Councils, Laws, and Government.

The second sort of People that make a turn into this Country, are our Merchants, whose Speculation is limited by a few Particulars, their Affairs not extending to the Policies of State, nor the Humours of the People, they are satisfied to mind their Business only, and to understand the Incouragement of Trade, the Prices and Customs upon Goods, the Value of Stock, and the Rates of Exchange Their Conversation lies chiefly between the Store-house and the Board-side, and that in one or two Cities at most, where their Correspondents are resident, so that all the Account we must expect from these Persons, must only relate to their Trade in General, or to some particular Branch of it, which is universally understood already thro' the Intercourse of our Dealing, and neither so improving to our Polity, nor satisfactory to the Curious But even among their Incouragements of Trade so universally known and admir'd, as the advantageous Situation of their Countrey, their natural Propensity to Navigation, the lowness of their Imposts, &c yet by an odd accident I came to understand one Policy in their Trading Constitution, which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written Account whatsoever The matter was thus in all its Circumstances.

One Day upon the *Exchange* at *Rotterdam* I casually met a Gentleman, who some time ago liv'd one of the most considerable Merchants in *Ireland*, and about some four Years since by great Losses at Sea was forc'd to fly his Country in a very mean Condition I put him in mind of his Misfortunes by a Favour he once confer'd upon me of a Bottle of Claret and a Neat's Tongue at Launching of a new Ship that he had built in *Dublin*, which Vessel, (Bottom and Goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first Voyage The Gentleman seem'd very sensible of his Misfortunes, but withal told me, That he still had a Glass of Wine and a Tongue at my Service, if I wou'd come and see him at his House that Evening I made him a Visit, and found, to my no small Surprize, a handsome House, neatly furnish'd, excellent Meat, and as good *Burgundy* as ever joy'd the

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Heart of Man. I took the Freedom to ask my Merchant how a Bankrupt shou'd come by all this, in answer to which he gave me the following Account of his Affairs.

The *Dutch*, Sir, (said he) have a Law, that whatever Merchant in any part of *Europe*, who has had any considerable Traffick with this Countrey, whose Honesty is apparent by his former Accounts, and can prove by sufficient Testimony, that his Losses and Misfortunes are not chargeable upon his Ignorance nor Extravagance, but purely those of unfortunate Chance, above the reach of humane Prevention, that then such a Merchant may repair to them, have the Freedom of any Sea-port in the State, have a supply of whatever Money he's willing to take up out of the Publick Revenue, upon the bare Security of his Industry and Integrity; and all this upon the Current Interest, which is seldom above Four *per Cent*.

Pursuant to this (continued the Gentleman) my Qualifications for this Credit being sufficiently testify'd, I took up here two Thousand Pound Sterling, and in two Years have gain'd Fifty *per Cent*. So that by God's Assistance, and my own diligent Endeavours, I question not but in a few Years I shall be able to show my Face to my Creditors, return to my Countrey, and there live in *Statu quo*.

Here are two Points remarkable enough. A Charitable Action to relieve distress'd Strangers, and a Policy of State for the Interest of the Republick, which you may soon discover by repeating the Conditions. His Honesty must be manifest from his former Accounts, his sufficiency in Business apparent from his precedent manner of Dealing, his Misfortunes such as were above humane prevention, as by Storms, Pyrates, or the like, but above all, he must have some considerable Traffick with this Countrey, there's the Clincher, the *Uule*, the greatest Incouragement imaginable for all Forriegers to Traffick with this Nation, and for the most ingenious Traders, who are not always the most Fortunate, to seek a Residence among them and what a Life and Vigour these two Circumstances may add to the Trade of a Nation, the flourishing Condition of this People is the most sufficient Witness

Now, *Sam*, I have tir'd you most certainly, for I am weary my self, and we are seldom the soonest tir'd with our own, the Gravity of my Style you must impute to the Air of the Country, and the Length of my Letter to a very Rainy Day that has kept me within, and to excuse the Matter, it shall cost you nothing, for I send it by a Gentleman, who can assure you that what I have said is true. I shall at least conclude with a Truth, that I am,

Dear Sir, Yours, &c

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*An Epilogue, spoken by Mr. Wilks at his
first Appearance upon the English Stage*

AS a poor Stranger wreck'd upon the Coast,
With Fear and Wonder views the Dangers past,
So I with dreadful Apprehensions stand,
And thank those Pow'rs that brought me safe to Land.
With Joy I view the smiling Countrey o're,
And find, kind Heav'ns! an hospitable Shore.
'Tis *England*—This your Charities declare,
But more the Charms of *British* Beauties there
Beauties that celebrate this Isle afar,
They by their Smiles, as much as you by War
True Love, true Honour, here I can't fail to play,
Such lively Patterns you before me lay
Void of Offence, tho' not from Censure free,
I left a distant Isle too kind to me.
Loaded with Favors I was forc'd away,
'Cause I wou'd not accept what I cou'd never pay.
There I cou'd please, but there my Fame must end,
For hither none must come to boast, but mend.
Improvement must be great, since here I find
Precepts, Examples, and my Masters kind.

*A Prologue on the propos'd Union of the
Two Houses*

NOW all the World's tak'n up with State Affairs,
Some wishing Peace, some calling out for Wars
'Tis likewise fit, we shou'd inform the Age,
What are the present Politicks of the Stage
Two different States, ambitious both, and bold,
All Free-born Souls, the New House and the Old,
Have long contended, and made stout Essays,
Which shou'd be Monarch, absolute in Plays.
Long has the Battel held with bloody Strife,
Where many ranting Héroes lost their Life.
Yet such their Enmity, that ev'n the slain
Do conquer Death, rise up, and fight again.

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*Whilst from the Gallery, Box, the Pit and all
The Audience look'd, and shook its awful Head,
Wondring to see so many Thousands fall,
And then look'd Pale to see us look so Red
By Force of Number, and Poetick Spell,
We've rais'd the ancient Heroes too from Hell
To lead our Troops; and on this Bloody Field,
You've seen great Cæsar fight, great Pompey yield
Vast Sums of Treasure too we did advance
To draw some Mercenary Troops from France,
Light-footed Rogues, who when they got thir Pay,
Took to their Heels—Alons—and run away
Here have you seen great Philip's Conquering Son,
Who in Twelve Years did the whole World orerun,
Here has he fought, and found a harder Jobb
To beat one Playhouse, than subdue the Globe
All this from Emulation for the Bays,
You lik'd the Contest, and bestow'd your Praise.
But now, (as busie Heads love something new)
They wou'd propose an Union—Oh, Mort-dieu.
If it be so, let Cæsar hide his Head,
And fight no more for Glory, but for Bread
Let Alexander mourn, as once before,
Because no Worlds are left to conquer more
But if we may judge small from greater things,
The present Times may show what Union brings,
You feel the Danger of United Kings
If we grow one, then Slavery must ensue
To Poets, Players, and, my Friends, to you
For to one House confin'd, you then must praise
Both cursed Actors, and confounded Plays
Then leave us as we are, and next advance
Bravely to break the Tye 'twixt Spain and France.*

*On the Death of a Lady's Sparrow, in Imitation
of Catullus, for his Lesbia's.*

Mourn all ye Muses, mourn ye Nymphs and Loves,
Mourn all ye Woods, 'mourn all ye Trees and Groves.
Weep all ye Streams, ye Forrests fade and mourn,
Your well-lov'd Bird must ne're again return.

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Let the dull Air ne're be serene again,
 Let all the Winds with loudest Sighs complain.
 The once blest Winds, whilst they cou'd bear away
 His charming Notes, and with his Feathers play.
 How shall I grieve, or how bewail his Death?
 None fit to sing that wants his tuneful Breath.
 Like the melodious Swan prepar'd to dye,
 He shou'd himself have Sung his Elegy
Ye winged Choristers, come here, and sing,
Lament his Death, sweet Flowers and Blossoms bring,
To strew his Grave with Beauties of the Spring.
 Sweet was his Voice, well were his Notes below'd;
 His careful Mistress with his Tunes he mov'd;
 Oft has he sung upon the Flowry Plain,
 But ne're, alas! like wretched me, in vain
 Round her alone the pretty Bird wou'd fly,
 Chirp to the fair, and in her Bosom lye,
 Her Bosom, fairer than the Silver Sky
 There did the Wanton Play, and there was blest,
 And there alone he made his downy Nest,
 All her Discourse to him he understood,
 And kindly answer'd with what Voice he cou'd.
 Upon her Head oft wou'd he fluttering move,
 And spread a living Canopy above,
 Ten thousand pretty things shew'd his officious Love.
 Oft as she walk'd, when she began to sing,
 With her own Breath he fann'd her from his Wing;
 Then would he pluck the Daisies here, and there,
 And to her Hands the blushing Presents bear.
 The Woods he scorn'd, and chose with her to dwell,
 Her Fingers did all Boughs by far excell
Ye winged Choristers, come here, and sing,
Lament his Death, sweet Flowers, and Blossoms bring,
To strew his Grave with Beauties of the Spring.
 For ah! he's gone, his pleasing Sports must cease,
 He's gone, alas! and now no more can please,
 Still in his Voice, and still his stifning Wing,
 He ne're again must to his Mistress Sing
 See his deep grave by mournful Cupid made,
 Himself close by in a sad Posture lay'd,
 Breaking his Golden Arrow, late his Spade.
 Around his Grave let circling Fairies play,
 Dance the whole Night, and scarce depart by Day,

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Let all things grieve, *Selinda's* Sparrow's gone;
Selinda's Sparrow, so belov'd alone,
For him the tender Virgin Mourns and Cries,
For her dear Sparrow she Laments and Sighs,
Sworn to be buried there, whene're she dyes.
Then shall the winged Choire flock here, and Sing,
Lament her Death, sweet Flowers and Blossoms bring,
To strew her Grave with Beaunes of the Spring.

On the Death of the late Queen

WHILST Heaven with Envy on the Earth look't down,
Saw us unworthy of the Royal Pair,
And justly claim'd *Maria* as its own,
Yet kindly left the Glorious *William* here:
The Heaven and Earth alike do in the Blessing share
He makes the Earth, She Heaven our great Allies,
And tho' we mourn, she for our Comfort dyes,
Nor need we fear the rash presumptuous Foe,
Whilst she's our Saint above, and he our King below.

A SONG.

(1)

TELL me, *Aurelia*, tell me pray,
How long must *Damon* sue,
Prefix the time, and I'll obey,
With Patience wait the happy Day,
That makes me sure of you

(2)

The Sails of Time my Sighs shall blow,
And make the Minutes glide,
My Tears shall make the Current flow,
And swell the hastning Tide

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(3.)

The Wings of Love shall fly so fast,
My hopes mount so sublime,
The Wings of Love shall make more hast,
Than the swift Wings of time.

The Assignment, a Song.

(1.)

THe Minute's past appointed by my Fair,
The Minute's fled
And leaves me dead
With Anguish and Despair

(2.)

My flatter'd Hopes their Flight did make
With the appointed Hour,
None can the Minute's past o'rtake,
And nought my Hopes restore.

(3)

Cease your Complaints, and make no Moan,
Thou sad repining Swain;
Although the fleeting Hour be gone,
The Place doe's still remain.

(4)

The Place remains, and she may make
Amends for all your Pain;
Her Presence can past Time o'rtake,
Her Love your Hopes regain.

An Epigram.

D*Ans vitam panis, nobis dans gaudia vinum
Omnia dans aurum, sunt pretiosa nimis
Nil commune bonum est, at res est flebilis altera,
Dans, est communis fœmina ubique, nihil*

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In English, thus.

Nature's chief Gifts unequally are carv'd;
It surfeits some, while many more are starv'd:
Her Bread, her Wine, her Gold, and what before
Was common Good, is now made private Store
Nothing that's Good we have among us Common
But all enjoy the Common Ill—A Woman

*To a Gentleman, that had his Pocket pickt of a Watch
and some Gold by a Mistress A Burlesque Letter*

I'M sorry, *Sam*, thou'rt such a Ninny
To let a Wench rob thee of Guinea,
And thus to spend and lose your Cobbs,
By lavish opening both your Fobbs
You're fairly fobb'd, to let her get all,
Both one, and also t'other Mettal.
Your Work was on a pretty Score,
You dug the Mine, she found the Oar;
The Devil take the cunning Whore
You slyly laid her down to rest her,
And on the Bed she found a Tester
Your Watch too, *Sam*, (these Men of Power
Must lye with Doxies by the Hour)
A Minute's time did that command,
Then her's, it seems, was Minute Hand
She wound you up to her own liking,
Then stole the Watch, while you were striking
Then think not, Sir, that you are undone
What's wound so high, must next be run down.
In revelling time you thought no Sin,
To play a Game, at *In and In*
I wonder tho' you did not win for't,
Since that you were so fairly in for't.
But what destroy'd you in a Trice,
She held the *Box*, you shook the *Dice*:
The Devil was in the Dice then surely,
To loose when you plaid so securely,
And *three to one* was lay'd so purely
But what's the worst of all Mishaps
You dread, they say, some After-claps:

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If that be so, my dearest *Sammy*,
You'll curse, and bid the Devil dam ye.
The Fruit of *Wild Oats* which you scatter,
Is nothing else but *Barley-Water*.
The Seed-time's good, you know my meaning,
But Faith, the Harvest's only gleaming
Take Heart howe're, 'tis my desire,
You will revive, the P—x expire,
Then rise like Phoenix from the Fire
The Mettal's Stronger that's well souder'd,
And Beef keeps sweeter once 'tis powder'd.
So farewell, *Sam*, and may you ne're want
Such a true faithful humble Servant.

*May the 4th, from Temple Inner,
The Post's going out, I in to Dinner*

A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
L E T T E R S
A N D
Other MISCELLANIES

Grays-Inn, Wensday.

'TIS a Presumption to imagine, that you have thought my Letters worth the keeping, and yet a greater Presumption to expect you shou'd now return them if you have kept them so long, but I hope the Design will partly excuse my request I have promis'd to equip a Friend with a few Letters to help out a Collection for the Press, and there are none I dare sooner expose to the World than those to you, because your Merit may warrant their Sincerity, and because your Ladyship was pleas'd to commend them This makes me imagine, Madam, that they have still secur'd a Place in your Cabinet, tho' the unworthy Author cou'd merit no room in your Heart, whence I may infer that they may be as acceptable to you in Print as in my Manuscript, but if you have a Mind to secure Trophies of so poor a Conquest, I shall be proud to return them as soon as ever they are Transcrib'd, for which I now pawn my Word and Honour, as sincerely, as I once did the Heart of,

M A D A M,

Your most humble Servant.

*Tuesday Morning, one Stocking
on, and t'other off*

I Have had your Letter, Madam, and all that I understand by it, is that your Hand is as great a Riddle as your Face, and 'tis as difficult to find out your Sense in your Characters, as to know your Beauty in your Mask, but I have at last conquer'd the Maidenhead of your writing, as

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I hope one day I shall that of your Person, and I'm sure you han't lost your Virginity, if the Lines in your Complexion be half so crooked as those in your Letter. I return your Compliment of Advice in the same Number of Particulars that you were pleas'd to send me. First, If you are not hansom, never show a Face that may frighten away that Admirer, which your Wit has engaged. Secondly, Never believe what a Gentleman speaks to you in a Mask, for while the Ladies were double Faces, 'tis but Justice that our Words shou'd bear a double Meaning—Lastly, You must never advise a Man against wandring, if you design to be his Guide. You tell me of swearing to a known Lye, I don't remember, Madam, that I ever swore I lov'd you, tho' I must confess that a little Lady in a half mourning Mantue and a deep Morning Complexion, has run in my Head so much since *Monday Night*, that I'm afraid, she will soon get into my Heart. But now Madam, hear my Misfortune.

*The Angry Fates and dire Stage-Coach
Upon my Liberty incroach,
To bear me hence with many a Jog
From thee my charming dear Incog
Unhappy I retch! at once who feels
O'returns of Hack, and Fortune's Wheels.*

This is my Epitaph, Madam, for now I'm a dead Man, and the Stage-Coach may most properly be call'd my Herse, bearing the Corps only of decess'd *F——r*; for his Soul is left with you, whom he loves above all Womankind, by which you may judge of the height of his Passion, for he cares not one Farthing for your whole Sex, as I hope to be saved

Thursday, 11 a Clock.

BOpeep is Child's Play, and 'tis time for a Man to be tir'd of it; I went yesterday to *Bedlam* upon your mad Assignment, stay'd till Seven like a Fool, to expect one, who, unless she were mad, wou'd never come. I begin to believe that they are only wise that are there, and we possess'd that put them in, they at least have this advantage over us Lunaticks at Liberty, that they find Pleasure in their Frenzy, and we a Torment in our Reason, I was so tir'd with walking there so long, that I could not bear the Fatigue of putting off my Cloaths, but sat up all Night at the Tavern, so that your Letter is but just come to my Hands, when, like *Prince Prettyman*, I have one Boot on and t'other off, Love and Honour have a strong Battel, but here comes my Friend to claim my Engagement, so Love is put to the Rout, and away for *Essex* immediately,

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but a Word of Advice before we part. Pray consider, Madam, whether your Good or Ill Stars have usually the most Ascendant over your Inclinations, and accordingly prosecute your Intentions of corresponding with me or not, wou'd you be advis'd by me, you wou'd let it alone, for by the Uneasiness that my small Converse has already rais'd in me, I guess at the greater Disturbance of being farther expos'd to your Charms, unless I may hope for something which my Vanity is too weak to ensure Fortune has always been my Adversary, and I may conclude that Woman, who is much of her Nature, may use me the same way, but if you prove as blind as she, you may, perhaps, love me as much as she hates me My humble Service to your two Sister Fairies, and so the Devil take you all

If you will answer this—you may

Essex, Fryday Morning

I Have been a Horseback, Madam, all this Morning, which has so discompos'd my Hand and Head, that I can hardly think or write Sense, the Posture of my Affairs is a little extraordinary in some other parts about me, for my Saddle was very uneasy, the Hare we hunted put me in mind of a Mistress, which we must Gallop after with hazard of breaking our Necks, and after all our Pains, the Puss may prove a Witch at the long run I have had no Female in my Company since I left the Town, or any thing of your Sex to entertain me, for your Essex-Women, like your Essex-Calves, are only Butcher's Meat, and if I must cater for my self, commend me to a Pit Partridge, which comes pretty cheap, and where I have my Choice of a whole Covy, how well I love this kind of Meat, you may guess, when I assure you, that I have purely fed upon your Idea ever since, which has stuck as close to me, as my Shirt, which by the way I han't shifted since I came to the Countrey, for Clean Linnen is not so modish here as a Lover might require I receiv'd just now an impertinent Piece of Banter from an angry Fair, she says, I pawn'd my Soul to the Devil for the great Success of my Play But her Ladyship is thus angry, because I wou'd not pawn my Body to the Devil for another sort of Play, of which I presume the Lady to be a very competent Judge; I shall disappoint her now, as formerly, for I will set her raging mad with the Calmness of my Answer Besides, Madam, there is nothing can put me out of Humour, that comes by that Post which brings me a Line from you, tho' I must tell you in Plain Terms, that I begin to have but a mean Opinion of your Beauty, for were it, in the least, parallel to your Wit, the number of your other Conquests wou'd raise your Vanity above any Correspondence with a Person, whose chief Merit, is his Indifference

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Grays-Inn, Wensday Morning.

THE Arguments you made use of last Night for still keeping on your Mask I endeavour'd to refute with Reason, but that proving ineffectual, I'll try the Force of Rhime, and send you the Heads of our Chat in a Poetical Dialogue between you and I.

You.

*Thus Images are veil'd which you adore ,
Your Ignorance does raise your Zeal the more*

I

*All Image-Worship for false Zeal is held ,
False Idols ought indeed to be conceal'd*

You

*Thus Oracles of old were still receiv'd,
The more ambiguous, still the more believ'd.*

I

*But Oracles of Old were seldom true ,
The Devil was in 'um—sure he's not in you*

You

*Thus masqu'd in Mysteries does the Godhead stand,
The more obscure, the greater his Command*

I.

*The Godhead's hidden Power wou'd soon be past,
Did we not hope to see his Face at last*

You

*You are my Slave already, Sir, you know,
To shew more Charms wou'd but increase your Woe ,
I scorn to insult a Conquer'd Foe*

I.

*I am your Slave, 'tis true , but still you see
All Slaves by Nature struggle to be free
But if you wou'd secure the Stubborn Prize,
Add to your Wit the Fetters of your Eyes .
Then pleas'd with Thralldom would I kiss my Chain,
And ne're think more of Liberty again*

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Sunday, after Sermon.

I Came, I saw, and was conquer'd, never had Man more to say, yet can I say nothing, where others go to save their Souls, there have I lost mine; but I hope that Divinity which has the justest Title to its Service has receiv'd it, but I will endeavour to suspend these Raptures for a Moment, and talk calmly.

Nothing upon Earth, Madam, can Charm beyond your Wit, but your Beauty, after this not to love you, would proclaim me a Fool, and to say I did, when I thought otherwise, would pronounce me a Knave: If any Body call'd me either, I should resent it, and if you but think me either, I shall break my Heart You have already, Madam, seen enough of me to create a Liking or an Aversion; your Sense is above your Sex, then let your Proceeding be so likewise, and tell me plainly what I have to hope for Were I to consult my Merit, my Humility would chide any Shadow of Hope, but after a Sight of such a Face, whose whole Composition is a smile of good Nature, why should I be so unjust as to suspect you of Cruelty Let me either live in *London* and be happy, or retire again to my Desart to check my Vanity that drew me thence, but let me beg to receive my Sentence from your own Mouth, that I may hear you speak, and see you look at the same time, then let me be unfortunate if I can

If you are not the Lady in Mourning that sat upon my Right Hand at Church, you may go to the Devil, for I'm sure you're a Witch

Madam,

IF I han't begun thrice to write, and as often thrown away my Pen, may I never take it up again, my Head and my Heart have been at Cuffs about you these two long Hours—Says my Head, You're a Coxcomb for troubling your Noddle with a Lady, whose Beauty is as much above your Pretensions, as your Merit is below her Love Then answers my Heart, Good Mr. Head, you're a Blockhead, I know Mr. F—'s Merit better than you, as for your Part, I know you to be as whimsical as the Devil, and changing with every new Notion that offers, but for my Share, I am fixt, and can stick to my Opinion of a Lady's Merit for ever, and if the Fair She can secure an Interest in me, Monsieur Head, you may go whistle Come, come, (answer'd my Head) you Mr Heart, are always leading this Gentleman into some Inconvenience or other, was't not you that first entic'd him to talk to this Lady? Your damn'd confounded Warmth made him like this Lady, and your busie Impertinence has made him write to her, your leaping and skipping disturbs his

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Sleep by Night, and his good Humour by Day. In short, Sir, I will hear no more on't, I am Head, and I will be obey'd—You lie, Sir, reply'd my Heart, (being very angry) I am Head in Matters of Love, and if you don't give your Consent, you shall be forc'd, for I'm sure that in this Case all the Members will be on my Side. What say you, Gentlemen Hands? Oh! (says the Hands) we wou'd not forego the tickling Pleasure of touching a delicious, white, soft Skin for the World.—Well, what say you, Mr Tongue? Zounds, says the Linguist, there's more Extasie in speaking three soft Words of Mr Heart's suggesting, than whole Orations of Seignior Head's, so I am for the Lady, and here's my honest Neighbour Lips will stick to't. By the sweet Power of Kisses that we will, (reply'd the Lips) And presently some other worthy Members standing up for the Heart, they laid violent Hands, (*nemine contradicente*) upon poor Head, and knock'd out his Brains. So now, Madam, behold me as perfect a Lover as any in *Christendom*, my Heart purely dictating every Word I say, the little Rebel throws it self into your Power, and if you don't support it in the Cause it has taken up for your sake, think what will be the Condition of the Headless and Heartless

Farquhar.

Monday, twelve a Clock at Night.

GIVE me leave to call you, dear Madam, and to tell you that I am now stepping into Bed, and that I speak with as much Sincerity as if I were stepping into my Grave, Sleep is so great an Emblem of Death, that my Words ought to be as real, as if I were sure never to waken, then may I never again be blest with the Light of the Sun, and the Joys of *Wednesday*, if you are not as dear to me as my Hopes of waking Health to Morrow Morning, your Charms lead me, my Inclinations prompt me, and my Reason confirms me,

M A D A M,

Your faithful and humble Servant.

My humble Service to the Lady, who, next to my Saviour, must be chief Mediatour for my Happiness

Madam,

IN Order to your Ladyship's Commands I have sent you my Thoughts upon your two wiewty Maxims of Amorous Policy,—*If we fly, they pursue*, and, *Enjoyment quenches Love*. But I shall run a greater hazard of your Displeasure by my Obedience, than I shou'd by the Neglect

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of your Commands, these Subjects leading me into more Gravity than is well consistent with my own Inclinations, or the perusal of a fair Lady. But to the Business.

To examine rightly how far these Female Maxims are in Force, we must dispose Mankind into a Division, which I think hitherto has escap'd the *Logicians*, to wit, the Men of Idleness, and Men of Business, under the first Branch of which Distinction is reducible a great share of the World, and especially that which composes the Character of what we call the *Beau Monde*, for to make them all of a Piece, we must give them a French Name too

The Practice of these Gentlemen, I must confess, has gone a great way to pass these Maxims for Authentick, and have sufficiently authoris'd the Ladies to stick so firmly to their Principles, but wou'd they consider a little upon what a Scurvy Foundation these Topicks are grounded, they wou'd damn the Doctrin for Sake of the Adorers

These Idle Gentlemen (begging their Pardon for so familiar an Epithet) shou'd show the Ladies what a difference there is between prodish intreagu-ing, and true Love, for these Sparks make intreagu-ing their Business, and Love only their Diversion. They visit their Mistriss as they go to the Park, because it is the Mode, and continue to solicit her Favour, not thro' the impulse of Passion, but because they have nothing else to do, some other Motives there are to engage these Sparks in the pursuit of a fair Lady, as for instance, upon the Survey of his Rent-Roll the Lover finds two or three thousand a Year still unmortgag'd, sends down immediately to his Steward to screw up his Tenants to due Payments, and concludes with *Money conquers all things*, a Potent Proverb, I must confess, to back his Resolution. But here consider, Madam, what it is that pursue you, not the Gentleman, but Fidlers, Masquerades, Jewellers, Glovers, Milleners, hir'd Poets, with the confus'd Equipage of all their respective Trades, the Devil a Dart of Love is in the whole Bundle, no more than there is in the Straw and Oats that keeps a Horse for *New Market*, here are only two Beasts to be back'd, one for Pleasure and t'other for Profit, I will feed one for the Plate, and Pamper the t'other for my own riding

A second Life to his pursuit is his Vanity, the Beau having receiv'd a Repulse over Night, steps to his Glass in the Morning, and surveying his charming Shape, *'Sdeath*, (says he,) *why should I despair of Success? Bloud, I'm as pretty Fellow as another, but I think my Calves are a little of the largest*. Ay, that's it, she did not like my Dress Yesterday—Here Boy, reach my blew Coat, I'll tie my Cravat with a double Knot to day, and wear the Buckles of my Garters behind. Thus while his Foppish Fancy can invent any particular Change or Whimsey in his Dress, his Hopes are nourish'd by an abusive Presumption, that the Ladies are smitten by such *Bagatel*

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Impertinence. Here indeed, Madam the first Maxim, *If we fly, they pursue*, is in Force; but upon Scurvy Terms, for the Continuation of such a Coxcomb's Address is the greatest Satyr upon the Sex, and a Woman of true Sense rather than be plagued with such a Follower, if there were no other way, shou'd give him her Person to be quit of his Company, for here I dare be sworn your second Maxim will hold, That *Enjoyment quenches Love*. For these Gentlemen love as they hunt, for Diversion, as I said before, and no sooner is one Hare snapt up, but they beat about for another. Besides, Madam, 'tis but a modest Presumption that these Men of Pleasure and Idleness must have an Ingredient of the Fool in their Composition, which cannot relish the true and lasting Beauties of a fine Woman, they cannot make a true estimate of her Sense, her Constancy, her several little kind and endearing Offices, which can only engage the Affections of a Man that truly understands their Value.

This brings into my Consideration how far these Maxims may be applicable to your corresponding with the latter part of the Distinction, which I call'd the Men of Business, by which I understand Men of Sense, Learning, and Experience, and call them Men of Business, because I wou'd exclude a parcel of flashy, noisy, rhiming, atheistical Gentlemen, who arrogate to themselves the Title of Wit and Sense, for no other Cause but the Abuse of it, such must be rank'd with the first sort of Lovers, for they are the Idlest of Mankind; neither do I confine the Character of a Man of Business to the Law, the Church, the Court, Trade, or any particular Employment, I intend it a farther Latitude, and inclusive of all those, who deriding the Fop, and detesting the Debauchee, have laid down to themselves some certain Scheme of Study, in any lawful Art or Science, for the benefit of the Publick, or their own private Improvement.

Upon this Foundation we may rationally conclude the Actions of such Men to flow directly from the Operations of their Reason. But here, Madam, without doubt the Ladies will interrupt me—*Hold, Sir*, (say they) *we absolutely deny that Love and Reason are consistent*. From which it follows, that your Men of Business have no Business here.

I am very sorry, Madam, in the first Place, that the Qualification which must recommend a Man to a fair Lady, must debase him so near the Level of a Brute, and deprive him of that divine Stamp by which he is distinguish'd from the Beasts of the Field, what an affront is this to your Sex, that one must no sooner begin to admire a Woman, but he must cease to be a Man, and that the Glory which a Lady receives by the plurality of her Adorers, shou'd depend only upon the Esteem of so many irrational Creatures! No, no, Madam, I am too much a Courtier to let this vulgar Calumny and severe Reflection upon your Sex pass unexamind.

I shall therefore make bold to say, that this very Opinion touching the

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Inconsistency of Love with Reason has cost the fair Sex more Tears, and have subjected Men to more Curses, than the worst Circumstances of Falshood and Perjury, for depending upon this Principle of the Ladies, the greatest Rascals have appeared the most passionate Lovers, because the greatest Knaves make the best Fools; and the most usual Cloak for natural Villany is an artificial Simplicity

But granting such Follies and Absurdities to be the Results of a real Passion, such Love ought not to gain one Grain the more weight in the Ballance of true Sense; for if the Lover be a Fool, this Extravagance is but what's natural to his Temper, and exposes it self as wildly in the effects of his other ordinary Passions, as in Anger, Fear, Joy, Grief, and the like, and must not properly be call'd the strength of his Love, but the Weakness of his Reason, and the same pitch of Passion that may make a *Witall* appear Lunatick, wou'd scarcely be discernable in a *Dorimant*, but if the Force of Love raise a Man of true Sence to the pitch of Playing the Fool, 'tis then, if not more rediculous, at least much more dangerous in the Consequence, for be assur'd, Madam, that the bent of his Desire must be too violent to last long, and once it begins to decline, 'twill prove as violent in the Fall as in the Rise, and the constant result of a sober Reflection, is the Hatred and Detestation of any thing that had made him guilty of Extravagance, and debas'd him below the Dignity of his Reason, and there is no Medium in this Case between the extravagant Lover and the inveterate Enemy

But begging your Ladyship's Pardon for this Digression, I shall return to my Man of Business, and see how far your Principle, *If we fly they pursue*, is applicable to a Person of this Character

To the Examination of this Point, 'twill not be amiss to consider, the several Paces and Proceedings of such a Lover in his Amour A Man of Business and Study has his Thoughts too round and compact within himself to have his Fancy sallying out upon the appearance of every Beauty that his daily Conversation may throw in his way, but if once it lights upon that Fair, which can rouse him from his Indifference, raising a Pleasure in his Eyes when she's present, and an Uneasiness in his Heart in her Absence, 'tis no Imprudence to indulge the Thought, Love (he considers) is a Blessing, and since it depends so much upon a Sympathy of Natures, why mayn't I expect that the fair Creature, who has rais'd such Emotions in me, may in time perhaps be brought to have a mutual Concern upon her? The Happiness that I may expect from her Love, if her other Qualities be proportionable to her Beauty, will infinitely reward the Pains of my inquiring into her Life and Conversation Here is the Foundation of Love fairly laid, and now my Gentleman goes to work upon the Structure; he first enquires into the Ladies Character, but that as a Man of Sense ought to do, without trusting the Malice of some that may be her Enemies,

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nor yet consulting the Partiality of her Friends; his Reason may make a tolerable good Ballance between both, and if perhaps some Slip in her Conduct has made the Scale of her Accusation the heaviest, he has some Grains of Love to throw into the other to counterpoise it. His next Business is to gain admittance to her Company, here he may find a thousand Beauties to augment, or as many Failings perhaps to destroy his Passion; and to his Examination he must refer his Judgment upon the different Characters he might have heard of her before, for no reasonable Man will peremptorily conclude from the Mouth of Common Fame, 'tis a notorious Lyar, and generally in Extreame. If he believes it to the Lady's Prejudice, he may wrong her Innocence past Redress, and if he trusts flying Report in her Favour, he may be impos'd upon himself. For the Vulgar (by which I mean the Laid Coat as well as the Hob-nail) cannot enter into the nice Secrets of Female Behaviour, they sometimes mistake Levity for Freedom, ill Humour for Gravity, Noise and Tattle for Wit and Sense, sometimes they change Hands, and call an Air of good Breeding, Coquetry, they brand Affability and good Nature with the Name of Looseness, and, in short, there can be no such thing as a Woman in their Estimate, all must be Angels, or all Devils. Now my Lover shall find out all these Distinctions, he shall, in spite of Female Dissimulation, search to the very Bottom, and discover the least Paint upon the Mind, as he does that upon the Face. Having found the Lady's Temper conformable to his own, or being at least assur'd that he can frame his own Humour to square with hers, having known her Sense and Understanding sufficient for a prudent Conduct, at least pliable to good Advice, he stands fixt in his Resolution, and resolv'd upon his Affection.

Thus the beautiful Edifice of Love is gradually and firmly rais'd, whereof Reason is still the Corner-stone, not like the trifling Pomp of a Fop's Preparation, which like a Lord-Mayor's Pageant, is built in a Night, Glitters, and is gaz'd at for a Day, and the next dwindles into nothing. The Building thus finish'd, the next Business is to invite the fair Guest, 'tis impossible to confine the Rules of his Address to any particular Observation, because they may be so diversify'd by the Circumstances of the Lover, the Accidents of Time, Place, or according to some Humours and Inclinations in the Lady's Temper, which last have always prov'd the most effectual means of gaining a Heart. If the Lady's Disposition be inclinable to Gayety, he makes the Muses speak a good Word for him, he can dispense in an Evening with a very dull Play, to have the Pleasure of acting the Lover himself, nay, he can comply so far, as to commend a very Dull Thing, if his Mistress is pleas'd to approve it, he can take a turn in the Mall with his Hat off, tho' the Weather be very cold, and join with her in railing at my Lord Such-a-One, or Mistress Such-a-one, tho' perhaps he understands the Quarrel to be no more

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than a Pique, or a piece of Malice. If the Lady's Temper be more Grave and Sedate, he can sit an Hour or two condemning the Vices of the Town, and extolling the Pleasures of a Countrey Life; nay, sometimes perhaps he may have a Fling at the Government, and be a little Jacobitish to please her, he can wait on her to Church, and hear a Levite thump Dust and Nonsense out of a Pulpit Cushion for an Hour, and call it an excellent Sermon, to humour her Approbation; with a thousand other little foolish Fancies, which because they are not very hurtful in themselves, and that Custom has brought them into Play, must be born with upon this Occasion, and when all is done, Ceremony looks as decently in Love, as in Religion; and a Clown in an Intreague makes as awkward a Figure as a Quaker in Church. Our Lover therefore writes, visits, sighs, declares his Passion with all Demonstrations of Submission and Sincerity, all which is often repeated, to save the Lady's Modesty, and to sooth a little pleasing Vanity, incident to the Female Sex of seeing themselves admir'd. He is satisfy'd also that the World shou'd know it, and submits to the Censure of a whining Coxcomb, to favour the Lady's yeilding by the plausible Excuse of a hard Siege, but if after all this he finds his Pretensions to no Purpose, your Maxim, Madam, *If we fly, &c* will not be of force to detain him longer, he has the same Thread of Reason to guide him out of the Labarinth that led him in, he has not perhaps the same Supports to his Hope, that every glittering Spark, with a Coach and Six, can pretend, but were his Fortune ever so considerable, he wou'd not affront the Lady's Honour, nor his own Judgment so far, as to suppose her of a Mercenary Temper, neither can he imagine that the Charming Fair, whose Sense he has so much admir'd, shou'd be captivated with the tying of his Cravat, or the Fancy of his Snush-box. No, no, he is rather convinc'd, that there is something disagreeable to the Lady in his Person, Behaviour, or Conversation, which being a Defect of Nature, or Education, he must patiently submit to, without cutting his Throat, and he's the more willing to take up with his Failings, because Time may perhaps produce some other Lady that may value him upon these very Circumstances, that made the first disdain him, so that in spite of your celebrated Maxim, he betakes himself to his Business, has the good Manners to free the Lady from his Impertinence, and the Prudence to disengage himself of the Trouble, neither is he much distress'd to withdraw his Affections, for as the prospect of Happiness was the first Foundation of his Love, so the Progress of his Passion must have been nourish'd with Favours to keep it alive, and as naturally without this Fuel will the Fire go out of it self.

I have already, Madam, so far transgressed the Bounds of a *Billet-doux*, that I'm afraid to meddle with your second Maxim. But give me a Moment's Patience, Madam, and I'll make quick Work with *Enjoyment quenches Love*: One Simile, Madam, and I take my Leave. What a strange

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and unaccountable Madness wou'd it appear in a Subject of *England*, a Gentleman that enjoys Peace and Plenty, Ease and Luxury, if he, discontented with his happy State, shou'd raise a Combustion in his Country, turn ambitious Rebel, make a Party against his Prince, and by Force and Treachery lay hold upon the Government, and all this for the bare Pleasure of being call'd King I can assure you, Madam, did the Pleasures of a Monarch consist in nothing more than being plac'd in a Throne, with a Crown upon his Head, and the Scepter in his Hand, we should have the upstart Prince use his Government as a Fool does a fair Lady after Enjoyment, he wou'd soon be cloy'd with his Desire, and uneasie till he got quit of it But if our *Noll* understood the Policy of Government, the many Glories that attend a Crown, the Pomp of Dependencies, the Sweets of absolute Power, with the many Delights and Joys that attend his Royalty, he would maintain his Station to the last Drop of Blood This is easily applicable to a Man of Sense gaining the Crown of Beauty, he can judge the Charms of his Possession, and values Enjoyment only as the Title to his greater Pleasures, there are a thousand Cupids attending the Throne of Love, all which have their several pretty Offices and serviceable Duties to exhilarate their Masters Joy, and contribute to his constant Diversion, if he but understands how to employ them

How far, Madam, I have recommended to you the Addresses of an ingenious Man I dare not determine, but I'm afraid I have said so much against the Passion of Fools, that I have ruin'd my own Interest, tho' you can't reckon me among the Idle part of Men, being so happily employed this-Morning by the Commands of so fair a Lady

Your Ladyship's most Humble Servant.

Friday Night, 11 a Clock.

IF you find no more Rest from your Thoughts in Bed than I do, I cou'd wish you, Madam, to be always there, for there I am most in Love I went to the Play this Evening, and the Musick rais'd my Soul to such a pitch of Passion, that I was almost mad with Melancholy I flew thence to *Spring-Garden*, where with envious Eyes I saw every Man pick up his Mate, whilst I alone walked like solitary *Adam* before the Creation of his *Eve*; but the Place was no Paradise to me, nothing I found entertaining but the Nightingale, which methought in sweet Notes like your own pronounc'd the Name of my dear *Penelope*—*As the Fool thinketh, the Bell chinketh.* From hence I retir'd to the Tavern, where methought the shining Glass represented your fair Person, and the sparkling Wine within it, look'd like your lively Wit and Spirit: I met my dear Mistress in every

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thing, and I propose presently to see her in a lively Dream, since the last thing I do, is to kiss her dear Letter, clasp her charming Idea in my Arms, and so fall fast asleep.

*My Morning Songs, my Evening Pray'rs,
My daily Musings, Nightly Cares.*

Adieu.

HERE am I drinking, Madam, at the Sign of the Globe, and it shall go hard but I make the Voyage of old Sir *Drake* by to morrow morning We have a fresh Gale and a round Sea, for here is very good Company and excellent Wine; from the Orb in the Sign I will step to the Globe of the Moon, thence make the Tour of all the Planets, and fix in the Constellation of *Venus* You see, Madam, I am elevated already. Here's a Gentleman tho' who swears, he loves his Mistress better than I do mine, but if I don't make him so drunk that he shall disgorge his Opinion, may I never drink your Health again, the generous Wine scorns to lye upon a Traytor's Stomach, 'tis Poyson to him that profanes Society by being a Rogue in his Cups I wish Dear Madam, with all my Heart that you saw me in my present Circumstances, you wou'd certainly fall in Love with me, for I am not my self, I am now the pleasantest foolish Fellow that ever gain'd a Lady's Heart, and a Glass or two more will fill me with such Variety of Impertinence, that I cannot fail to pass for agreeable You Drawer, bring me a Plate of Ice—Ha! How the Wine whizes upon my Heart, *Cupid* is forging his Love-Darts in my Belly—Ice, you Dog, Ice—The Son of a Whore has brought me Anchoves Well! 'This is a vexatious World, I wish I were fairly out of it, and happy in Heaven, I mean your dear Arms, which is the constant Prayer of your humble Servant, Drunk or Sober

I design to Morrow in the Afternoon to beg your Pardon for all the ill Manners of my Debauch, and make my self as great as an Emperour by inviting your Ladyship to the Entertainment of Dioclesian.

IN pursuance to your Order, Madam, I have sent you here inclos'd, my Picture, and I challenge *Vandike* or *Kneller* to draw more to the Life You are the first Person that ever had it, and if I had not some Thoughts that the Substance would fall to your share, I wou'd not part with my Likeness I hope the Colours will never fade, tho' you may give me some Hints where to mend the Features, having so much Power to correct the Life

LOVE AND BUSINESS

The Picture.

MY Outside is neither better nor worse than my Creator made it, and the Piece being drawn by so great an Artist, 'twere Presumption to say there were many stroaks amiss I have a Body qualify'd to answer all the Ends of its Creation, and that's sufficient

As to the Mind, which in most Men wears as many Changes as their Body, so in me 'tis generally drest like my Person, in Black Melancholy is its every Day Apparel, and it has hitherto found few Holydays to make it change its Cloaths. In short, my Constitution is very Splenatick, and yet very Amorous, both which I endeavour to hide, lest the former shou'd offend others, and the latter might incommode my self, and my Reason is so vigilant in restraining these two Failings that I am taken for an easy-natur'd Man with my own Sex, and an ill-natur'd Clown by yours

'Tis true, I am very sparing in my Praises and Complements to a Lady, out of a fear that they may affect my self more than her, for the Idols that we worship are generally of our own making, and tho' at first Men may not speak what they think, yet truth may catch them on t'other Hand, and make them think what they speak But most of all am I cautious of promising, especially upon that weighty Article of Constancy, because in the first Place, I have never try'd the Strength of it in my own Experience, and, secondly, I suppose a Man can no more engage for his Constancy than for his Health since I believe they both equally depend upon a certain Constitution of Body, and how far, and how frequently that may be lyable to Alteration especially in Affairs of Love, let the more Judicious determine.

But so far a Man may promise, that if he find not his Passion grounded on a false Foundation, and that he have a continuance of the same Sincerity, Truth, and Love to engage him, that then his Reason, his Honour, and his Gratitude may prove too strong for all changes of Temper and Inclination

I am a very great Epicure, for which Reason I hate all Pleasure that's purchas'd by excess of Pain, I am quite different from the Opinion of Men that value what's dearly bought, long Expectation makes the blessing always less to me, for by often thinking of the future Joy I make the Idea of it familiar to me, and so I lose the great Transport of Surprise, 'tis keeping the Springs of Desire so long upon the Rack, till at last they grow loose and enervate, besides, any one of a Creative Fancy by a Duration of Thought, will be apt to frame too great an Idea of the Object, and so make the greater part of his Hopes end in a Disappointment

I am seldom troubled with what the World calls *Airs* and *Capriches*, and I think it an Ideot's Excuse for a foolish Action, to say, It was my

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Humour. I hate all little malicious Tricks of vexing People for Trifles, or tying them with frightful Stories, malicious Lies, stealing Lapdogs, tearing Fans, breaking China, or the Like, I can't relish the Jest that vexes another in earnest, in short, if ever I do a wilful Injury, it must be a very great one

I am often Melancholy, but seldom angry, for which Reason I can be severe in my Resentment, without injuring my self. I think it the worst Office to my Nature to make my self uneasy, for what another shou'd be punish'd

I am easily deceiv'd, but then I never fail at last to find out the Cheat; my Love of Pleasure and Sedateness makes me very Secure, and the same Reason makes me very diligent when I'm alarm'd

I have so natural a Propensity to Ease, that I cannot chearfully fix to any Study, which bears not a Pleasure in the Application, which makes me inclineable to Poetry above any thing else.

I have very little Estate, but what lies under the Circumference of my Hat, and shou'd I by any Mischance come to loose my Head, I shou'd not be worth a Groat, but I ought to thank Providence that I can by Three Hours Study live One and Twenty with Satisfaction my self, and contribute to the Maintinance of more Families than some who have Thousands a Year

I have something in my outward Behaviour, which gives Strangers a Worse Opinion of me, than I deserve, but I am more recompenc'd by the Opinion of my Acquaintance, which is as much above my Desert

I have many Acquaintance, very few Intimates, but no Friend, I mean in the old Romantick way, I have no Secrets so weighty, but what I can bear in my own Breast, nor any Duels to fight, but what I may engage in without a Second, nor can I love after the old Romantick Discipline, I wou'd have my Passion, if not led, yet at least, waited on by my Reason; and the greatest Proof of my Affection, that a Lady must expect, is this: I wou'd run any Hazard to make us both happy, but wou'd not for any transitory Pleasure make either of us Miserable

If ever, Madam, you come to know the Life of this Piece, as well as he that drew it, you will conclude, that I need not subscribe the Name to the Picture.

WELL! Mrs F—— and my Charming Penelope are to lye together to Night, what wou'd I give now, to be a Mouse, (God bless us) behind the Hangings, to hear the Chat, you don't know, Madam, but my Genius which always attends you, may over-hear your Discourse, therefore not one Word of George, I'm resolv'd to have a Friend to lye with me to Night, that I may quit Scores with you, and it shall go hard but

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I prove as kind to my Companion, as you are to yours; tho' I must confess, that I had rather be in Mrs V——'s Place, with all the little Pillows about me, or in that of Monsieur *Adonis* upon the Chair.

*My Rival is a Dog of Paris,
That captivates the Ladies Hearts;
And yet by Jove, (I scorn to forge)
Adonis self must yield to George
I am a Dog as well as he,
Can fawn upon a Lady's Knee;
My Ears as long, and I can bark,
To guard my Mistress in the Dark.
I han't four Legs, that's no hard Sentence,
For I can paw, and scrape Acquaintance
I am a Dog that Admires you,
And I'm a Dog, if this ben't true.
And if Adonis do's out rival me,
Then I'm a greater Son of a Bitch than he
Reach my Waistcoat—but ne'er trouble it,
I am already a Dog in a Doublet.*

Was ever such a poetical Puppy seen? But when my Mistriss is sick, 'tis then *Dog Days* with me, tho' 'tis but a Cur's trick, I must confess, but I wou'd be content to bark at this Rate all my Life, so I might hunt away all Rats and Mice from my fair Angel, whose fearful Temper is the only Mark of Mortality about her The Remembrance of the Water-Rat last Night has inspir'd me with the following Lines.

*Fair Rosamond did little think
Her Christal Pond shou'd turn a Sink,
To harbour Vermin that might swim,
And Frighten Beauties from the Brim
Henceforth, detested Pond, no more
Shall Beauties crown your Verdant Shore,
Your Waves so fam'd for amorous League,
Are now turn'd Ratsbane to Intreague.*

*Now good Morrow, my fair Creature, and let me know how you are recover'd
from your Fright*

WHY shou'd I write to my dearest *Penelope*, when I only trouble her with reading what she won't believe, I have told my Passion, my Eyes have spoke it, my Tongue pronounc'd it, and my Pen declar'd it; I have sigh'd it, swore it, and subscrib'd it; now my Heart is full of you,

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my Head raves of you, and my Hand writes to you, but all in vain; if you think me a Dissembler, use me generously like a Villain, and discard me for ever, but if you will be so just to my Passion, as to believe it sincere, tell me so, and make me happy, 'tis but Justice, Madam, to do one or t'other

Your Indisposition last Night when I left you, put me into such Disorder, that not finding a Coach, I miss'd my way, and never minded whither I wander'd, till I found my self close by *Tyburn* When blind Love guides, who can forbear going astray? Instead of laughing at my self, I fell to pitying poor Mr. *F——r*, who, whilst he rov'd abroad among your whole Sex, was never out of his way, and now by a single She was led to the Gallows. From the Thoughts of Hanging, I naturally entered upon those of Matrimony. I consider'd how many Gentlemen have taken a Hansom Swing to avoid some inward Disquiets, then why shou'd not I hazard the Noose, to ease me of my Torment? Then I consider'd, whether I shou'd send for the Ordinary of *Newgate*, or the Parson of *St Ann's*, but considering my self better prepar'd for dying in a fair Lady's Arms, than on the Three Leg'd Tree, I was the most inclinable to the Parish Priest, besides, if I dy'd in a fair Lady's Arms, I shou'd be sure of Christian Burial at least, and shou'd have the most beautiful Tomb in the Universe You may imagine, Madam, that these Thoughts of Mortality were very Melancholy, but who cou'd avoid the Thoughts of Death, when you were sick? And if your Health be not dearer to me than my own, may the next News I hear be your Death, which wou'd be as great a Hell as your Life and Welfare is a Heaven to the most Amorous of his Sex

Pray let me know in a Line, whether you are better or worse, whether I am Honest or a Knave, and whether I shall live or dye

I Can no more let a Day pass without seeing, or writing to my Dear *Penelope*, than I can slip a Minute without thinking of her. I know no body can lay a juster Claim to the Account of my Hours than she, who has so indisputable a Title to my Service, and I can no more keep the discovery of my Faults from you, than from my own Conscience, because you compose so great a Part of my Devotion, let me therefore confess to my dearest Angel, how last Night I saunter'd to the *Fountain*, where some Friends waited for me, one of 'em was a Parson, who Preaches over anything but his Glass, had not his Company and Sunday Night sanctify'd the Debauch, I shou'd be very fit for Repentance this Morning, the searching Wine has sprung the Rheumatism in my Right Hand, my Head akes, my Stomach pukes, I dream'd all this Morning of Fire, and waken in a

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Flame To compleat my Misery I must let you know all this, and make you angry with me I design tho' this Afternoon to repair to St *Ann's* Prayers, to beg Absolution of my Creator and my Mistress, if both prove merciful, I'll put on the Resolution of amending my Life, to fit me for the Joys of Heaven and you.

Dear Madam,

NOW I write with my aking Hand the Dictates of my aking Heart, my Body, and my Soul are of a Piece, both uneasy for want of my dear *Penelope* Excuse me, Madam, for troubling you with my Distemper, but my Hand is so ill, that it can write nothing else, because it can go no farther

Misfortunes always lay hold on me, when I forsake my Love, or fall short of my Duty, your Coach was full, and Mr *C——r* was vanish'd, so I had no pretence left to avoid some sober Friends, that wou'd haul me into a Cellar to drink Syder, a dark, chilly, confounded hole, fit only for Treason and Tobacco Being warm with the throng of the Play-house, I unadvisedly threw off my Wig, the Rawness of this cursed Place, with the Coldness of our Tipple, has seiz'd upon me so violently, that I'm afraid I shan't recover it in a Trice, I have got such a Pain in my Jaws, that I shan't be able to eat a Bit, so now, Madam, I must either Live upon Love, or Starve, for Heaven's Sake then, dear Madam, send me a little Subsistence, let not a hungry Wretch perish for want of an Alms Your Charity, for the Lord's Sake Kind Words is all I crave, and the most uncharitable Prelate will afford a Begger his Blessing— Pity my Condition, fair Charmer, I have got a Cold without, and a Fire within, Love and Syder do not agree, so I'll have no more Cellars If you don't send me some Comfort in my Afflictions, expect to have a Note to this purpose— Be pleas'd to Accompany the Corps of an unfortunate Lover, who dy'd of an aking Chops, and a broken Heart

YOur Verses, Madam, I have read, scan'd, and consider'd over and over, I must still complain of the Difficulty of your Characters, but your Sense is like a rich Mine, hard to come at, but when found, an infinite Treasure I wou'd answer you in Verse, but for the Reason that follows

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*Of all the specious Wiles and formal Arts
Us'd by our young intreagu'ing Men of Parts,
None can their Ignorance in Love express
So much, as whining Words in sawning Verse.
The Nymph, whose softer Breast soft Numbers gain,
Must have a Soul celestially serene,
Seraphically bright, and sparkling as her Mien.
But Women now that Character disown,
They are all Mortal, very Mortal grown
By Verse was Beauty's Empire first ordain'd,
And stubborn Man to Love, by Verse, was chain'd
Verse gave to Love his Quiver and his Bow,
Nay even from Verse he had his Godhead too
And now ungrateful Beauty scorns that Aid,
By which its greatest Triumphs first were made
A sordid Blockhead with an empty Scull
Shall have Access, because his Pocket's full
Curse on thee, Gold——why Charmer, tell me why
Shou'd that which buys a Horse, bright Beauty buy?
O cou'd I find (Grant Heaven that once I may)
A Nymph fair, kind, poetical, and gay,
Whose Love shou'd blaze, unsully'd, and divine,
Lighted at first by the bright Lamp of mine
Free as a Mistress, faithful as a Wife,
And one that lov'd a Fiddle as her Life,
Free from all sordid Ends, from Interest free,
For my own Sake affecting only me
What a blest Union shou'd our Souls combine!
I hers alone, and she be only mine
Free generous Favours shou'd our Flames express,
I'd write for Love, and she shou'd love for Verse
In deathless Numbers shou'd my fair one shine,
Her Love, her Charms shou'd blazon every Line,
And the whole Page be, like her self, Divine
Not Sacharissa's self, great Waller's Fair,
Shou'd for an endless Name with mine compare
My Lines shou'd run so high, the World shou'd see
I sung of her, and she inspired me
Vain are thy Wishes, wretched Damon, vain,
Thy Verse can only serve thee to complain
Wealth makes the Bargain, Love's become a Trade,
Blind Love is now by blinder Fortune led*

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*Who then wou'd sing, or sacred Numbers boast,
Since Love, the just Reward of Verse, is lost?
Of the soft Sex why were the Muses made,
If in soft Love they can't afford us Aid?
No, Cupid, no, you have deceiv'd too long,
My Muse and Love have ever done me wrong,
Farewel, ungrateful Love, farewel ungrateful Song*

You see, Madam, that my Rhime has argu'd me out of Love, but I'm violently suspicious that my Reason will convince me, that I am still as much your Captive, as ever; for I have the greatest Inclination in the World to intreat the Favour of meeting your Ladyship in the Park to Morrow by Six, if you tarry till Seven, you may find me at the End of the Lover's Walk, hanging upon one of the Trees, which will be the readiest way, for ought I see, to bring our Amour to a Conclusion. I am an impudent Fellow, that's to prevent your Reflection upon my presuming to appoint you a Place of assignation

IF any thing shou'd come to your Hands, Madam, that I writ last night, I humbly beg that you wou'd pardon it's Impertinence, for I was so fuddled, that I hardly remember whether I writ or not, you'll think perhaps that my Excuse needs as much an Apology as my Fault, but you ought to forgive me, when I assure you, that I shall never forgive my self. I have vow'd this Morning never to taste Wine till I can recover that Opportunity of seeing you, that Wine made me loose, I went to the *Royal-Exchange* at Two, and stay'd in the City till Twelve at Night, I din'd with Mr B——x, who (by the way) is a pretty Gentleman, but has a confounded Wife, such Stories have I heard of her Persecution, and his long Suffering, that he deserves to go to Heaven, and she to Hell for sending him, and so much for a Citizens Wife I come now from Mr *Dryden's* Funeral, where we had an Ode in *Horace* Sung, instead of *David's* Psalms, whence you may find, that we don't think a Poet worth Christian Burial, the Pomp of the Ceremony was a kind of Rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for *Hudibras* than him, because the Cavalcade was mostly Burlesque, but he was an extraordinary Man, and bury'd after an extraordinary Fashion, for I do believe there was never such another Burial seen, the Oration indeed was great and ingenious, worthy the Subject, and like the Author, whose Prescriptions can restore the Living, and his Pen embalm the Dead. And so much for Mr *Dryden*, whose Burial was the same with his Life, Variety, and not of a Piece The Quality and Mob, Farce and Heroicks, the Sublime and Redicule mixt in a Piece, great *Cleopatra* in a Hackney Coach.

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And now, Madam, for the Application; let us consider, that we are all mortal, that neither Wit can protect a Man, nor Beauty a Woman from the impertinence of a Burial: There is but one way, let us joyn our Forces to disappoint it, as thus, Beauty causes Love, Love inspires Poetry, and Poetry makes Wit immortal: So in return, Wit is fir'd with Gratitude, that extols your Charms, and so makes Beauty immortal. Now, Madam, if your Beauty can make as mad work in my Head as it has in my Heart, I will show the World such a Copy of your Countenance, that you shall be as fair a hundred Years hence as you are at this Instant, all the Worms in the Church-yard shall not have Power to touch one Feature in your Face, and, for my part, if I am not more a Poet a hundred Years hence, than I am now, I'll be damn'd. And I can assure you, that Mr *Dryden* had never dy'd, had he not grown too old to please the Ladies; and if that be my Case already, the Lord have Mercy upon me.

Your strange and unexpected Declaration of your unkind Thoughts of me, has cast a Damp upon my Spirits that will break out either in Melancholy or Rage, I wish it prove the latter, for then I shall destroy my self the shorter way, in the Fervency of my Passion, and diligence of Courtship, which has allarm'd part of the World. To be accus'd of Coldness and Neglect, is—but I'll say no more upon that Subject, 'tis too warm; and if I touch it, will set me in a Blaze. I remember the Cause of my Uneasiness t'other Day, and I remember that Cause was repeated last Night, and in short, I remember a thousand things that make me mad; and since you have taken so opportune a Time of telling me of the Coldness of my Love, give me leave to tell you, that my Passion is so violent, that 'twill give me Cause to Curse your whole Sex, nay, even you, tho' at the same time I cou'd stab my self for the Expression, now, Madam, I'll endeavour to sleep, for I han't clos'd my Eyes since I saw you

Hague, October the 23d. New Stile.

This is the second Post, dear Madam, since I have heard from you, which makes me apprehensive that you are not well, or that you have forgot the Person, whose Health and Welfare so intirely depends upon yours. I am proud to say, that all my Words, my Letters, and Endeavours, have unfeignedly run upon the strain of the most real Passion that ever possess'd the Breast of Man, and if, after all this, they shou'd all prove vain, I leave you to judge how poor an Opinion I shou'd have of my Understanding, which must be a very mortifying Thought for a Person who is very unwilling to pass for a Fool. 'Tis true, I have laid out all the little

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Sense I had in your Service, and if it shou'd be cast away, I shou'd turn Bankrupt in my Understanding, and run stark mad upon the Loss For God's sake, Madam, let me know what I have to trust to, that I may once more set up for a Man of some Parts, or else run away from my Senses as fast as I can, my Thoughts begin to be very severe Creditors, and I am perfectly tir'd of their Company The King came hither last Night about Eleven from *Loo*, and if the Weather prove fair, designs for *England* next *Wensday*. Providence has design'd my staying so long, out of his great Mercy to secure me from the violence of a terrible Storm, which has lasted here this Fortnight past, to that degree, that *Holland* is no more at present than a great Leaky Man of War, tossing on the Ocean, and the Mariners are forc'd to pump Night and Day to keep the Vessel above Water I can assure you, without a Jest, that the Cellars and Canals have frequent Communication, and happy is he that can lodge in a Garret There are Fellows planted on all the Steeples, with a considerable Reward to him that can make the first Land, tho' they had more need to look out for a Rainbow, for without that I shall believe that God Almighty, in his Articles with *Noah* after the Floud, has excluded the *Dutch* out of the Treaty I have transcrib'd your Letter to my Lord *A——le*, and will consult with Captain *L——oe* about your Affairs, whether it be proper to mention matters now, or defer it till we come over My Lord *West——nd* treated us yesterday with a Pot of *English* Venison sent him by his Mother. But never was poor Buck so devour'd by hungry Hounds, we hunted him down with excellent *Burgundy*—Cou'd this Place afford as good Toasts as it does Wine, 'twere a Paradise But we made a shift to call you all over, every Beauty in *London*, from the D——s of *G——n* to Mr. *B——le*, and when we got drunk, we toasted the Dutch Ladies, and by the time we got thro' the whole Assembly, we were grown as dull and sottish as if we had lain with them You must pardon my Breeding, Madam, and consider where I am, but I do blush a little, and can't say a Word more, but that I am,

M A D A M,

Your faithful and humble Servant

I Receiv'd your Letter, Madam, with the strange Relation of your being robb'd. I can't tell whether my Grief or Amazement was greatest, it suspended the Pain of the Rheumatism for some Houhrs, tho' I gain'd little by that; for it only gave Place to a greater. All the Consolation I can afford in your Sorrow, is, that you have a Companion in your Afflictions that sympathizes in every Particular of your Grief. I consider my self a Lady robb'd of my fine things, strip'd of my best Cloaths, and what is worse, of all my pretty Trinkets that have cost me some Years in purchasing, tho'

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this be the greatest Misfortune a fine Lady can sustain, yet am I still more troubled at the manner of the Action, than at the Greatness of my Loss, that in a House so well peopled as mine, in an Hour so early, when all the World was awake, that all my good Stars shou'd then be asleep, is very provoking.

By this, Madam, you may judge, whether my Heart be not tun'd to the very same Notes of Sorrow with yours, and as I have the same Reasons of my Grief, so perhaps I shall agree with your Ladyship as to the Thoughts which may afford you most Consolation.

Religion teaches me, that nothing in this World is properly our own, but borrow'd; and since I am oblig'd to resign even my very Life without murmuring, when he that lent is pleas'd to recall it, why shou'd I repine at parting with things of so much less Importance? But to comfort my self after a more worldly manner, I consider that my Cloaths had been worn out in a Year or two, that my fine things had been out of Fashion in a Year or two more, so that I have only lost the use of those things which four or five Years wou'd have robb'd me of without breaking a Lock, or opening a Window. Besides, another thing which gives me no small Comfort is, a Reflection on the Mercies of Providence in matters of greater Moment, as in Relation to my Life, my Honour, &c. one instance of which is pretty fresh in my Memory. I recollect that some few Months ago, I was in a foreign Countrey, far from my Relations to comfort me, or Friends to assist me, a Stranger to the Place, more to the Language, like a Child among Savage Beasts, I had no Companion but a Brute more Savage than they, who betray'd me into the Hands of a Villain, that wou'd have tun'd me past Redemption, had not Providence sent a Gentleman to my rescue, who is now at *Richmond* dying for Love of me. This Deliverance, I think, may make sufficient amends for the present Loss.

Now, Madam, that I have guess'd at your Thoughts upon the matter, give me leave to present you with my own Sentiments upon this Affair, and in the first Place I think that if the Rogues had strip'd you of all that you enjoy in the World, even the white Covering to your fair Nakedness, I wou'd catch you in my Arms before any Dutchess in Christendom set out in Brocade and Jewels

I think, Secondly, that a Lady without a Husband lies very much expos'd to all Abuses from the rude World, that the Weakness of their Constitution is a sufficient Proof, that their Maker design'd Man for their Guard. Now if a Lady will neglect the Protection which Providence has design'd her, when there is one that begs so very earnestly, and has so long solicited for the Honour of the Place, 'tis but just, I think, that she meet with some small rubbs to mind her of her insufficiency. I know, Madam, that your Ladyship has a very good and worthy Gentleman very near you; one, who is both a Friend and a Father to you, but yet a

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Husband is still the best *Guard-du-Corps*, and there are some Privileges annex'd to his Place, which wou'd make Rogues more cautious how they invaded your Bed-Chamber. In the third Place, Madam, give me leave to ask you one Question. Don't you think this Thief that robb'd you to be a very barbarous Fellow? And wou'd you not be very severe upon him, if he were taken? Most certainly you wou'd. Then what must I think of a Person that has robb'd me of a Jewel, much more precious than any they have taken from you, I mean, my Ease and Quiet? A little Thief has stole my Heart out of my very Breast, the Loss of which has cost me more Sighs and Uneasiness than all the Wealth in the World cou'd have done. I have pursu'd this charming *Bandit* from Place to Place, from Town to Countrey, from Kingdom to Kingdom, yet all in vain—I beg you now, Madam, to consider this, and be not too severe upon the poor Rogues, tho' they shou'd be taken.

This is the first Service, my Hand has done me since I left *London*, and were not the Air too piercing for me to venture abroad after so much Bleeding, I wou'd have told you all this personally, but happen what will, three or four Days shall be the utmost Confinement I can lay upon my Desire of waiting on you, and that you have been so long releas'd from my Company, you are more beholden to the Force of my Illness, than the Strength of my Resolution, which is always too weak to encounter the Passion of,

M A D A M,

Your most sincere, and humble Servant

Madam,

'TIS a sad Misfortune to begin a Letter with an *Adieu*, but when my Love is cross'd, 'tis no wonder that my Writing shou'd be revers'd. I wou'd beg your Pardon for the other Offences of this Nature, which I have committed, but that I have so little Reason to Judge favourably of your Mercy, tho' I can assure you, Madam, that I shall never excuse my self my own share of the trouble, no more than I can pardon my self the Vanity of attempting your Charms, so much above the reach of my Pretensions, and which are reserv'd for some more worthy Admirers. If there be that Man upon Earth that can merit your Esteem, I pity him, for an Obligation too great for a Return, must to any generous Soul be very uneasy, tho' still I envy his Misery.

May you be as happy, Madam, in the Enjoyment of your Desires, as I am miserable in the Disappointment of mine, and as the greatest Blessing of your Life, may the Person you admire Love you as sincerely, and as passionately, as he whom you Scorn

A
DISCOURSE
UPON
COMEDY

In Reference to the
English Stage

In a Letter to a Friend

WITH Submission, Sir, my Performance in the Practical Part of Poetry is no sufficient Warrant for your pressing me in the Speculative, I have no Foundation for a *Legislator*, and the two or three little *Plays* I have written, are cast carelessly into the World, without any Bulk of *Preface*, because I was not so learn'd in the Laws, as to move in Defence of a bad Case. Why then shou'd a Compliment go farther with me, than my own Interest? Don't mistake me, Sir, here is nothing that cou'd make for my Advantage in either *Preface* or *Dedication*, no *Speculative Curiosities*, nor *Critical Remarks*, only some present Sentiments which Hazard, not Study, brings into my Head, without any preliminary *Method* or *Cogitation*.

Among the many Disadvantages attending Poetry, none seems to bear a greater Weight, than that so many set up for Judges, when so very few understand a tittle of the matter. Most of our other Arts and Sciences bear an awful Distance in their Prospect, or with a bold and glittering Varnish dazle the Eyes of the weak-sighted Vulgar. The *Divine* stands wrapt up in his Cloud of Mysteries, and the amus'd *Layety* must pay Tyths and

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Veneration to be kept in Obscurity, grounding their Hopes of future Knowledge on a Competent Stock of present Ignorance (in the greater part of the Christian World this is plain.) With what Deference and Resignation does the bubbled *Client* commit his Fees and Cause into the Clutches of the *Law*, where Assurance beards Justice by *Prescription*, and the wrong side is never known to make it's *Patron* blush. *Physick* and *Logick* are so strongly fortify'd by their impregnable Terms of Art, and the *Mathematician* lies so cunningly intrench'd within his *Lines* and *Circles*, that none but those of their Party dare peep into their puzzling Designs.

Thus the Generality of Mankind is held at a gazing Distance, whose Ignorance not presuming perhaps to an open Applause, is yet satisfy'd to pay a blind Veneration to the very Faults of what they don't understand.

Poetry alone, and chiefly the *Drama*, lies open to the Insults of all Pretenders, she was one of Nature's eldest Offsprings, whence by her Birthright and plain Simplicity she pleads a genuine Likeness to her Mother, born in the Innocence of Time, she provided not against the Assaults of succeeding Ages, and, depending altogether on the generous End of her Invention, neglected those secret Supports and serpentine Devices us'd by other Arts that wind themselves into Practice for more subtle and politick Designs. Naked she came into the World, and 'tis to be fear'd, like its Professors, will go naked out

'Tis a wonderful thing, that most Men seem to have a great Veneration for *Poetry*, yet will hardly allow a favourable Word to any Piece of it that they meet, like your Virtuoso's in Friendship, that are so ravish'd with the notoriety of the Vertue, that they can find no Person worth their intimate Acquaintance. The Favour of being whipt at School for *Martial's Epigrams*, or *Ovid's Epistles*, is sufficient Priviledge for turning Pedagogue, and lashing all their Successors, and it wou'd seem by the fury of their Correction, that the ends of the Rod were still in their Buttocks. The Scholar calls upon us for *Decorums* and *Oeconomy*, the Courtier cries out for *Wit* and *Purity of Style*, the Citizen for *Humour* and *Ridicule*, the Divines threaten us for Immodesty, and the Ladies will have an Intreague. Now here are a multitude of Criticks, whereof the twentieth Person only has read *Quæ Genus*, and yet every one is a Critick after his own way, that is, Such a Play is best, because I like it. A very familiar Argument, methinks, to prove the Excellence of a Play, and to which an Author wou'd be very unwilling to appeal for his Success. Yet such is the unfortunate State of Dramatick Poetry, that it must submit to such Judgments, and by the Censure or Approbation of such variety it must either stand or fall. But what *Salvo*, what Redress for this Inconvenience? Why, without all Dispute, an Author must endeavour to please that Part of the Audience, who can lay the best claim to a judicious and impartial Reflection. But before he begins, let him well consider to what Division

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that Claim do's most properly belong The Scholar will be very angry at me for making that the Subject of a Question, which is self-evident without any Dispute: For, says he, who can pretend to understand Poetry better than we, who have read *Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, &c* at the University? What Knowledge can outstrip ours, that is founded upon the Criticisms of *Aristotle, Scaliger, Vossius*, and the like? We are the better sort, and therefore may claim this as a due Compliment to our Learning, and if a Poet can please us, who are the nice and severe Criticks, he cannot fail to bring in the rest of an inferiour Rank

I shou'd be very proud to own my Veneration for Learning, and to acknowledge any Complement due to the better sort upon that Foundation, but I'm afraid the Learning of the Better Sort is not confin'd to Colledge Studies, for there is such a thing as Reason without Sillogism, Knowledge without *Aristotle*, and Languages besides Greek and Latin. We shall likewise find in the Court and City several Degrees, superiour to those at Commencements From all which I must beg the Scholar's Pardon, for not paying him the Compliment of the better Sort, (as he calls it) and in the next Place, inquire into the Validity of his Title from his knowledge of *Criticism*, and the Course of his Studies.

I must first beg one favour of the Graduate—— Sir, here is a Pit full of *Covent-Garden* Gentlemen, a Gallery full of Cits, a hundred Ladies of Court-Education, and about two hundred Footmen of nice Morality, who having been unmercifully teiz'd with a parcel of foolish, impertinent, irregular Plays all this last Winter, make it their humble Request, that you wou'd oblige them with a Comedy of your own making, which they don't question will give them Entertainment O, Sir, replies the *Square Cap*, I have long commiserated the Condition of the English Audience, that has been forc'd to take up with such wretched Stuff, as lately has crouded the Stage, your *Jubilees* and your *Fopingtons*, and such irregular impertinence, that no Man of Sense cou'd bear the perusal of 'em I have long intended, out of pure pity to the Stage, to write a perfect Piece of this Nature, and now, since I am honour'd by the Commands of so many, my Intentions shall immediately be put in Practice

So to work he goes, old *Aristotle, Scaliger*, with their Commentators, are lugg'd down from the high Shelf, and the Moths are dislodg'd from their Tenement of Years, *Horace, Vossius, Heinsius, Hedelin, Rapin*, with some half a Dozen more, are thumb'd and toss'd about, to teach the Gentleman, forsooth, to write a Comedy, and here is he furnish'd with *Unity of Action, Continuity of Action, Extent of Time, Preparation of Incidents, Episodes, Narrations, Deliberations, Didacticals, Patheticks, Monologues, Figures, Intervals, Catastrophes, Choruse Scenes, Machines, Decorations, &c* a Stock sufficient to set up any Mouncebank in *Christendom*, and if our new Author wou'd take an Opportunity of reading a Lecture upon his Play in these

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Terms, by the help of a *Zany*, and a Joynt-Stool, his Scenes might go off as well as the Doctors Packets, but the Misfortune of it is, he scorns all Application to the Vulgar, and will please the better Sort, as he calls his own sort Pursuant therefore to his Philosophical Dictates, he first chooses a single Plot, because most agreeable to the regularity of Criticism, no matter whether it affords Business enough for Diversion or Surprise. He wou'd not for the World introduce a Song or Dance, because his Play must be one intire Action We must expect no Variety of Incidents, because the Exactness of his three Hours wont give him time for their Preparation. The Unity of Place admits no variety of Painting and Prospect, by which Mischance perhaps, we shall loose the only good Scenes in the Play. But no matter for that, this Play is a regular Play, this Play has been examin'd and approv'd by such and such Gentlemen, who are staunch Criticks and Masters of Art, and this Play I will have acted Look'ee, Mr. *Rich*, you may venture to lay out a Hundred and fifty Pound for dressing this Play, for it was written by a great Scholar, and Fellow of a College.

Then a grave dogmatical Prologue is spoken, to instruct the Audience what shou'd please them, that this Play has a new and different Cut from the Farce they see every Day, that this Author writes after the manner of the *Ancients*, and here is a Piece according to the Model of the *Athenian Drama* Very well! This goes off *Hum drum, So, so* Then the Players go to work on a piece of hard knotty Stuff, where they can no more show their Art, than a Carpenter can upon a piece of Steel Here is the Lamp and the Scholar in every Line, but not a Syllable of the Poet Here is elaborate Language, Sounding Epithets, Flights of Words that strike the Clouds, whilst the poor Sense lags after like the Lanthorn in the Tail of the Kite, which appears only like a Star, while the Breath of the Players Lungs has Strength to bear it up in the Air

But the Audience, willing perhaps to discover his ancient Model, and the *Athenian Drama*, are attentive to the first Act or two, but not finding a true Genius of Poetry, nor the natural Air of free Conversation, without any Regard to his Regularity, they betake themselves to other Work, not meeting the Diversion they expected on the Stage, they shift for themselves in the Pit, every one turns about to his Neighbour in a Mask, and for default of Entertainment now, they strike up for more diverting Scenes when the Play is done, and tho' the Play be regular as *Aristotle*, and modest as Mr *Collier* cou'd wish, yet it promotes more Lewdness in the Consequence, and procures more effectually for Intreague than any *Rover*, *Liberune*, or old *Batchelour* whatsoever At last comes the Epilogue, which pleases the Audience very well, because it sends them away, and terminates the Fate of the Poet, the *Patentees* rail at him, the Players Curse him, the Town damns him, and he may bury his Copy in *Pauls*, for not a Bookseller about it will put it in Print

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This familiar Account, Sir, I wou'd not have you charge to my Invention, for there are Precedents sufficient in the World to warrant it in every particular; the Town has been often disappointed in those Critical Plays, and some Gentlemen that have been admir'd in their speculative Remarks, have been ridicul'd in the practick. All the Authorities, all the Rules of Antiquity have prov'd too weak to support the Theatre, whilst others who have dispenc'd with the Criticks, and taken a Latitude in the *Economy* of their Plays, have been the chief Supporters of the Stage, and the Ornament of the *Drama*, this is so visibly true, that I need bring in no instances to enforce it; but you say, Sir, 'tis a Paradox that has often puzled your Understanding, and you lay your Commands upon me to solve it, if I can.

Looke, Sir, to add a Value to my Complaisance to you, I must tell you in the first Place, that I run as great a hazard in nibbling at this *Paradox* of *Poetry*, as *Luther* did by touching *Transubstantiation*, 'tis a Mystery that the World has sweetly slept in so long, that they take it very ill to be waken'd, especially being disturb'd of their rest, when there is no Business to be done. But I think that *Bellarmin* was once as *Orthodox* as *Aristotle*, and since the *German Doctor* has made a shift to hew down the *Cardinal*, I will have a tug with *ipse dixit*, tho' I dye for't

But in the first Place, I must beg you, Sir, to lay aside your Superstitious Veneration for Antiquity, and the usual Expressions on that Score, that the present Age is illiterate, or their taste is vitiated, that we live in the decay of Time, and the Dotage of the World is fall'n to our Share——'Tis a mistake, Sir, the World was never more active or youthful, and true downright Sense was never more Universal than at this very Day;—'tis neither confin'd to one Nation in the World, nor to one part of a City, 'tis remarkable in *England* as well as *France*, and good genuine Reason is nourish'd by the Cold of *Swedeland* as by the Warmth of *Italy*, 'tis neither abdicated the Court with the late Reigns, nor expell'd the City with the Play-house Bills, you may find it in the *Grand-jury* at *Hick's Hall*, and upon the Bench sometimes among the Justices; then why shou'd we be hamper'd so in our Opinions, as if all the Ruins of Antiquity lay so heavily on the Bones of us, that we cou'd not stir Hand nor Foot. No, no, Sir, *ipse dixit* is remov'd long ago, and all the Rubbish of old Philosophy, that in a manner bury'd the Judgment of Mankind for many centuries, is now carry'd off, the vast Tomes of *Aristotle* and his Commentators are all taken to pieces, and their Infallibility is lost with all Persons of a free and unprejudic'd Reason

Then above all Men living, why shou'd the Poets be hoodwink'd at this rate, and by what Authority shou'd *Aristotle's* Rules of Poetry stand so fixt and immutable? Why, by the Authority of two Thousand Years standing, because thro' this long Revolution of time the World has still continu'd the same——By the Authority of their being receiv'd at *Athens*,

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a City, the very same with *London* in every particular, their Habits the same, their Humours alike, their publick Transactions and private Societies *Alamode France*; in short, so very much the same in every Circumstance, that *Aristotle's* Criticisms may give Rules to *Drury Lane*, the *Areopagus* give Judgment upon a Case in the *Kings Bench*, and old *Solon* shall give Laws to the *House of Commons*

But to examine this Matter a little farther, all Arts and Professions are compounded of these two parts, a Speculative Knowledge, and a practical Use, and from an excellency in both these any Person is rais'd to Eminence and Authority in his Calling The Lawyer has his Years of Student in the Speculative Part of his Business, and, when promoted to Bar, he falls upon the Practick, which is the Tryal of his Ability, without all dispute the great *Cook* has had many a tug at the Bar, before he cou'd raise himself to the Bench, and had made sufficiently evident his Knowledge of the Laws in his Pleadings before he was admitted to the Authority of giving Judgment upon the Case

The Physician to gain Credit to his Prescriptions, must labour for a Reputation in the Cure of such and such Distempers, and before he sets up for a *Galen* or *Hippocrates*, must make many Experiments upon his Patients. Philosophy it self, which is a Science the most abstract from Practice, has its publick Acts and Disputations, it is rais'd gradually, and its Professour commences Doctor by degrees, he has the Labour of maintaining Theses's, Methodising his Arguments, and clearing Objections, his Memory and Understanding is often puzzled by Oppositions catch'd in Fallacies and Sophisms, in solving all which he must make himself remarkable, before he pretends to impose his own Systems upon the World Now if the Case be thus in Philosophy, or in any branch thereof, as in Ethicks, Physicks, which are call'd Sciences, what must be done in Poetry, that is denominated an Art, and consequently implies a Practice in its Perfection?

Is it reasonable that any Person that has never writ a Distich of Verses in his Life, shou'd set up for a Dictator in Poetry, and without the least Practice in his own Performance, must give Laws and Rules to that of others? Upon what Foundation is Poetry made so very cheap, and so easy a Task, by these Gentlemen? an excellent Poet is the single Production of an Age, when we have Crowds of Philosophers, Physicians, Lawyers Divines, every Day, and all of them competently famous in their Callings In the two learned Commonwealths of *Rome* and *Athens*, there was but one *Virgil*, and one *Homer*, yet have we above a hundred *Philosophers* in each, and most part of 'em, forsooth, must have a touch at Poetry, drawing it into *Divisions*, *Sub-divisions*, &c when the Wit of 'em all set together, wou'd not amount to one of *Martial's* Epigrams

Of all these I shall mention only *Aristotle*, the first and great Law-giver,

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in this Respect, and upon whom all that follow'd him are only Commentators Among all the vast Tracts of this Voluminous Author, we don't find any Fragment of an Epick Poem, or the least Scene of a Play, to authorise his Skill and Excellence in that Art. Let it not be alledg'd, that for ought we know he was an excellent Poet, but his more serious Studies wou'd not let him enter upon Affairs of this Nature, for every Body knows, that *Aristotle* was no *Crick*, but liv'd in the Splendour and Air of the Court, that he lov'd Riches as much as others of that Station; and being sufficiently acquainted with his Pupil's Affection to Poetry, and his Complaint that he wanted an *Homer* to aggrandize his Actions, he wou'd never have slipt such an Opportunity of farther ingratiating himself in the King's Favour, had he been conscious of any Abilities in himself, for such an Undertaking, and having a more noble and copious Theme in the exploits of *Alexander*, than what inspir'd the blind Bard in his Hero *Achilles*. If his Epistles to *Alexander* were always answer'd with a considerable Present, what might he have expected, from a Work like *Homer's* upon so great a Subject, dedicated to so mighty a Prince, whose greatest Fault was his vain Glory, and that took such Pains to be Deris'd among Men.

It may be objected, that all the Works of *Aristotle* are not recover'd; and among those that are lost, some Essays of this kind might have perish'd. This supposition is too weakly founded, for altho' the Works themselves might have scap'd us, 'tis more than probable that some Hint or other, either in the Life of the Conquerour, or Philosopher, might appear, to convince us of such a Production. Besides, as 'tis believ'd, he writ *Philosophy*, because we have his Books; so, I dare swear, he writ no *Poetry*, because none is extant, nor any mention made thereof that ever I cou'd hear of.

But stay—Without any farther enquiry into the Poetry of *Aristotle*, his Ability that way is sufficiently apparent by that excellent Piece he has left behind him upon that Subject—By your Favour, Sir, this is *Petito Principii*, or, in plain English, give me the Sword in my own Hand, and I'll fight with you—Have but a little Patience till I make a Flourish or two, and then, if you are pleas'd to demand it, I'll grant you that and every thing else.

How easy were it for me to take one of Doctor *Tillotson's* Sermons, and out of the *O'Economy* of one of these Discourses, trump you up a Pamphlet, and call it, *The Art of Preaching*. In the first Place I must take a *Text*, and here I must be very learn'd upon the Etymology of this Word *Text*, then this *Text* must be divided into such and such *Partitions*, which Partitions must have their hard Names and *Derivations*, then these must be Spun into *Sub-divisions*, and these back'd by Proofs of Scripture, *Rationatus Oratoris*, *Ornamenta Figurarum Rhetoricarum*, and, *Autoritas Patrum Ecclesiae*, with some Rules and Directions how these ought to be

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manag'd and apply'd; and closing up this difficult Pedantry with the *Dimensions of Time* for such an Occasion, you will pay me the Compliment of an excellent Preacher, and affirm, that any Sermon whatsoever, either by a *Presbiter* at *Geneva*, or *Jesuit* in *Spain*, that deviates from these Rules, deserves to be hilt, and the Priest kick'd out of his Pulpit I must doubt your Complaisance in this point, Sir, for you know the Forms of Eloquence are divers, and ought to be suited to the different Humour and Capacities of an Audience, you are sensible, Sir, that the fiery Cholerick Humour of one Nation must be entertain'd and mov'd by other Means than the heavy flegmatick Complexion of another; and I have observed in my little Travels, that a Sermon of three quarters of an Hour, that might please the Congregation at St *James's*, wou'd never satisfy the Meeting House in the *City*, where People expect more for their Money, and having more Temptations of Roguery, must have a larger Portion of Instruction

Be pleas'd to hear another Instance of a different kind, tho' to the same Purpose I go down to *Woollich*, and there, upon a Piece of Paper I take the Dimensions of the *Royal Sovereign*, and from hence I frame a Model of a *Man of War*, I divide the Ship into three principal Parts, the *Keel*, the *Hull*, and the *Rigging*; I subdivide these into their proper Denominations, and by the help of a Saylor, give you all the Terms belonging to every Rope, and every Office in the whole Ship Will you from hence infer, that I am an excellent Shipwright, and that this Model is proper for a *Trading Junck* upon the *Volga*, or a *Venetian Galley* in the *Adriatick Sea*?

- But you'll object, perhaps, that this is no parallel Case, because that *Aristotle's Ars Poetica* was never drawn from such slight Observations, but was the pure effect of his immense Reason, thro' a nice Inspection into the very Bottom and Foundation of Nature

To this I answer, That Verity is eternal, as that the Truth of two and two making four was as certain in the Days of *Adam* as it is now, and that, according to his own Position, Nature is the same *apud omnes Gentes* Now if his Rules of Poetry were drawn from certain and immutable Principles, and fix'd on the Basis of Nature, why shou'd not his *Ars Poetica* be as efficacious now, as it was two Thousand Years ago? And why shou'd not a single Plot, with perfect Unity of Time and Place, do as well at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, as at the Play-house in *Athens* No, no, Sir, I am apt to believe that the Philosopher took no such Pains in Poetry as you imagine The *Greek* was his Mother Tongue, and *Homer* was read with as much Veneration among the School-boys, as we learn our *Catechism* Then where was the great Business for a Person so expert in Mood and Figure, as *Aristotle* was, to range into some Order a parcel of Terms of Art, drawn from his Observation upon the *Ihads*, and these to call the Model of an *Epick Poem*. Here, Sir, you may imagine, that I am caught,

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and have all this while been spinning a Thread to strangle my self, one of my main Objections against *Aristotle's Criticisms*, is drawn from his Non-performance in Poetry. And now I affirm, that his Rules are extracted from the greatest Poet that ever liv'd, which gives the utmost Validity to the Precept, and that is all we contend for

Look ye, Sir, I lay it down only for a Supposition, that *Aristotle's* Rules for an Epick Poem were extracted from *Homer's Iliads*, and if a Supposition has weigh'd me down, I have two or three more of an equal Ballance to turn the Scale

The great Esteem of *Alexander* the great for the Works of old *Homer*, is sufficiently testify'd by Antiquity, insomuch that he always slept with the *Iliads* under his Pillow Of this *Stagirite* to be sure was not ignorant, and what more proper Way of making his Court cou'd a Man of Letters Devise, than by saying something in Commendation of the King's Favourite? A Copy of Commendatory Verses was too mean, and perhaps out of his Element Then something he wou'd do in his own way, a Book must be made of the Art of Poetry, wherein *Homer* is prov'd a Poet by Mood and Figure, and his Perfection transmitted to Posterity, and if Prince *Arthur* had been in the Place of the *Iliads*, we shou'd have had other Rules for Epick Poetry, and Doctor *B——re* had carry'd the *Bays* from *Homer*, in spite of all the Criticks in Christendom, but whether *Aristotle* writ those Rules to Complement his Pupil, or whether he wou'd make a Stoop at Poetry, to show that there was no Knowledge beyond the flight of his Genius, there is no Reason to allow that *Homer* compil'd his Heroick Poem by those very Rules which *Aristotle* has laid down For granting that *Aristotle* might pick such and such Observations from this Piece, they might be meer Accidents resulting casually from the Composition of the Work, and not any of the essential Principles of the Poem. How usual is it for Criticks to find out Faults, and create Beauties, which the Authors never intended for such, and how frequently do we find Authors run down in those very parts, which they design'd for the greatest Ornament How natural is it for aspiring ambitious Schoolmen to attempt matters of the highest Reach, the wonderful Creation of the World, (which nothing but the Almighty Power that order'd it, can describe) is brought into Mood and Figure by the arrogance of *Philosophy* But till I can believe that the Vertigo's of *Cartesius*, or the Atoms of *Epicurus* can determine the almighty *Fiat*, they must give me leave to question the Infallibility of their Rules in respect of Poetry

Had *Homer* himself by the same Inspiration that he writ his Poem, left us any Rules for such a Performance, all the World must have own'd it for Authentick But he was too much a Poet to give Rules to that, whose excellence he knew consisted in a free and unlimited Flight of Imagination, and to describe the Spirit of Poetry, which alone is the *True Art of Poetry*,

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he knew to be as impossible, as for humane Reason to teach the gift of Prophecy by a Definition.

Neither is *Aristotle* to be allow'd any farther Knowledge in Dramatick than in *Epick Poetry*, *Euripides*, whom he seems to Compliment by Rules adapted to the Model of his Plays, was either his Contemporary, or liv'd but a little before him, he was not insensible how much this Author was the darling of the City, as appear'd by the prodigious Expence disburs'd by the publick for the Ornament of his Plays, and 'tis probable, he might take this Opportunity of improving his Interest with the People, indulging their Inclination by refining upon the Beauty of what they admir'd And besides all this, the Severity of *Dramatick* Rage was so fresh in his Memory in the hard Usage that his Brother *Soph* not long before met with upon the Stage, that it was convenient to humour the reigning Wit, least a second *Aristophanes* shou'd take him to Task with as little Mercy as poor *Socrates* found at the Hands of the first

I have talk'd so long to lay a Foundation for these following Conclusions, *Aristotle* was no Poet, and consequently not capable of giving Instructions in the Art of Poetry, his *Ars Poetica* are only some Observations drawn from the Works of *Homer* and *Euripides*, which may be meer Accidents resulting casually from the Composition of the Works, and not any of the essential Principles on which they are compil'd That without giving himself the Trouble of searching into the Nature of Poetry, he has only complemented the Heroes of Wit and Valour of his Age, by joining with them in their Approbation, with this Difference, that their Applause was playn, and his more Scholastick

But to leave these only as Suppositions to be relish'd by every Man at his Pleasure, I shall without complementing any Author, either Ancient or Modern, inquire into the first Invention of Comedy, what were the true Designs and honest Intentions of that Art, and from a Knowledge of the *End*, seek out the *Means*, without one Quotation of *Aristotle*, or Authority of *Euripides*

In all Productions either Divine or Humane, the final Cause is the first Mover, because the End or Intention of any rational Action must first be consider'd, before the material or efficient Causes are put in Execution Now to determine the final Cause of Comedy we must run back beyond the material and formal Agents, and take it in its very Infancy, or rather in the very first Act of its Generation, when its primary Parent, by proposing such or such an End of his Labour, laid down the first Scetches or Shadows of the Piece Now as all Arts and Sciences have their first rise from a final Cause, so 'tis certain that they have grown from very small beginnings, and that the current of time has swell'd 'em to such a Bulk, that no Body, can find the Fountain, by any Proportion between the Head and the Body, this, with the Corruption of time, which has debauch'd things

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from their primitive Innocence, to selfish Designs and Purposes, renders it difficult to find the Origin of any Offspring so very unlike its Parent.

This is not only the Case of Comedy, as it stands at present, but the Condition also of the ancient Theatres, when great Men made Shows of this Nature a rising Step to their Ambition, mixing many lewd and lascivious Representations to gain the Favour of the Populace, to whose Taste and Entertainment the Plays were chiefly adopted. We must therefore go higher than either *Aristophanes*, or *Menander*, to discover Comedy in its primitive Institution, if we wou'd draw any moral Design of its Invention to warrant and authorise its Continuance.

I have already mention'd the difficulty of discovering the Invention of any Art in the different Figure it makes by Succession of Improvements; but there is something in the Nature of Comedy, even in its present Circumstances, that bears so great a Resemblance to the Philosophical *Mythology* of the Ancients, that old *Æsop* must wear the Bays as the first and original Author, and whatever Alterations or Improvements farther Application may have subjoin'd, his *Fables* gave the first Rise and Occasion.

Comedy is no more at present than a *well-fram'd Tale* 'handsomly told, as an agreeable Vehicle for Counsel or Reproof. This is all we can say for the Credit of its Institution; and is the Stress of its Charter for Liberty and Toleration. Then where shou'd we seek for a Foundation, but in *Æsop's* symbolical way of moralizing upon Tales and Fables, with this difference, That his Stories were shorter than ours: He had his Tyrant *Lyon*, his Statesman *Fox*, his Beau *Magpy*, his coward *Hare*, his Bravo *Ass*, and his Buffoon *Ape*, with all the Characters that crowd our Stages every Day, with this Distinction nevertheless, That *Æsop* made his Beasts speak good *Greek*, and our Heroes sometimes can't talk *English*.

But whatever difference time has produc'd in the Form, we must in our own Defence stick to the *End*, and Intention of his *Fables*. *Utile Dulci* was his Motto, and must be our Business, we have no other Defence against the Presentment of the *Grand Jury*, and for ought I know it might prove a good means to mollify the Rigour of that Persecution, to inform the Inquisitors, that the great *Æsop* was the first Inventor of these poor Comedies that they are prosecuting with so much Eagerness and Fury, that the first *Laureat* was as just, as prudent, as pious, as reforming, and as ugly as any of themselves. And that the Beasts which are lug'd upon the Stage by the Horns are not caught in the City, as they suppose, but brought out of *Æsop's* own Forrest. We shou'd inform them besides, that those very Tales and Fables which they apprehend as obstacles to Reformation, were the main Instruments and Machines us'd by the wise *Æsop* for its Propagation, and as he would improve Men by the Policy of Beasts, so we endeavour to reform Brutes with the Examples of Men. *Fondlewife* and his young Spouse are no more than the *Eagle* and *Cockle*, he wanted

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Teeth to break the Shell himself, so somebody else run away with the Meat,—The Fox in the Play, is the same with the Fox in the Fable, who stuff his Guts so full, that he cou'd not get out at the same Hole he came in; so both *Reynards* being Delinquents alike, come to be truss'd up together. Here are Precepts, Admonitions, and Salutory *Innuendo's* for the ordering of our Lives and Conversations couch'd in these *Allegories* and *Allusions*. The Wisdom of the Ancients was wrapt up in Veils and Figures, the *Egyptian Hieroglyphicks*, and the History of the Heathen Gods are nothing else; but if these pagan Authorities give Offence to their scrupulous Consciences; let them but consult the Tales and Parables of our *Saviour* in holy Writ, and they may find this way of Instruction to be much more Christian than they imagine, *Nathan's Fable* of the poor Man's Lamb had more Influence on the Conscience of *David*, than any force of downright Admonition. So that by ancient Practice, and modern Example, by the Authority of Pagans, Jews, and Christians, the World is furnish'd with this so sure, so pleasant, and expedient an Art, of schooling Mankind into better Manners. Now here is the primary Design of Comedy, illustrated from its first Institution, and the same end is equally allieg'd for its daily Practice and Continuance.—Then without all Dispute, whatever means are most proper and expedient for compassing this End and Intention, they must be the *just Rules of Comedy*, and the *true Art of the Stage*.

We must consider then, in the first place, that our Business lies not with a *French* or a *Spanish* Audience, that our Design is not to hold forth to ancient *Greece*, nor to moralize upon the Vices and Defaults of the *Roman* Commonwealth. No, no—An English Play is intended for the Use and Instruction of an *English* Audience, a People not only separated from the rest of the World by Situation, but different also from other Nations as well in the Complexion and Temperament of the Natural Body, as in the Constitution of our Body Politick. As we are a Mixture of many Nations, so we have the most unaccountable Medley of Humours among us of any People upon Earth, these Humours produce Variety of Follies, some of 'um unknown to former Ages, these new Distempers must have new Remedies, which are nothing but new Counsels and Instructions.

Now, Sir, if our *End*, which is the End, be different from the Ancients, pray let our *Dulce*, which is the Means, be so too, for you know that to different Towns there are different ways, or if you wou'd have it more Scholastically, *ad diversos fines non idem conducit medium*, or Mathematically, One and the same Line cannot terminate in two Centers. But waving this manner of concluding by Induction, I shall gain my Point a *negre* way, and draw it immediately from the first Principle I set down. *That we have the most unaccountable Medley of Humours among us of any Nation upon Earth*; and this is demonstrable from common Experience: We shall

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find a *Wildair* in one Corner, and a *Morose* in another, nay, the space of an Hour or two shall create such Vicissitudes of Temper in the same Person, that he can hardly be taken for the same Man. We shall have a Fellow bestir his Stumps from *Chocolate* to *Coffee-House* with all the Joy and Gayety imaginable, tho he want a Shilling to pay for a Hack; whilst another, drawn about in a Coach and Six, is eaten up with the Spleen, and shall loll in State, with as much Melancholy, Vexation, and Discontent, as if he were making the *Tour of Tyburn*. Then what sort of a *Dulce*, (which I take for the Pleasantry of the Tale, or the Plot of the Play) must a Man make use of to engage the Attention of so many different Humours and Inclinations. Will a single Plot satisfy every body? Will the Turns and Surprizes that may result naturally from the ancient Limits of Time, be sufficient to rip open the Spleen of some, and Physick the Melancholy of others, screw up the Attention of a Rover, and fix him to the Stage, in spite of his Volatile Temper, and the Temptation of a Mask? To make the Moral Instructive, you must make the Story diverting, the Spleenatick Wit, the Beau Courtier, the heavy Citizen, the fine Lady, and her fine Footman, come all to be instructed, and therefore must all be diverted; and he that can do this best, and with most Applause, writes the best Comedy, let him do it by what Rules he pleases, so they be not offensive to Religion and good Manners.

But *hæc labor, hoc opus*, How must this Secret of pleasing so many different Tastes be discovered? Not by tumbling over Volumes of the Ancients, but by studying the Humour of the Moderns. The Rules of English Comedy don't lie in the Compass of *Aristotle*, or his Followers, but in the Pit, Box, and Galleries. And to examine into the Humour of an English Audience, let us see by what means our own English Poets have succeeded in this Point. To determine a Suit at Law we don't look into the Archives of *Greece* or *Rome*, but inspect the Reports of our own Lawyers, and the Acts and Statutes of our *Parliaments*, and by the same Rule we have nothing to do with the Models of *Menander* or *Plautus*, but must consult *Shakespeare*, *Johnson*, *Fletcher*, and others, who by Methods much different from the Ancients, have supported the English Stage, and made themselves famous to Posterity. We shall find that these Gentlemen have fairly dispensed with the greatest part of Critical Formalities, the Decorums of Time and Place, so much cry'd up of late, had no force of Decorum with them, the Economy of their Plays was *ad libitum*, and the Extent of their Plots only limited by the Convenience of Action. I wou'd willingly understand the Regularities of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Harry the fourth*, and of *Fletcher's* Plays, and yet these have long been the Darlings of the English Audience, and are like to continue with the same Applause, in Defiance of all the Criticisms that ever were publish'd in *Greek*, and *Latin*.

But are there no Rules, no Decorums to be observ'd in Comedy? Must

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we make the Condition of the English Stage a State of Anarchy? No, Sir—For there are Extrems in Irregularity, as dangerous to an Author, as too scrupulous a Deference to Criticism, and as I have given you an Instance of one; so I shall present you an Example of the t'other

There are a sort of Gentlemen that have had the Jaunty Education of Dancing, French, and a Fiddle, who coming to Age before they arrive at Years of Discretion, make a shift to spend a handsom Patrimony of two or three Thousand Pound, by soaking in the Tavern all Night, lolling A-bed all the Morning, and sauntering away all the Evening between the two Play-houses with their Hands in their Pockets, you shall have a Gentleman of this size upon his Knowledge of *Covent-Garden*, and a knack of witticising in his Cups, set up immediately for a Playwright. But besides the Gentleman's Wit and Experience, here is another Motive: There are a parcel of saucy impudent Fellows about the Play-house, call'd Door-keepers, that can't let a Gentleman see a Play in Peace, without jogging, and nudging him every Minute *Sir, will you please to pay—Sir, the Al's done, will you please to pay, Sir.* I have broke their Heads all round two or three times, yet the Puppies will still be troublesom. Before gad, I'll be plagued with 'em no longer, I'll e'en write a Play myself, by which means, my Character of Wit shall be establish'd, I shall enjoy the Freedom of the House, and to pin up the Basket, pretty Miss—shall have the Profits of my third Night for her Maidenhead Thus we see, what a great Blessing is a Coming Girl to a Play-house. Here is a Poet sprung from the Tail of an Actress, like *Minerva* from *Jupiter's* Head But my Spark proceeds—My own Intreagues are sufficient to found the Plot, and the Devil's in't, if I can't make my Character talk as wittily as those in the *Trip to the Jubilee*—But stay—what shall I call it first? Let me see—*The Rival Theatres*—Very good, by gad, because I reckon the Two Houses will have a Contest about this very Play—Thus having found a Name for his Play, in the next place he makes a Play to his name, and thus he begins.

ACT I. Scene *Covent-Garden.* Enter Portico, Piazza and Turnstile.

HERE you must note, that *Portico* being a compound of Practical Rake, and Speculative Gentleman, is ten to one, the Author's own Character, and the leading Card in the Pack. *Piazza* is his Mistress, who lives in the Square, and is Daughter to old *Pillarino*, an odd out-o'the-way Gentleman, something between the Character of *Alexander* the Great, and *Solon*, which must please, because it is new.

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Turnstile is maid and Confidant to *Piazza*, who for a Bribe of ten Pieces, lets *Portico* in at the Back-door; so the first Act concludes.

In the second Enter *Spigotso*, who was Butler perhaps to the *Czar of Muscovy*, and *Fossetana* his Wife; after these Characters are run dry, he brings you in at the third Act, *Whinewell*, and *Charmarillis* for a Scene of Love to please the Ladies; and so he goes on without Fear or Wit, till he comes to a Marriage or two, and then he writes—*Finis*.

'Tis then whisper'd among his Friends at *Will's* and *Hippolito's*, That Mr. *such a one* has writ a very pretty Comedy, and some of 'em to encourage the young Author, equip him presently with *Prologue* and *Epilogue*, then the Play is sent to Mr. *Ruch* or Mr. *Betterton* in a fair legible Hand, with the Recommendation of some Gentleman that passes for a Man of Parts, and a Critick, In short, the Gentleman's Interest has the Play acted, and the Gentleman's Interest makes a Present to pretty Miss—she's made his Whore, and the Stage his Cully, that for the loss of a Month in Rehearsing, and a Hundred Pound in Dressing a confounded Play, must give the Liberty of the House to him and his Friends for ever after

Now such a Play may be written with all the Exactness imaginable in respect of Unity in Time and Place, but if you inquire its Character of any Person, tho' of the meanest Understanding of the whole Audience, he will tell you 'tis intollerable Stuff, and upon your demanding his Reasons, his Answer is, *I don't like it*. His Humour is the only Rule that he can Judge a Comedy by, but you find that meer Nature is offended with some Irregularities; and tho' he be not so learn'd in the Drama, to give you an Inventory of the Faults, yet I can tell you, that one part of the Plot had no Dependance upon another, which made this simple Man drop his Attention and Concern for the Event, and so disengaging his Thoughts from the Business of the Action, he sat there very uneasy, thought the time very tedious, because he had nothing to do. The Characters were so incoherent in themselves, and compos'd of such Variety of Absurdities, that in his Knowledge of Nature he cou'd find no Original for such a Copy, and being therefore unacquainted with any Folly they reprov'd, or any Vertue that they recommended, their Business was as flat and tiresome to him, as if the Actors had talk'd *Arabic*

Now these are the material Irregularities of a Play, and these are the Faults, which downright Mother-Sense can censure and be offended at, as much as the most learn'd Critick in the Pit. And altho' the one cannot give me the Reasons of his Approbation or Dislike, yet I will take his Word for the Credit or Disrepute of a Comedy, sooner perhaps than the Opinion, of some *Virtuoso's*, for there are some Gentlemen that have fortify'd their Spleen so impregably with Criticism, and hold out so stiffly against all Attacks of Plesantry, that the most powerful Efforts of Wit and Humour cannot make the least Impression. What a Misfortune is it to these

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Gentlemen to be Natives of such an ignorant, self will'd, impertinent Island, where let a Critick and a Scholar find never so many Irregularities in a Play, yet five hundred saucy People will give him the Lie to his Face, and come to see this wicked Play Forty or Fifty times in a Year. But this *Vox Populi* is the Devil, tho' in a Place of more Authority than *Aristotle*, it is call'd *Vox Dei*. Here is a Play with a Vengeance, (says a Critick) to bring the Transaction of a Years time into the Compass of three Hours, to carry the whole Audience with him from one Kingdom to another, by the changing of a Scene: Where's the Probability, nay, the Possibility of all this, the Devil's in the Poet sure, he don't think to put Contradictions upon us?

Looke, Sir, don't be in a Passion, the Poet does not impose Contradictions upon you, because he has told you no Lie, for that only is a Lie which is related with some fallacious Intention that you should believe it for a Truth, now the Poet expects no more that you should believe the Plot of his Play, than old *Æsop* design'd the World shou'd think his *Eagle* and *Lyon* talk'd like you and I; which I think was every Jot as improbable, as what you quarrel with, and yet the Fables took, and I'll be hang'd if you your self don't like 'em. But besides, Sir, if you are so inveterate against improbabilities, you must never come near the Play-House at all, for there are several Improbabilities, nay, Impossibilities, that all the Criticisms in Nature cannot correct, as for instance, In the part of *Alexander* the Great, to be affected with the Transactions of the Play, we must suppose that we see that great Conquerour, after all his Triumphs, shunn'd by the Woman he loves, and importun'd by her he hates, cross'd in his Cups and Jollity by his own Subjects, and at last miserably ending his Life in a raging Madness, we must suppose that we see the very *Alexander*, the Son of *Philip*, in all these unhappy Circumstances, else we are not touch'd by the Moral, which represents to us the uneasiness of Humane Life in the greatest State, and the Instability of Fortune in respect of worldly Pomp. Yet the whole Audience at the same time knows that this is Mr. *Betterton*, who is strutting upon the Stage, and tearing his Lungs for a Livelihood. And that the same Person shou'd be Mr. *Betterton*, and *Alexander* the Great, at the same time, is somewhat like an Impossibility, in my Mind. Yet you must grant this Impossibility in spite of your Teeth, if you han't Power to raise the old Heroe from the Grave to act his own Part.

Now for another Impossibility, the less rigid Criticks allow to a Comedy the space of an artificial Day, or Twenty Four Hours, but those of the thorough Reformation, will confine it to the natural or Solar Day, which is but half the time. Now admitting this for a Decorum absolutely requisite: This Play begins when it is exactly Six by your Watch, and ends precisely at Nine, which is the usual time of the Representation. Now is it feazible

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in *rerum Natura*, that the same Space or Extent of Time can be three Hours, by your Watch, and twelve Hours upon the Stage, admitting the same Number of Minutes, or the same Measure of Sand to both I'm afraid, Sir, you must allow this for an Impossibility too; and you may with as much Reason allow the Play the Extent of a whole Year, and if you grant me a Year, you may give me Seven, and so to a Thousand For that a Thousand Years shou'd come within the Compass of three Hours is no more an Impossibility, than that two Minutes shou'd be contain'd in one. *Nullum minus continet in se majus*, is equally applicable to both.

So much for the Decorum of *Time*, now for the Regularity of *Place*. I might make the one a Consequence of t'other, and alledge, That by allowing me any Extent of Time, you must grant me any Change of Place; for the one depends upon t'other, and having five or six Years for the Action of a Play, I may travel from *Constantinople* to *Denmark*, so to *France*, and home to *England*, and rest long enough in each Country besides: But you'll say, How can you carry us with you? Very easily, Sir, if you be willing to go? As for Example. Here is a New Play, the House is throng'd, the Prologue's spoken, and the Curtain drawn represents you the Scene of *Grand Cairo* Whereabouts are you now, Sir? Were not you the very Minute before in the Pit in the English Play-house talking to a Wench, and now *Presto pass*, you are spirited away to the Banks of the River *Nile*. Surely, Sir, this is a most intolerable Improbability, yet this you must allow me, or else you destroy the very Constitution of Representation. Then in the second Act, with a Flourish of the Fiddles, I change the Scene to *Astrachan* O *this is intolerable!* Look'ee Sir, 'tis not a jot more intolerable than the other, for you'll find that 'tis much about the same distance between *Egypt* and *Astrachan*, as it is between *Drury-Lane* and *Grand Cairo*; and if you please to let your Fancy take Post, it will perform the Journey in the same moment of Time, without any Disturbance in the World to your Person You can follow *Quintus Curtius* all over *Asia* in the Train of *Alexander*, and trudge after *Hannibal* like a *Cadet* through all *Italy*, *Spain*, and *Africk*, in the space of Four or Five Hours, yet the Devil a one of you will stir a Step over the Threshold for the best Poet in Christendom, tho he make it his Business to make Heroes more amiable, and to surprize you with more wonderful Accidents and Events.

I am as little a Friend to those rambling Plays as any body, nor have I ever espous'd their Party by my own Practice, yet I cou'd not forbear saying something in Vindication of the great *Shakespear*, whom every little Fellow that can form an *Arrius primus* will presume to condemn for Indecorums and Absurdities; Sparks that are so spruce upon their Greek and Latin, that, like our Fops in Travel, they can relish nothing but what is Foreign, to let the World know, they have been abroad forsooth: but it must be so, because *Aristotle* said it, now I say it must be otherwise because

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Shakespear said it, and I'm sure that *Shakespear* was the greater Poet of the two. But you'll say that *Aristotle* was the greater Critick—That's a mistake, Sir, for Criticism in Poetry, is no more than Judgment in Poetry; which you will find in your Lexicon. Now if *Shakespear* was the better Poet, he must have the most Judgment in his Art; for every Body knows, that Judgment is an Essential part of Poetry, and without it no Writer is worth a Farthing. But to stoop to the Authority of either, without consulting the Reason of the Consequence, is an Abuse to a Man's Understanding, and neither the Precept of the Philosopher, nor Example of the Poet, shou'd go down with me, without examining the Weight of their Assertions. We can expect no more Decorum or Regularity in any Business, than the Nature of the thing will bear, now if the Stage cannot subsist without the Strength of Supposition, and Force of Fancy in the Audience, why shou'd a Poet fetter the Business of his Plot, and starve his Action, for the nicety of an Hour, or the Change of a Scene, since the Thought of Man can fly, over a thousand Years with the same Ease, and in the same Instant of Time, that your Eye glances from the Figure of Six, to Seven, on the Dial-Plate, and can glide from the *Cape of Good-Hope* to the *Bay of St Nicholas*, which is quite cross the World, with the same Quickness and Activity, as between *Coven-Garden Church*, and *Will's Coffee-House*. Then I must beg of these Gentlemen to let our old English Authors alone—If they have left Vice unpunish'd, Vertue unrewarded, Folly unexpos'd, or Prudence unsuccessful, the Contrary of which is the *Unle* of Comedy, let them be lash'd to some purpose, if any part of their Plots have been independant of the rest, or any of their Characters forc'd or unnatural, which destroys the *Dulce* of Plays, let them be hiss'd off the Stage. But if by a true Decorum in these material Points, they have writ successfully, and answer'd the end of Dramatick Poetry in every Respect, let them rest in Peace, and their Memories enjoy the Encomiums due to their Merit, without any Reflection for waving those Niceties, which are neither instructive to the World, nor diverting to Mankind; but are like all the rest of Critical Learning, fit only to set People together by the Ears in ridiculous Controversies, that are not one Jot material to the Good of the Publick, whether they be true or false.

And thus you see, Sir, I have concluded a very unnecessary Piece of Work, which is much too long, if you don't like it, but let it happen any way, be assur'd, that I intended to please you, which shou'd partly excuse,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

FINIS

LOVE'S CATECHISM

Compiled by
THE AUTHOR OF THE
RECRUITING
OFFICER

For the Use and Benefit of all
Young Batchelors, Maids, and
Widows, that are inclinable to
change their Condition.

Love's Catechism

Tom **C**ome, my Dear, have you con'd over the Catechise I taught you last Night?

Betty. *Come, Question me*

Tom. What is Love?

Betty. *Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when*

Tom. Very well, an apt Scholar But where do's Love enter?

Bet *Into the Eyes*

Tom And where goes it out?

Bet *I won't tell ye*

Tom What are the Objects of that Passion?

Bet *Youth, Beauty, and clean Linnen*

Tom The Reason?

Bet *The two first are Fashionable in Nature, and the third at Court*

Tom That's my Dear, what are the Signs and Tokens of that Passion?

Bet *A Stealing Look, a Stammering Tongue, Words improbable, Designs impossible, and Actions impracticable*

Tom. That's my good Child, Kiss me But what must a Lover do to obtain a Mistress?

Bet *He must adore the Person that disdains him, he must bribe the Chambermaid that betrays him, and court the Footman that Laughs at him; he must, he must*

Tom Nay, Child, I must Whip you if you don't mind your Lesson, he must Treat his .

Bet *O, ay, he must treat his Enemies with Respect, his Friends with Indifference, and all the World with Contempt, he must suffer much, and fear more, he must desire much, and hope little, in short, he must embrace his Ruine, and throw himself away.*

Tom Had ever Man so hopeful a Pupil as mine? Come, my Dear, why is Love call'd a Riddle?

Bet. *Because being Blind, he leads those that See; and tho' a Child, he governs a Man.*

Tom Mighty well And why is Love Pictur'd Blind?

Bet *Because the Painters out of the Weakness, or Privilege of their Art chose to hide those Eyes that they could not Draw.*

Tom That's my dear little Scholar, Kiss me again. And why shou'd Love, that's a Child, govern a Man?

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Bet. *Because that a Child is the End of Love.*

Tom. What are the Hindrances of Love?

Bet. *A mean Habit and no Money.*

Tom. Why?

Bet. *Because 'tis a Maxim now a-days, that there's no Scandal like Rags, nor any Crime so shameful as Poverty.*

Tom. How must a Man remedy this?

Bet. *Why the World's wide enough, let Men busile, for Fortune has taken Fools under her Protection, but Men of Sense are left to their Industry.*

Tom. But what say you to those amorous Puppies that can't counterfeit the Passion of Love without feeling it?

Bet. *'Tis true, tho the whining part be out of Doors in Town, yet 'tis in force with the Country Ladies*

Tom. S'death, Betty, you have a delicate pair of Eyes, pray what d'ye do with 'm?

Bet. *Why, Tom, don't I see every Body?*

Tom. Ay, but if some Women had 'em, they wou'd kill every body. Well, what say you to a good Husband?

Bet. *That's a Rarity, and truly there are so many bad ones now, which give me such an Impression of Matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my Person to a long Vacation all its Life*

Tom. Why then I find your Inclinations are for a silent, solitary sort of a Man

Bet. *O, by no means, for if ever I Marry, I'll beware of a sullen, silent Fool, one that's always Musing, but never thinks. There's some Dæmon in a talking Blockhead, and if a Woman must wear chains, I wou'd have the Pleasure of hearing 'em Rattle a little*

Tom. But what say you to my Lady, what d'ye call 'ums Page that was here to Day? I observ'd by his swëet Addresses to you, that he's up to the Head and Ears in Love

Bet. *Do you think that I am so weak as to fall in Love with a Fellow at first Sight?*

Tom. Pshaw, now you spoil all, I warrant you the young Whipster has got to some of his boon Companions already, has avow'd his Passion, toasted your Health, call'd you ten thousand Angels, has run over your Lips, Eyes, Neck, Shape, Air, and every thing in Description that warms their Mirth to a second Enjoyment

Bet. *Well, as much as you Banter, I'll have you to know there are some of your Sex have prais'd me for Wit and Beauty before now, and wou'd be my humble Servants when I please*

Tom. You're in the right, Betty, for Pride is the Life of a Woman, and Flattery her Daily Bread, and she's a Fool that won't believe a Man there, as much as she that believes him any thing else.

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Bet I own myself a Woman, full of my Sex, a gentle, generous Soul, easie and yielding to soft Desires, a spacious Heart, where Love and all his Train might Lodge in a chaste Inn

Tom Why then you pretend as if you would not pluck the Fruits of Love without Marriage?

Bet Truly, I must acknowledge that as the weak Frailty of Flesh and Blood, will not give one leave to Swear to an absolute Resistance of a Temptation, yet I can safely promise to avoid it, and that's as much as the best of us can do

Tom. Right, right, *Betty*

Bet But suppose, *Tom*, now that you had a fancy for a young Woman, in what manner would you address her?

Tom. I would throw my self at her Feet, speak some Romantick Non-sense or other, address her like *Alexander* in the height of his Victory, confound her Senses, bear down her Reason, and away with her

Betty. That's the right way of those who have a Design upon a Woman's Virtue, but my Chastity shall ne'er submit to Cupid's Arms without Marrying, and that too with one whose Temper and mine may agreeably make one another happy; for,

Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heaven's Decree,
But such as Heaven ordain'd it first to be,
Concurring Tempers in the Man and Wife,
As mutual Helps to draw the Load of Life.
View all the Works of Providence below,
The Stars with Harmony and Concord move,
View all the Works of Providence above,
The Fire, the Water, Earth, and Air, we know,
All in one Plant agree to make it grow
Must Man, the chiefest Work of Art Divine,
Be doom'd in endless Discord to repine?
No, we shou'd injure Heaven by that Surmise,
Omnipotence is just, were Man but wise

Tom Nay, *Madam*, if you are for Verse, I'll at you presently

Betty As soon as you please

Tom Why dost thou all Address deny?

Hard-hearted, pretty *Betty*, why?

See how the trembling Lovers come,

That from thy Lips expect their Doom

Betty. *Thomas*, I hate them all, they know,

Nay, I have often told them so,

Their silly Politicks abhorr'd,

I scorn to make my Slave my Lord.

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- Tom* But *Richard's* Eyes proclaim his *Love*
Too brave, tyrannical to prove.
- Betty.* Ah, *Thomas* ! when we lose our Pow'r,
We must obey the Conquerour.
- Tom* Yet where a gentle Prince bears sway,
It is no Bondage to obey
- Betty* But if like *Nero*, for a while,
With Arts of Kindness he beguile,
How shall the Tyrant be withstood
When he has writ his *Laws* in Blood.
- Tom.* Love (pretty *Betty*) all commands,
It fetters Kings in charming Bands,
Mars yields his Arms to *Cupid's* Darts,
And Beauty softens savage Hearts
- Betty* If nothing else can pull the Tyrant down,
Kill him with Kindness, and the Day's your own
- Tom* Well, *Betty*, now we are got into a Discourse of *Love Affairs*,
I'll sing you the Batchelor's Song
- Betty* With all my Heart.
- Tom* Now for it.

The Batchelor's SONG.

Like a Dog with a Bottle, fast ty'd to his Tail,
Like Vermin in a Trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
Or like a Tory in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog,
Such is the Man, who when he might go free,
Does his Liberty lose,
For a Matrimony Nooze,
And sells himself into Captivity
The Dog he do's howl, when his Bottle do's jog ;
The Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain
Of the Trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain.
But woe fare poor Pug, for he plays with his Clog,
And though he would be rid on't rather than his Life,
Yet he hugs it, and he hug's it, as a Man do's his Wife

FINIS

THREE
EPILOGUES

WITH A

PROLOGUE

AND
•

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS

THE GROVE, OR LOVE'S PARADICE

By Mr Oldmixon. [1700]

EPILOGUE

Writ by Mr *Farquhar*

Time was when Poets rul'd without disputes,
Turn'd Men to Gods, transform'd their Gods to Brutes
Our Poets change the Scene, with mighty odds
Make Men the Brutes, make nothing of their Gods.
'Tis strange to see by what surprizing skill,
Things are transform'd by Brothers of the Quill
No more than this—high—*Presto*—pass,
Great *Jupiter's* a Bull —Great *Beaux's* an Ass
Whene'er they please to give their thoughts a loose,
Jove's made a Swan, your Alderman's a Goose
Things of most differing forms too we may find,
By spells of Poetry in one combin'd
The blustering Face, which Red-Coats bear about,
Is the false Flag which Cowards still hang out,
And that shall huff, and rant, swear loud and ban,
Hector his God, and yet be kickt by Man
They make the Villain look precise and grave,
And the poor harmless Cit, a thriving Knave
Strange contradictions! reconcil'd we see,
They sometimes make even Man and Wife agree
Poets of Old chang'd *Io* to a Cow,
But what strange Monsters Women are made now?
Females with us, without the Poet's fraud,
Change often to the worst of Beasts, a Bawd
There are but two things from all change secure,
Nought can transform a Poet or a Whore
Others for being chang'd, their Stars may blame,
Their punishment is this—still they're the same,
Like paint on Glass that's valu'd at such cost,
Poets ne're fade, altho the Aft be lost

THE PATRIOT, OR THE ITALIAN CONSPIRACY

(Altered from Lee by Charles Gildon)

1703

EPILOGUE

Mr. *Mills* comes forward and makes an Apology for want of an Epilogue; then Mr *Penkeshman* enters dress'd like a Beau, and says he has one by a Friend, Mr *Farquhar*

SOMETHING you may expect—I'm dash'd—I doubt
S I ne'r, shall have the Face, to stand it out
Something you may expect, to raise delight
Foolish enough at least, when Beaux do write
Tho here we stand, and look Wit evermore,
We never ventur'd to talk Wit before
Our outward parts, each Night, we here expose,
But for our Inward, gad we nere shew those.
We dont pretend to write, with Wit, nor Care,
But only, as we Dance, we write, with Air,
With careless sliding Stile, just like our Gate,
But Gay, and Modish, Thoughtless, as our Pate,
A soft and flowing Number, fit for Song,
And that we write, just as we sing it, wrong
Prologues and Épilogues, we often make 'um,
But then these Rogues, the Players, never speak 'um,
We, that support their House! alack a day!
We, make more Comedy, on the Stage, than they
What draws the Ladies, pray? but such as we?
They bring not here, their lovely Eyes, to see
Poor *Ju'o* slain, but to kill Beaux, like me
The Poets too, from us, draw all the Profit,
Tho' not their Wit, we make, the Subject of it,
But we, good-natur'd we, those things can smother,
As we put up Affronts, from one another
I cou'd not for my Life, see this poor Rogue,

(354)

EPILOGUES, PROLOGUE &c.

Have this Play lost, for want of Epilogue.
And therefore beg, you wou'd not damn it thus,
The Ladys, can't refuse, when ask'd by us;
You side-Box Beaux, I've orders, to engage
From all us, Brother Beaux, here on the Stage.
You, Sir, and I, and you, and he that writes,
Were all resolv'd, to meet, anon, at *Whites*,
There, spight of Criticks Malice, save the Play,
And make a Party, for the Poets day.

THE PLATONIC LADY

By Susanna Centlivre [1707]

PROLOGUE

By Captain Farquhar

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

REjoice, ye Fair, the *British* Warrior's come,
Victorious o're, to your soft Wars at home.
Each Conqueror flies, with eager Longing's fraught,
To clasp the Darling Fair, for which he fought
He lays his Trophies down before those Eyes,
By which Inspir'd, he won the Glorious Prize
Prouder, when wellcom'd by his Generous Fair,
Of dying in her Arms, than Conquering there.
O! cou'd our Bards of *Britains* Isle but write
With the same Fire with which our Hero's fight.
Or cou'd our Stage but represent a Scene,
To Copy that on great *Ramillis* Plain,
Then we with Courage wou'd assert our Plays,
And to your glorious Laurels joyn our Bays.

EPILOGUES, PROLOGUE &c.

But our poor *Pegasus*, a Beast of ease,
Cares not for foraging beyond the Seas
Content with *London* Provender, he flies,
To make each Coxcomb he can find, a Prize:
And after trudging long, perhaps he may
Pick up a Set of Fools, to furnish out a Play.
To make him Eat, and you to Entertain,
That for his safety fought beyond the Main.
Your Courage There, but Here your Mercy show;
The Brave scorn to insult a Prostrate Foe

MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S

The pliant Soul of erring Youth
Is, like soft Wax, or moisten'd clay,
Apt to receive all heav'nly Truth,
Or yield to Tyrant ill the Sway
Shun Evil in your early Years,
And Manhood may to Virtue rise,
But he who, in his Youth, appears
A Fool, in Age will ne'er be wise.

LOVE *Undiscover'd*

How Cruel is my Destiny,
Thus fated to endure
Love in its last Extremity,
Despairing of a Cure?

Oh! that I could contrive some Way,
My Passion to declare,
To tell my Charmer how each Day,
I linger with Despair

If PHILLIS knew how much I love,
If she knew how I burn,
She could not sure so Cruel prove,
And make me no Return

Presumption 'tis in me, I know,
Such Beauty to desire,
And 'twould in any One be so,
That should so high aspire

EPILOGUES, PROLOGUE &c.

What shall I do? no Joys appear,
Without her, Life's a Pain.
Tormented thus 'twixt Hope and Fear,
I waste my Days in vain.

The INCONSTANT

A SONG

I

If Love such a Passion a Mine,
Would kindle in CÆLIA's Breast,
And with Equal Desire,
Her Heart would inspire,
No Mortal could then be more blest.

II

We Two in a Desert alone,
Despising the World and its Care,
Still each other to see,
Would much Happier be,
Than those who are Happiest there

III

If missing my CÆLIA by Chance,
Thro' the Woods I had sought her in vain,
The Complaints of my Love,
By the Birds of the Grove,
Should be carry'd to CÆLIA again

IV

And pleas'd with my Languishing Voice,
They should Eccho my Words thro' the Air
They should tell her, her Sight
Was my only Delight,
And her Absence my only Despair

EPILOGUES, PROLOGUE &c.

V

All the Heat of the Day in a Shade
Would I sit, and admire her Charms,
In the Evening I'd walk,
To my CÆLIA I'd talk,
And have her all Night in my arms.

VI

But alas! while I thus entertain
My self with the Thoughts of my *Fair*,
She I fancy, so Kind,
May be False as the Wind,
Inconstant and Light as the Air.

.

A Final Couplet

Death now appears to seize my latest Breath,
But all my Miseries will end with Death

BARCELONA

A

P O E M

OR

The Spanish Expedition

Under the COMMAND of

CHARLES Earl of *Peterborough*

UNTIL

The Reduction of the City of *Barcellona*
to the Obedience of *Charles* III.
King of Spain.

TO
The Right Honourable
CHARLES
Earl of *PETERBOROUGH*
AND
MONMOUTH

My Lord,
MY Presumption in Dedicating to Your Lordship this Poem (found among my dear Deceas'd Husband's Writings) will I hope obtain not only Your Lordships Pardon, but favourable Acceptance, for to whom should this Address be made, but to that Hero who is the glorious Subject of the Song, Happy, could it by Art represent what was really done by Your Lordship in that Expedition, so surprising, as not only surpasses all Poetick Description, but makes even *Truth* it self Romantick. The Difficulties Your Lordship had to encounter in the different Interest and Opinions of your Confederates was not the least part of that Undertaking. You were to convince before you engag'd, and Your invincible Reason was to confirm assured Conquest to Your Sword *Monjuch* beyond *Obisks* and *Pyramids* will be the Eternal Monument of your Fame, whereupon the Fall of that great tho' unhappy Prince of *Darmstad*, Your Lordship Heroically interpos'd, turn'd and assured the Fate of the *Austrian* Monarchy, *Barcellona* became the Rival of *Madrid*, and *Madrid* it self had received its natural Lord And had not Envy it self blasted the sure laid Design, my Lord *Mordaunt* had rival'd the Glory of the Black Prince himself on the Theatre of *Spain* Accept, Great Sir, these Lawrels planted by your transcendent Valour and reap'd by your Victorious Arm. Accept that Tribute which is here offer'd by an humble but sincere Hand, to that magnificent Virtue which hath restored the Foundation of the *Austrian* Spanish Monarchy, which none but our great Queen can establish and confirm

That your Lordship may live to see the noble Effects of so glorious an Undertaking ratify'd in a sure and lasting Peace, the *West-India* Trade flowing into the British Channel, and the good Wishes of all good Men deriv'd into lasting Blessings upon your Lordship and noble Family is the hearty Prayer of

My Lord,
Your Lordships
Most Devoted
Humble Servant,
Marg Farquhar

THE
P R E F A C E

THE Author of this Poem, (tho' an Officer that Time in the Army,) was not embark'd in the Spanish Expedition, but was oblig'd to an ingenious Friend for his Informations, wherein he himself was actually engag'd till the Reduction of the City of Barcellona, which afforded the Author Matter for the Composition of this Poem

The Author's tedious Sickness whereof he dy'd, hinder'd him from making such Corrections which he design'd, especially in the Two last Canto's, and some considerable Time elaps'd since his Death before the Original was produc'd under his own Hand, nor indeed had it been now publish'd, but at the Instance of some of his ingenious Friends, though doubters had he liv'd it wou'd have appear'd much more correct, which 'tis hop'd may be pleaded as a justifiable Excuse for its present Defects, especially in curtailing the Names of such Officers of whom he gives such deserving Characters, which the Publisher wou'd not presume to fill up for fear of Mistake, but judges it not very difficult to come to the Knowledge of 'em by viewing the Lists of such Regiments and Officers which compos'd that Army who were at the Reducing the City of Barcellona.

As the Author has been very fortunate in pleasing the Ingenious of both Sexes in his Comedies, so it may be hop'd this posthumous Work of his may not be unacceptable, and that the Criticks in Poetry may not be too severe in their Censures.

BARCELONA

A
P O E M

C A N T O I

NOW had those Fleets *once* Rivals in dispute,
Had battle'd often, for a bare Salute
Owh'd the same common Cause, their Squadrons meet
And yield a Prospect formidably great,
With loosen'd Sails before the Winds they go,
Here English Flags, *there* Belgick Stremers flow.
Those in the Van, with awful Pomp appear,
And *these*, *be* by, to guard the lagging Rear,
Capacious Transports, big with warlike Force,
Sail safe between, and keep the middle Course
While on their Waists the chearful Soldiers stand
And long to stretch their Joints on welcome Land.
For Preparation both in Men and Store,
No Expedition run so high before,
United firm the Nations frankly vote,
To carry Terrors off to Lands remote,
Close the Design—the *differing* People guess,
And all impatient, wait the great Success,
Tho' eager for th' Event, yet much they dread,
A *brave* and *pushing* General at their Head
Loud Murmurs ran, and with a sawcy Voice,
Arrain the best of Sovereigns in her Choice.

Some in Experience tardy Measures make,
First, by fresh Errors, rectify Mistake,
Improv'd at last, they mend as they decay,
Their Judgments rise, *as they rise* in Pay.
By dint of lingering time slow Captains made,
They work upon the War, as on a Trade.

BARCELONA

Such have we seen on the Alsatian Plain,
Make mighty Conquests to retire again.
For Contributions strenuous they excell,
No *Hero's* ever canton'd Troops so well,
They spin the War in cuning dull delay,
By Night unravel what they wove by Day,
With lingring Steps, o'er difficulties climb,
And wait Peace issuing from the Womb of Time
Not such the *Heroes*, whom the *Gods* create
Expressly for the War with Martial Heat,
Who dart like Sun Beams to the utmost Line,
At once set out, and reach the grand Design
Thus *Philip's Son* had half the World o'er run
Before the *astonish'd* World perceiv'd his Course begun
Such *Mordaunt* was, on whom this Business lay,
Mordaunt, had Fire to o'er inform his Clay,
But not superfluous,
The *Hero* glowing at his Army's Head,
The Soldiers caught the Sparkles as they fled,
Which made each Man a *Mordaunt* that he led.
From the *First Light* his active Judgment flows,
Almost by Intuition *Mordaunt* knows
War not his Province; yet the *Hero* knew,
To take in long Experience at a View,
Stood in his Ken, and with a bold Essay,
Mark'd all the *Heights* and *Distances* of Sway,
Chalk'd *Nassaw's* Steps at *Namur* and the *Boyn*,
And *Marlborough's* larger Strides on *Blenheim's* Bloody Plain.
Early the *Hero* in the Senate stood
A *Daring Champion* for his Country's Good,
Brought all its past Miscarriages about,
And lash'd *within*, the Errors made *without*.
The listning *Peers* an awful Silence guard,
Their strickt Attention he could well reward,
When siding Parties strong Debate had warm'd,
And just *perswasive Warmth* had *Mordaunt* arm'd,
Gods! how he spoke——
His *Eloquence* like some full Bosom'd Flood,
With native Surface undistain'd with Mud,
Not broke by abrupt Banks, nor sunk in Holes,
But thro' the Plain, rather *declines* than *rows*,
With an Impetuous, but unbroken Sway,
O'er the weak bending Reeds does gently play.

BARCELONA

But if some Dike oppose its Barrier Side,
The *Torrent* swells, grows rapid in its Pride,
And forces all with Arbitrary Tyde

Long had he waited for a bold Command,
To stretch his *Soul* and executing *Hand*,
It offers now—the Royal Seals ordain,
To *Mordaunt*, Power supream upon the Plain,
And *Shovell* post his Partner on the Main.
Shovell had oft' the British Squadrons led,
Oft' frighted *Thetis* from her wat'ry Bed,
The Nymph agast, starts from her Coral Throne,
Wak'd with *his* Tempest louder than her *own*
With him, the Nations knew their Fleet secure,
And Seamen fought because of Conquest sure.
From two such Chiefs united in Employ,
The Coward shakes with *Fear*, the Brave with eager Joy,
The People feel alternate *Hopes* and *Fears*,
And Mothers melt in antedated Tears

Now, from the kinder *North* a Gale is sent,
That streins each Concave Sail to stiff Extent,
Southward they steer and shun that hostile Place,
Where *Tourville* lost his Ships and found Disgrace,
Press'd hard by *Russel* with impetuous Shocks,
Some drive on *Shoals*, some strike on couchant *Rocks*
Monstrous Deformities the *Surges* bore,
And scatter'd *Ruins*, thick emboss the Shore
Unhappy *Tourville* from the deep retires,
And mourns his Fleet consum'd by foreign Fires,
Mourns his *Sun Royal*, now an Orb of Flame,
As if there were an Omen in the Name.
Forward they sail and pass that boisterous Bay,
Where deadeſt Calms ne'er influence the Sea,
Where unprovok'd by Winds the Billows roar,
Rowl Mountain high and dash the humble Shoar

Next they proceed by *Bayonne*'s verdant Isles,
Not distant far, enrich'd with foreign Spoils
Stands *Vigo Bay*—within, the flota lies,
From *India*'s rifled Stores, a wealthy Prize,
The Ships of Force range in a Line before,
Boom'd in, and fenc'd with Batteries from the Shore,
In vain—for now the dreadful *Engins* play,
Ormond by Land, and *Rook* attacks by Sea
The Boom flies short, the abandon'd Forts begin

BARCELONA

To turn their Fire, and pour fresh Vengeance in,
Confederate Horrors of the Land and Sea,
In thick Obscurities involve the Day,
The adverse Elements compound the Spoil,
And share the Profits of the Warrior's Toil
They sooth each others *Enmity* and *Rage*,
In joint Destruction o'er the purpl'd Stage,
What e'er escap'd th' Extrems of Fire and Sea,
Became a *British* or a *Belgick* Prey.
This was Great *Ormond's* valiant Feat of Arms,
Who's martial Presence *animates* and *charms*,
Mars the great God of War frowns in his Eye,
And *Cupid*, God of Love, sits smiling by,
A Friend he is to all, that's *just* and *brave*,
And equally hates the *Coward* and the *Knave*
Whilst others *basely* scorn the humble Crowd,
And strive to climb, because they wou'd be proud
His graceful Presence is to none denied,
For he's too great to stoop to slavish Pride,
His Veins have often shed a purple Flood,
And like the Sea, his precious vital Blood
Has flow'd, and always ready is to flow,
To guard this British Island from the Foe
'Twas *here* he seiz'd the Plate of *France* and *Spain*,
And burnt their Naval Strength upon the Main,
And thus return'd loaded with *Indian* Pelf,
He *all* enrich'd, except it was *himself*.
Hence where rich *Tagus* by *Lisbona's* Side,
Pays Oceans Tribute with his golden Tide,
They bend their Course——Unhospitable Ground!
Where *little* Faith, and *less* of Friendship's found,
Where scanty Gains reward the Labourer's Toil,
Choak'd by the Clergy, Weeds that load the Soil,
What Seeds of Good thou gain'st by foreign Aid,
By thy *unkindly* Sands are ill repaid!
For *Albion's* Blood which widow'd Tears lament,
What canst thou pay? For *Albion's* Treasure spent;
What canst thou pay? poor parch'd ungrateful Coast,
For that brave Hand which *great Ruwign* lost.
That *giving* Hand, felt by his Friend and Foe,
Which favours *there*, and *here* did Fate bestow
Again they sail, and thro' some hazy Frets,
Steer from *resisting* Gales, and gain the *Streights*,

BARCELONA

Where an old *Hero* of immortal Fame,
 Ceas'd from his Labour and inscrib'd his Name,
 Here, a stupendious Promontory stands,
 The Southern Point of *European* Lands,
 Its Eastern Front a Steep of ridgy Rocks,
 On its *dull Base* sustains *Levanune* Shocks,
 Along the Western Side the Hill decays,
 In Hills alternate, and rough abrupt Ways,
 And where so e'er the Interspaces fill,
Botanick Nature shews her utmost Skill,
 Here *Æsculapius* trac'd the simpling Path,
 And *here* Instructed left his Art to *Garth*
 Extending on the coasting Plain below,
 Where Eastern Winds with fragrant Murmurs blow,
 There stands a Town, under a Growth of Fame,
 To which its Passage owes its modern Name,
 This Place was first by *British* Fleets possess'd,
 With *Galick* Fury since with Danger prest
 Sustaining every Hardship that befell,
 Six Months besieg'd, six Months defended well.

Now *Mordaunt's* Frigat hafts this Bay to gain
 Whence *Pontu* run from *Leak*, but run in vain
 The *Hero* thence descends, and pusht to Land,
 Where *Darmstadt* meets him on the crowded Sand,
Darmstadt who twice the dubious Place sustain'd,
 Sav'd by his *Conduß*, by his *Counsel* gain'd,
Him Mankind owns temper'd with lawful Sway,
 Pious and Prudent, watchful, just and gay,
 He govern'd Hearts—spontaneous Hands obey.
He ne'er gave Mandate with an idle Hand,
 His *own* Example was his first Command,
 Prompt to relieve, none left him unredrest,
 Or by his *Smiles* deceiv'd, or *Frowns* oppress'd,
 In Peace and War so known to govern well,
 He ne'er was Cause of Grief untill he fell,
 Then all Men griev'd
 Some time elaps'd, the *Heroes* walk and view
 Where *threatning* French their first Approaches drew,
 Here now in sight of Opposition made,
 A Royal Battery on the Breach was laid,
 All wrought to raise the Breast and Terrace high,
 Nor did the Prince himself stand idly by,
 There lay a Bulwark gaping on the Side,

BARCELONA

A practicable Breach, but never tried,
The doubtful Foe durst no Attack begin,
They knew that *Death* and *Darmstadt* lodg'd within,
Hence they ascend, and to that Battery came,
Which to its first Projector owes its Name;
Here they observe, nor did refuse their Praise,
The French surmount impracticable Ways,
Thick panting up the craggy Mount they crawl,
And *Giant like*, storm rugged Nature's Wall,
Like Emmets, in promiscuous Swarms they creep,
Cling to the Rocks and grapple with the Steep
The Summit gained, their *trembling* Eyes they cast
With Horror back upon the Danger past;
Scarce dare their giddy Brains the Distance take
Which *now* their mangled Carcasses must make,
For *now* the Prince attacks—the Gallick Foe,
From custom'd Fate in Fire no Weakness show,
But shiver at the Thought of untry'd Death Below.
Horrid the Sense—from Steep to Steep they bound,
At last with frightful Smash they daub the Ground,
Some stuck half way, on pointed Rocks complain
And cry for Death to ease their wretched Pain,
The Prospect lengthen'd, for *below* are seen
Promiscuous Arms, Brains, Legs, and Trunks of Men,
Some by the Sword chose Death's profound Abyss,
Rather than leap this dreadful Precipice
O! faithless Rock that bore the warm Embrace
Of Champions courting thee in Glory's Race!
That stretch'd thy treacherous Arms to help the Brave
With eager Toil, only to find a Grave!
Thus Mortals at Ambition's louder Call,
With Labour gain the Top, with Ruin *thence* to fall
Now having view'd the Incampment of the Foe,
And by what Oblique Lines the Trenches go,
Where every Chief his Prize of Glory won,
Where *Ajax* fought, and where *Thyrsites* run,
They with the Lesser Circumstances end,
And both the *Heroes* to the Fleet descend
Now by *Europa's* Point they stretch away,
Quiting the *Streights*, and gain the *Midland* Sea,
A Native Barrier, serving to restrain,
The Moorish Enmity and Rage of *Spain*,
Then towards that Place, were by the Current set

BARCELONA

Where *Rook's* rough Squadron with *Tholouse's* met,
Where wasted Stores, Fatigue and haizy Weather
Parted the Fray, and gave the Odds to neither,
Thus when *Ulysses* on the Trojan flew,
And interposing *Pallas* stood in View,
Both Parties toil'd, compounded the Offence,
And thank'd the Gods for giving a Pretence

BARCELONA

C A N T O II

'T WAS Summer now, and heavy Calms begun
To clog their Course, and hang upon their Run,
Then the Commanders in a thick Resort,
Hasten on Board the Flag, the *Naval Court*
This goodly Ship o'er all the Seas renown'd,
Shew'd like an *Island* with the *Forrest* crown'd
In it's Autumnal Dress, when Winds forbear
To strike the Bosom of the Balmy Air,
And sickly Leaves hang fading o'er the Place,
Meet no Disturbance but decay in Peace

Here waiting Crowds obsequiously draw near,
For *Interest*, makes Men *Courtiers* even here
In Tempests, born, those Children of the Main—
Compose their ruffled Looks with little Pain,
And soft as Calms can sooth and cringe for Gain
Now whilst the num'rous Chiefs themselves address
To entertainments proper for the Place,
Mordaunt retires, by busie Crowds unseen,
And with him takes the Stranger *Guscard* in.
Sometime elaps'd—*Mordaunt* desires to know
What Fate had caus'd the courteous Gaul forgoe
His Native Land, to join a foreign Foe.

BARCELLONA

Then *Guscard* thus—from near the Banks of *Rhosne*
I lately fled, whose bleeding People groan,
Beneath a *Tyrant's* Rage, no Rods before
Were e'er so sharp, no Land such *Lashing* bore,
In vain the labouring Hind manures the Soil,
Destruction reaps the Harvest of his Toyl,
All that from foreign Shoars the Merchant gains,
Extracted out of Industry and Pains,
Oppression grasps at once, and in a Day,
The Labours of a Life are snatch'd away,
The *Poor* and *Weak* are always in the wrong,
Nor is there *Property*, but in the Strong,
In vain the Household Gods they all invoke,
Their Gods are snatch'd away, *their* Altars broke,
The *Free born Mind* is now no longer free,
Nor *Reason* acts but by the King's *Decree*.
Strange Arbitrary Sway that thus commands
A Forfeiture of *Sense* as well as *Lands*,
Religion to the Gown becomes a Sport,
Priests like Dragoons, take Order from the *Court*,
No sacred Mission from *their* God they bring,
Their Gospel is a warrant from their King,
By *that*, these ghostly Villains preach and pray,
Draw forth Confessions, privately betray,
And make all Scals of Secresy give way
Hence, Patriots unheard are doom'd to feel
The *lasting Rigours* of the dark Bastile,
Sudden and *Sure* as the Arrests of Fate
Are *those*, for that close, *Limbo* of the State,
Hard to repass, as *Hell's* infernal Gate
Here, lusty Youth, whose light aspiring Soul,
The wide capacious World could scarce controul,
In vain laments his darling Freedom crost,
And his whole Brood of noble Pleasures lost
There aged Truth to Walls may plead his Cause,
The *Walls* his Judges, and his *Chains* the Laws,
Tortur'd by private Racks, the Wretch sometimes
Is forc'd to own some ne'er committed Crimes,
Condemn'd by false Confessions he must bleed,
And private Murder expiates the Deed
Unknown to Parents, *here* may Children die
Unknown to Friends, *there*, dearest Friends may lie
The Lover doubly chain'd may *here* expire,

BARCELONA

And th' unconscious Maid still hope with warm Desire.
 Such is the Tyrant's Vengeance on the Land,
 But where his hostile Fleets the Seas command,
 A fresher Scene of Misery succeeds,
 Where many a poor Cevennian Captain bleeds,
 Where *those*, that in soft Plenty liv'd before,
 Now chain'd in Couples, naked, gaul'd and sore,
Yerk at each Lash, and *lug* the bended Oar.
 Thus long enslav'd, they no Resistance made,
 But bore what Burdens their Oppressors laid,
 At length *Religion* rous'd him in her Cause,
 And *Nature* urging to assert her Laws,
 Wide *Interests* join in the vindictive Scene,
 Opinions close and leave no Chasme between,
 But like descending Branches, all agree
 To centre in the Root of Liberty
 'Twas *then* the lusty Youth together crowd,
 Each *catching* at what Arms his *Fury* shew'd,
 At first, with generous Rage they firmly stand,
 Till veteran Force o'er run the harraßt Land,
 Then to the Woods and Wilds for Refuge go,
 There they remain and wait the Tyrant's Blow.
 Such is the wretched Case of *those* for whom
 To supplicate Relief, I abandon Home,
 To *Anna*, the Asylum of Distress,
 Whose great Endeavours distant Nations bless,
 To *Anna*, the Afflicted all must sue,
 Thither my Course, when I fell in with you.
 And hope, great Sir, this powerful Fleet I see,
 For our Assistance may appointed be

Then *Mordaunt* thus—I own most courteous Gaul,
 Your *pressing Wants* for *speedy Succours* call,
 Cevennian Troubles reach remotest Land,
 And may expect Relief from *Anna's* Hand,
 But *now* her Armies bend a different Course,
 He paused—and then continued his Discourse.
 Scarce had that *Villain Priest* of working Brain,
 Betray'd to *France* the *Civil Rights* of *Spain*,
 When thro' the several Nations that compose
 That Empire, Discontents and Fears arose,
 Of these, a People vigorous fierce and tall,
 Who from *Valentia* reach the Bounds of *Gaul*,
 Early assert their *Natve Rights*, and Show

BARCELONA

What ever *Zeal*, depriv'd of Power can do ;
In broken Troops, they scower the Neighbouring Plain,
Then fly for Refuge to their Hills again.
Then like fell Hawks descending low, to bear
Their ravish'd Prey, soon quit the Danger there,
Mount out of Sight, and hide themselves in Air

}
This rash Attempt to surer Bondage leads
Here were the *Hands*, but destitute of *Heads*
The Nobles challeng'd by their injur'd Laws,
Receive a moving Call t'assert their Cause,
Yet *prudence* louder calls, to arm forbear,
Without a Prospect of Protection near,
The bleeding People, thus oppress'd complain,
Look on their Chiefs for Help but look in vain,
Of Leaders destitute, and warlike Stores,
Thus humbly sue to those Confederate Powers,
Who the third *Charles* protect, and in his Ghoice
Preserve the *Scale of Europe* in a Poize
Albion, the first of these, a wealthy Land,
Stretching to distant Shoars her wide Command,
Now rul'd by *Anne*, the Blessing of her Age,
The *Scourge* of Tyranny and lawless Rage,
Justice at her Command keeps even Course,
And *her* Example gives her Precepts Force,
These join'd, suppress all Evils in their Growth,
None can withstand the Unity of both ;
Her, every Art, does for its Patron chuse,
The *Theme* of Wit and *Subject* of the Muse
Converted Malice owns, her Rightful State,
And proselited Faction shuns Debate,
Under so just a Management we live,
Subjects, secure of Application, give,
In Glory, she does all those Kings succeed,
Which former Times transcrib'd for *her* to read.
Her Predecessor, of immortal Fame,
In the full Tyde of *France* had stopt the Stream,
But *she*, by her Lieutenants has done more,
And urg'd the *Stream* back, to the *Spring* of Power.
Albion had often bled in Hopes of Ease,
Engag'd in War, only to purchase Peace,
Oft push'd her Squadrons thro' th' embattl'd Way,
And drove the *pantung* Monster to a Bay
While no Advantage she propos'd to find,

BARCELONA

Beyond the common Safety of Mankind.
Her, Darmstad serv'd at th' Hibernian Flood,
And urg'd her Troops thro' *Deluges* of Blood,
On Belgick Plains, while still the Hero trod
His Father's Steps in Worship of his God,
And now in *Albion* shews himself again,
To press the Rescue of *Revolting Spain*
Where with *strong Reasons*, and a *graceful Mien*
He mov'd the *Senate* and the *sacred Queen*,
Shows *Catalonia* ready to declare,
Invokes Assistance, and *demands* the War,
How the three Kingdoms, on the Midland Sea,
Oppress'd with Wrongs, but by Constraint obey:
How a small Force sent outwards might insure
Men prompt for Vengeance, for Revolt mature
Enough disgusted at a Foreign Line,
To *out* the *French* and bring the *Austrian* in
Then having urg'd the Profits that must rise
From *France*, & rip'd naked out of all Allies,
He shew'd those great Advantages, that are
To recompence the Charge of such a War
How intercepted Trade, that moves but slow,
Will cease to stagnate, and begin to flow.
How Eastern Commerce must begin to thrive,
When Spanish Harbours their Protection give
And Indian Drugery encourag'd thus,
Must leave th' Elixir of its Toil for us
Whilst *France* cramp't up, and stop'd in its Supplies,
Must *fall* by Steps that *raise* the Great Allies.
His Reasons carry a prevailing Force,
And *Catalonia* ends our present Course
He spoke They talk'd a while. *Guscard* withdrew,
And shew'd himself again to publick View

BARCELONA

CANTO III

AT *Mordaunt's* Prayer stiff Gales their Canvas fill,
And bring their Fleet in Sight of *Monjusch Hill*:
Next, from the Mountain to the roulling Main,
Appears that spacious, that delightful Plain,
Where *Barcelona* stands: A fruitful Ground,
Where Natures Plenty is spontaneous found
Thick studded on the Vale fair Structures lay,
Like Daizies on young Meadows set in *May*
At length the City opens to the Sight,
Aspiring Churches make th' unequal Height,
Tall Steeples o'er the Buildings proudly rise,
Whose pointed Spires menace the lofty Skies
Eastward, some Furlongs off the Town, they stretch,
And drop their Anchors, out of Cannon Reach,
Th' impatient Soldiers, after three Months Stay,
With Longings, wait on Board the Rise of Day,
Some noddings, in dry Battle spend the Night,
And safely rush into the thickest Fight
Some fix their Arms, *some* brace the sullen Drum,
Some dream of Conquest, and of Plunder *some*

Now Light ascending gilds the Eastern Skies,
The *Shades* sink downwards as the *Beams* arise.
The Bird of Darkness with the Night retires,
And Stars decreasing wink away their Fires
When every Warriour with bright Arms in Hand,
Stand active for the expected Word to land.
Around, throng'd Troops do in the Boats appear
With Colours loose, and all the Sounds of War
The Sailors Shouts, and Soldiers chearful Cries,
Percussive shake the Shoars and pierce the Skies.
Mordaunt himself the Signal, leads the Van,
Th' Gods lookt down and blest the Godlike Man,
The *Tritons* proud, their favourite Burden bore,
And Winds Confederate, waf him to the Shoar
The Chiefs with active Bounds, their Boats forsake,
Possess the Land, *there*, firmer Stations take

BARCELONA

The Soldiers tread the Glebe with eager Joy,
Whilst mutual Welcomes, Tongues and Hands employ,
Transported, *some* upon their Captains call
To be led streight to *Barcelona's* Wall,
While *some* supine, upon the Welcome Strand,
With Limbs extended, print the passive Sand.
Thence view the Fleet, and thence Remembrance take
Of their past Hardships on the boistrous Lake,
Recount their tedious Voyage o'er and o'er;
What Oaken Beds, what Sickness, Thirst they bore,
Then thank'd the Gods that brought them safe to Shoar
Some climb the neighbouring Summits to descry
The Approach of adverse Troops; and *some* to spy,
If any Hope of Booty might be nigh
To *these*, descending from the Hills afar,
Appear the dusty Clouds of marching War
The moving Cohorts, in a dubious Mien,
New, Friends to *France*, *now*, seem'd to *England's* Queen
Till *Darmstad's* Ken, the wide Conjecture ends,
And *Catalonian* Shouts confess'd 'em Friends,
• All arm'd and well appointed for the Fight,
And firmly bent to vindicate their *Right*.
The Priests and Nobles own their *Austrian* King,
And Acclamations thro' both Armies ring
The Country thus declar'd, remain'd alone,
To fix their Conquest, the proud *Barcelone*
A Town large, wealthy, populous and strong,
Fit for a Stay to Empire, yet whilst young
Where old *Velasco* in Command grown Grey,
With his Confederate Strength, collected lay,
The *Chiefs* in Counsel sat, the general Voice,
Votes for a Siege, great *Mordaunt's* hardy Choice,
Which push'd successful, forcibly must gain
A powerful Influence on the Fate of *Spain*
Thus bold, they thus determine, and their Care
Succeeds to disembark the Stores of War
Mordaunt's Example urg'd his Orders on,
Refresh'd the *Faust*, and made the *Tardy* run:
Deaf to the Calls that clamorous Nature makes,
He restless moves, nor craving Slumber, wakes.
Here confluent Crowds with animating Voice,
Tug to the creaking *Machines* grating Noise,
By firm endeavour, and prevailing Hands,

BARCELONA

Their ponderous Wheels plough thro' the sinking Sands :
On lofty Carriages erected stood
The weighty Guns, late Burdens to the Flood :
The Ships, now lighter made, amaze the Foe,
Put on new dreadful Forms, and taller grow .
Upward the lofty Pines are seen to shoot,
As when they sprouted from their Mountain Root
The thronging *Catalans* with Care supply
Materials for erecting Batteries high
All labour'd—All must labour to be Great,
Or, *Mordaunt* like, make such a Work compleat
Above the Tops of lofty Mountains, where
Ether, releas'd from Storms, breaths balmy Air,
The *Genij* dwell intelligent, and show
Respective Care o'er Provinces below.
Of *these*, a *Spright*, fierce, bloody, hugely tall,
Subtle, and vigilant, protect'd *Gaul*,
Of Strength, and Stature, equal to his Care,
Tyrannically Proud, *Majestically* Fair
His Native Lillies on his Cheeks were spread,
And martyr'd Blood laid on the blushing Red
His Temples, ravish'd *Crowns* and *Rights*, adorn,
And at his Feet, lay Heaps of Treaties torn.
Long had *he* toil'd, nor where his Labours lame
To fetter *Europe* and make *France* Supream
Strong his Efforts, he aw'd declining *Spain*,
Inspir'd old *Richieu*, and spur'd on *Turenne*
The *former*, Leagues occasional to make,
With antedated *Purpose*, Leagues to break
Decisive Sword, the casuist Warriour draws,
And Success pleads, and justifies the Cause
Hence, the proud *Genius* saw the ancient Bounds
Of *France* abscon'd, in Tracts of conquer'd Grounds.
Hills set on Hills, and Rivers thro' the Plain,
Met Rivers, to oppose his *Troops* in vain
In vain, the *Pirenees* point chilling Snows,
Currents, in vain, Banks limitt'g expose :
The rapid *Rhine*, smooth'd his indignant Wave,
And *Lucius* trod upon the *murmuring* Slave
Progressive *thus*, he turn'd his haughty View,
Iberia's Proud Dominion to Pursue,
Soon gave Pretence to his ambitious Aims,
And *Priest-craft* brib'd, young *Bourbon*, there Proclaims.

BARCELONA

Then who remain'd the sinking World to save,
Great *Nassaw* fell—the *Spright* Insults his Grave;
Thence cries aloud, my labouring Task is done,
Proceed *Gran Lewis*, boldly now go on;
Now, I have stamp'd thy Victories compleat,
And leave thy Force an over-match for Fate.
This said—the *Genius* with past Cares oppress'd,
His Lillies folded in, and sunk to rest
Mistaken Spright! thy *Bourbon* to forsake,
And idely Sleep, when most requir'd to Wake.
Anna's denouncing Trumpet, that defies
Thy Perjur'd Prince, and fills the conscious Skies,
Awakes thee not, not *Europe's* louder Voice,
Blessing Auspicious *Anna* in her Choice
Of *Marlb'rough's* Sword—not *Blenheim's* dreadful Plain,
Ten thousand Cries invoke thy Help in vain,
In vain, thy Favourite *Lewis* Raves and Weeps,
His *Angel* calls in vain, his *Angel* sleeps
And slept secure, till the big Trump of Fame,
Fill'd with the lofty Notes of *Mordaunt's* Name,
Shook the *Iberian* Hills with Ecchoing Blast,
And pierc'd the *Demons* sloathful Ear at last
Against he rose, and casting round his Eyes,
Ye Gods? it cannot be—the *Demon* cries,
Or I have Ages slept——
Such wondrous Change in *Gallia's* Face I see,
No less than Work of *Ages* it can be
Whence rears the *Danube* thus his crested Flood,
And swells his *Sanguine* Banks with Tides of Blood.
How came those reeking Heaps of *Gallick* slain,
That *all*, that *monumental* Spire on *Hockley* Plain,
What heavenly Form, serene, augustly Fair,
Adorns the Top, and lights the ambient Air?
The *Genius* here, with dubious Wonder prest,
First *Juno* fancy'd, then *Minerva* guest,
Till downwards looking, *Bourbon's* prostrate Mien,
Confess'd the greater Goddess, *England's Queen*.
The *Spirit* starts, shock'd with a wild Surprise,
Strain'd hard to look, but his affrighted Eyes
Ake at the Object, then falls sinking down
At the bare Shadow of *Great Anne's* Renown,
His dire Regards far thence the *Demon* sends,
But no Place finding that his Prospect mends,

BARCELONA

Dispair and Grief his hardned Silence broke,
 Oh! had I never slept, or ne'er awoke,
 Inrag'd, he cries—*where*, tell ye Furies, *where*
 My present Aid, and my late dormant Care
 Is wanted most, my *Gallia* to repair
 There, *Marlb'rough* drives us thro' the dusty Plain,
Yonder, we fly from conquering *Eugene*.
 Haughty stands *Baden* there, at sullen Bay;
Yonder, *Ruvignes* Squadrons push the Day.
Here, *Mordaunt's* Cohorts vex the heated Plain,
 And formidable *Shovell* awes the Main,
 From *Marlb'rough's* Arms, I much had Cause to fear,
 But against *those*, strong Bulwark'd Towns appear,
Baden he knew, for want of *Quota's*, *slow*,
 His Ally wou'd retard *Ruvigne's* Blow
Eugene his rapid March thro' Seas of Blood
 Urg'd on, but *Vendosme* and the *Po* withstood
 But *Mordaunt*, yet a Stranger in the War,
 With sharp discerning Ken, he views afar,
 Well mark'd his early Toil, and midnight Care,
 His easie Access, and determin'd Air
 Then cries aloud—this Man, this wondrous Man,
 Unless prevented, turns the Fate of *Spain*.
 Mine it must be to frustrate his Design,
 The Work is worthy me—the Work be mine
 This said—he darted thro' the yielding Air,
 A Train of Light, like Comets blazing Hair,
 Pursu'd his Course, poor frightful Mortals gaze,
 And from the Sight, strange wild Conjectures raise
 The *staring Rustick*, his wise Sentence past,
 Beware our Grain, he cries, *this* bodes a Blast.
 Well, I remember—then begins a Tale
 Of Blazing Star, and prophesying Whale,
Another brings a Story to reply
 Some old, and long, successive lineal Ly
 Which, had like Gout, or such Traditions run
 I'th' Blood, from *Father* to the infected *Son*.
 The *Zealous Priests*, whose Province 'tis to pry
 Into *Celestial* Secrets, hence descry
 The Church in Danger, and no Buckets nigh
 The busy *Polynician* in Disgrace,
 The Portent views with penetrating Face
 Foretells a Change at Court, himself a Place.

BARCELLONA

Some *Philomaths*, the Comets Rage explain,
In Storms at Land and Tempests on the Main.
The *Pedlars*, hence, much dread cold rainy Fairs,
And *Sailors* think of going oft to Prayers,
Some fatal Fevers livid Plagues confess,
Physicians bow, and the fair Omen bless.

But now, their laging Sight pursues in vain,
The *Spright* had now reach'd the subjacent Plain,
From States to Kingdoms, *there*, he roves about
To search his darling Mistress, *Discord*, out,
Thro' his whole Progress, every where he saw
The deep Impressions of the Fury's Paw
In Cities, *wildly* did the *Fury* range
Her Footsteps plainest, on the Crowded Change
Here in a murmuring Whisper, she pursues
The Merchants open Ear, with factious News,
With *all* her Arts, the tedious War decries,
Shews *Funds* exhausted, and no more Supplies.
Here in a Wager or stockjobbing Face,
With knavish Lyes she buzzes round the Place
Inspir'd by *Her*, Sedition to excite
Rehearsals *here, there*, Observators write,
At Night, *She* to some Lordly Mansion flies,
And, *there*, 'twixt Man and Wife the *Fury* lies.
Nor was the *Church* from her Impressions free,
Prelates and *Convocations* disagree.

Their ancient Province, *now* lies far remote
Not who converts a *Soul* adorns his Coat,
But who converts a *Burgess* for his Vote.
Opinions different, different Heat express
And *Doctors* leave the *Pulpit*, for the *Press*.
Much read in Books, but ignorant in Men,
The learned Graduate draws his pusling Pen,
Disturbs the Moths, old Notions to translate,
In *Logick* good, impertinent in *State*
Half studdy'd in *prophane*, half *sacred* Writ,
'Twixt *Heaven* and *Hell* he hangs, for neither fit

Fair *Albion's* Court *once* had the *Fury* seen,
There left Impressions deep, but *Albion's Queen* .
Had lately from the Place the *Fury* chas'd,
With some few *Friends*, that *Discords* Cause embrac'd.
Reluctant, she forsook the *sacred* Ground,
But at the *Bar*, the Compensation found.

BARCELONA

Triumphant *there*, she puzzled every Cause,
 And left to *Fees* or *Bribes*, the Power of *Laws*;
Then, from the noisy Hall the *Fury* burst,
 And as she flew, the Neighbouring *Senate* curst,
 Touch'd at the *Lobby*—but no farther durst. }
 Thus far the *Gallick Guardian* past the Throng,
 Marking the *Fury* as she went along
 To a fair *Colledge* he at length ascends,
 A new Foundation laid for pious Ends,
 Where first to the *Library* he bends his Pace,
 Hoping to find her in the old *Recess*
Here Order stood in level Ranks arraid,
 The *Dusty* Shelves with *Paper* burthens spread,
 Books pil'd on Books, the greatest downward tend,
 And Vellum Authors to the Roof ascend,
 In Volumes, open on the Board, was seen,
 Here something blotted out, *there* foisted in
Here, in the Margin, were large Glosses plac'd,
 And *there* whole Paragraphs intirely raz'd
 Now, *Genius* searches every Nook with Care,
 The *recent* Ink betray'd her lately *there*,
 But late withdrawn—he trac'd her blasted Road,
 And found her Speeching to a list'ning *Crowd*,
There in a Garb, that suits the *Mission* well,
 Her distant Feats, she does with Pleasure tell.
 In *British* Lands what hopeful Mischiefs stir,
 Behind a Mask of *Zeal* inspir'd by her
 What *Indian* Wonders she had seen and done,
 Both at the *Setting* and the *Rising* Sun
 What Work while she far Northward made her Stay,
 But not a Word of *Sweden* by the Way
 When now the *Fury*, lifting up her Eyes,
 Well knew the mighty *Genius* by his Size,
 Their Glances meet—the *Demons* gastly Air,
 Declare his pressing Wants and Business there,
 She took the *Signal*—vanish'd from their Sight,
 And left the *Fathers* in a doubtful Fright,
 Who straight repairing to the *sacred Shrine*,
 And it a *Miracle*, and bless the Sign
 The *Gallick Guardian* led the *Fury* still,
 Nor stopt untill they came to *Montjuich Hill*,
Here on a Summit of a Cliff they Stand,
 Which awes the Sea, and brows the Neighbouring Land.

BARCELONA

Then *Genius* thus—behold on yonder Tide,
The *British* Fleet with awful Terror rise,
Lo! Their *Battalions* on the Plains appear,
Here, English Troops, *there*, Belgick Cohorts war,
By Spanish Rebels joyn'd on every hand,
Here flank'd by Hills, and *Yonder* by the Strand
Observe the working Crowd move up and down,
See how their Preparations brave the Town.
If *Barcelona* drops, the *Province* falls,
And carries Ruin to the Neighbouring Walls
Which our young *Bourbon* own—the care be thine
To rid my *Fears*, and baffle their *Design*
Ply *Sergius* close, in *him* is lodg'd the Care
Of all their *Train*, and all their Stors of War
His Council must have Force, thy Task is hard,
But on—and listen to thy great Reward

Thy Friend *Albani* sends a scarlet Hat,
And *Poland's* *Prymary* shall be thy Lot,
Three banish'd Princes, whom our *Cause* and *Care*
Have rendred wretched, shall attend thy Chair,
Old speeching *Nestor* shall his Offerings bring,
And *Margaretta* shall thy Praises sing.

He spoke, the Fury with a horrid Smile,
Confess'd the *Price* well suited to her *Toil*,
Then lash'd her Sides, that swell'd to meet the Blow,
Her flaming Eyes with Lust of *Mischief* glow.
Tumult and *Faction* cloud her anxious Face,
And crested Snakes erect, hiss round the Place
Enough, my *Darling Spright*, enough, she cries
Before the Sun can measure thrice the Skies,
I'll blast their *Hopes*, and gain my glorious *Prize*.

BARCELONA

C A N T O IV

SHE spoke descending, and her self convey'd
Swift, as a Shot below its Level made,
To *Sergius* Quarter she directs her Way,
Sergius all Night in Broken Slumbers lay,
He thought th' Access impracticably Steep,
And doubt of Success interrupted Sleep
In Form of *Galba* she approach'd his Bed,
Just as the Morning had her Blushes spread
On Eastern Hills, this *Galba* dealt in Mines,
In Angles, Traverses and oblique Lines,
By *one*, he safely cou'd th' Approach compleat,
And by *another*, fortify Retreat
In taking Aim he felt an odd Delight,
But levell'd low, and seldom hit the White
Thro' a clear Perspective wou'd often look,
And Danger still in full Proportion took,
But when to Success a fair Passage lay,
He turn'd the *Glass*, and drove the *Means* away
Thus, in this borrow'd Form, the Fiend intends
To mould unstable *Sergius* to her Ends
To *you*, whose Years have yielded length of Course,
To judge of promising Designs with Force
To *you*, who early with the War begun,
Who *much* have seen, and *much* have made your Own,
Your *Galba* comes, to know with that Pretence
Of Judgment, Reason, or Experience,
This Work, this fatal Work is thus begun,
Without sufficient Force to push it on
Our Warriours grant, such as full greatly dare,
A Siege as *ours* is the toughest Tug of War.
This calls for Numbers and stupendious Stores,
Neither of which, you know, my Friend, are ours,
Three Moons, these Walls, sustain'd *Vendosm's* Attack,
Oft push'd his veteran Legions bleeding back.
Our living Thousands rang'd upon the Plain,
Amount not here to *Vendosm's* Thousands slain

BARCELONA

Our General wants—what? among other things,
Councils, and thousand Advantages it brings,
 The Leaders, strong in Opposition grown,
 Distrust a Conduct wiser than their own.

Man in the common Course of Causes gains
 To judge of probable Events by Means,
 When *Marlb'rough* fights, *Fate* Victory decrees,
 And *Prior's* Song can never fail to please,
 Great *Anna's* Reign, her Subjects grateful Sence
 Follows but as the *Cause* and *Consequence*
Aurora's Dawn the Sun must follow still,
 And *G——ns* Eyes retain their Power to kill
 The Bolts confess the angry Gods, no less
 Dejected Swains *M——ns* Frown confess
 From flowry Meads, we guess the Climate mild,
 The general Joy, speaks Nations reconcil'd,
 Or rather says, that *S——nd* has smil'd
 Who doubts of Wine on *Galha's* happy Coast,
 Or *Nellar*, when fair *C——sh* is the Toast,
 When frighted Virgins weep and pray, we know,
A——le's abroad and *O——ry* must go,
 When Poets write, inspir'd with sacred Rage,
 We're sure that *Ormond* fills the mighty Page,
 And when the listning Souls wound up to hear,
 * Wise *Harley* speaks, or *Cooper* chains the Ear

Again from gross Defects we're sure to meet,
 Designs as short, Miscarriages as great.
 When Hackney Scriblers for a Party write,
 Erected Justice retributes their Spight
 Or thoughtless *C——r* rises from his Place,
 The Cause he urges, sinks in his Disgrace
 Thus *Projects* ill design'd, can ne'er prevail,
 And without needful Funds, are sure to fail,
 But *here* are Wants peculiar more to you,
 The Trains unfurnish'd, and the Gunners few
Us will they charge, and tho' we want Supplies,
 Allow no Credit for Deficiencies,
 Thus must we labour, destitute of Means,
 And without *Unites* multiply our *Tens*.

If Victory shou'd on our Side take Post,
 Things are inverted, and their *Order* lost.
Causes, no longer, their Effects can gain,
 And many Links are broke in Natures Chain.

BARCELONA

The heavenly People must in Crowds come down,
Range on our Side, and make the Cause their own;
Or we, to Chance must in Procession go,
As to the greatest *Desty* below
Desist in Time, leas't by sinister Fame,
These Works unfinish'd, shou'd preserve your Name,
Assert your *Folly* and record your *Shame*. }

Then *Sergius* thus——O *Galba* your Discourse,
Bears me before it with convincing Force;
I own, my *Reason* urg'd the same before,
But yours has fixt and rooted it the lower,

My Resolution mounts, and is made good,
By Help of Numbers and of Neighbourhood,
A single Oak shock'd with an angry Blast,
Nods, bends and totters, and falls flat at last:
But when rough Tempests thro' the Forrest roar,
One Poplar serves an other to secure
Thus 'gainst this rash Attempt we'll boldly stand,
And combat Opposition Hand in Hand.

He ceas'd——the *Fury* thus——whilst yet you have
Redemption in your Power, make hast to save
When surly *Death* has made his Conquest sure,
Not *Celsus*, tho' he strove, cou'd work a Cure.
Celsus who sees th' Extent of humane things,
And with that Softness cures with which he sings,
Whose Numbers might suspend the Tyrant's Strife,
And stop the listning Soul upon the Verge of Life.

To Day the Chiefs in Council sit, upon
The safest *Methods* how to be undone.
Your Arguments will shock the thinking few,
They'll sway the rest——she finish'd and withdrew

Now she disrobes her self of her Disguise,
And stands a *Fury* in her former Size,
Then takes another Vehicle of Air,
Compress'd into the Form of *Cordeher*,
A *Cunning Tool* that *Mordauni* had employ'd
To preach the zealous Crowd to *Austria*' Side;
He knew that o'er the vegetative Throng,
No *Reason* cou'd prevail, to *Right* or *Wrong*,
But *Conscience*, if well manag'd by the Gown,
And *Hell* well threatned, *grdes* or *takes* a *Crown*.

In this Disguise the *Fury* hastes away,
To shed the Influence of her Spight at Sea:

BARCELONA

From Ship to Ship, incessantly she goes,
 And plies the principal *Commanders* close,
 Insinuates, shifts her Subjects oft, and makes
 Her Language sute the Man, to whom she speaks.
 She *Phocas* moves with Magisterial Mien,
 All *Confidence* without, and *none* within,
 In Speech decisive, partial in his Choice,
 Of shallow Sense, and arbitrary Voice
 Blest with these Talents, Darlings of the Crowd,
 The forked Fabrick stalk'd and talk'd aloud,
 Swell'd like a Billow, blustering wou'd he stand
 Upon his Wooden Province, there command
Tyrant at Sea, and *Spaniel* on the Land. }
 To *some* she is cautious, and with wonderous Skill,
 Utters some *Good*, with Aspect fixt on *Ill*,
 To *some* more free she, hinted, and cou'd show
 Time swiftly running, and the Works but slow,
 The Question next with labouring Doubt she chose,
 How weak *Beginnings* prosperous *Ends* shou'd close?
 How far Success may without Means advance,
 Or how far Causes may be rul'd by Chance?
 How far the Nation cou'd the Loss sustain
 Shou'd their Fleet perish on the groundless Main?
 Show'd, if they longer on these Coast's shou'd wait,
 Approaching Winter, their returning late, }
 Then told the wretched tale of *Wheeler's* Fate
 To which great Point having pursued her Drift,
 Tho Poison she to Operation left,
Sergius, mean while assiduously beset
 The Land Commanders, and of *those*, he met
 Men, who in spite of Nature will be wise,
 Labour and sweat, and make a mighty Noise, }
 If *Councells* are not stamp't with their Advice
 But now they sit, where Silence first was broke
 By *Mordaunt*, who th' Assembly thus bespoke
 According to the *Resolutions* made
 By you, upon the last Debate we had,
 The Preparations for the Siege are gone
 As far as Circumstance can push 'em on.
 'Twas then, indeed, concluded best to make
 Th' Impression on *this Side* for an Attack?
 But later Observations, say it will
 Do better, to begin with *Montjusch Hill*

BARCELONA

This Strength commands the Town, with all its Lines,
And opens its weaker Sides to our *Designs*.
Here we our Batteries may with Safety raise,
And carry our Approaches on with Ease:
While, by the help of *fast* and *Hilly* Land,
Sustaining Soldiers will be still at Hand
To this Opinion, *Darmstadt* has come in,
And *yours* is only wanting to begin.
He ceas'd——

Dissenting Sounds thro' th' Assembly ran,
And several rose, but *Serpion* thus began,
True, I concurr'd in the *Debate* before,
To act against the Town with all our Power,
Because I thought the Country wou'd attend,
With proper Means to serve so great an *End*
Our Expectations were prepar'd t' have seen
Defection all without, *Revolt* within,
By secret Correspondencies, we thought,
Supplies from *Vich* and *Doris* had been brought.
But this Assistance wanting on our Side,
By the Condition, the Decree's destroy'd.
For as the Man no wilful Madness feigns,
Who thinks to hit without the Help of Means;
So is his Frenzy ne'er a jot the less,
Who leans on Fortune only for Success
And he who blindly sticks to his first Decree,
When *Seasons* change, or *Causes* cease to be,
Is yet the greatest Madman of the three
But with your Favour, I may further go,
And say we han't an equal Chance to throw:
Abate their Odds of Walls, *their* Wings wou'd stretch
In open Plains, as far as *ours* can reach
For say in Foot, we are a superior Force,
Yet all allow they out number us in Horse.
Then what Advantage could we hope to get,
Were their Walls down and levell'd to a Flat.
Here with decreasing Numbers we might come
Yet still want Hands to push the Business home.
Yet say, revolting Crowds themselves disclose,
How far with Safety we may lean to those
If artless Numbers cou'd the War abide,
Issum had bounded *Alexander's* Pride:
In Sun shine these appear, but shady Night

BARCELLONA

Conveys 'em out of *Danger*, out of *Sights*.
Then lest th' expending Nations should complain
That Expeditions still are made in vain,
I humbly offer *Thus*, that we pass o'er
With utmost hast to the *Italian Shore*
Savoy our great Ally is sore distress'd,
And his *Metropolis* with Danger press'd
This Force too small for a Diversion *here*,
Will *there* toss up the Ballance of the War
And 'twill be an Action worthy great Success,
To save such a Confederate as *Thus*·
By which important piece of Service, *You*,
Your Orders in the second Branch pursue
He spoke, and several back'd him, when they'd done
Thus *Darmstadt*, with a Godlike Grace begun

The Reasons that induc'd Assent before,
Are still the *same*, but in their Vigour more
The Correspondence mention'd in the Town,
Goes its own Pace, tho' not so publick known
Some things too tender are a Touch to bear,
And others lose their Vertue in the Air
But when they to a ripen'd State attend,
They work with Certainty and gain their End.
Say you there's no Defection to our Side?
How are our Wants so willingly supplied?
Whence all those Hands that with incessant Care,
Provide things needful for th' incounting War?
Who made *Tortosa*'s and *Lerida* our own?
And who on t'other side blocks up the Town?
If nothing cures your Infidelity
But *Sense*, pray ride a little out and see
There you'll find Numbers, such as ill can stay
In one united Body without Pay.
If they be rude and artless in the War,
Lay no more Strength upon them than they'll bear.
Yet will you find 'em struggle with their Hold;
Rough, patient, hardy, vigilant and bold
But the great difficulty yet remains
You're call'd to work without the Help of Means,
That's wanting, but the Want proceeds from you,
For *Resolution* would the Business do·
'Tis this will all Deficiencies make good.
Had *Alexander* at the *Gramick Flood*,

BARCELONA

Stumbled at every Doubt that cross'd his Way,
His *Tears* had swell'd the River to a Sea.
Nor with small Numbers baffled wou'd aspire
T'have finish'd the stupendious Work of *Tyre*
But what are th' Doubts you cross your self withall
They cannot whistle Armies at a Call.
The Walls you grant may easie be lain flat
And I'll pronounce the Business done with *that*,
To make a Breach allow sufficient Hands,
And with th' *Ascent* we'll close up our *Demands*
An Enemy of course will keep the Field,
Until he has a fair Pretence to Yield.

But one Word more, the first *Decree* you made
Has drawn ten thousand People to your Aid
Wou'd you to *Gallies*, *Gibbets*, *Racks* and *Shame*
Betray those Men that to your *Succour* came
An Act so foul, would fill the World with Cries,
And startle Nature into a *Surprise*.

Pinch'd hard with such Remonstrances as these,
Your *Arguments* can have but little Ease
Then close with mine, and think the Fate of *Spain*
Lies all at Stake He spoke, but spake in vain:
For the malignant Influence had got
Too deep Impression to be routed out.

Then *Mordaunt* thus Since so Affairs must be
Give your Subscription to your own Decree
This they immediately consented to,
And in Dissatisfaction all withdrew
Thence to the Fleet he goes, where having found
No Lenitive to mollify his Wound,
Back he returns on the Approach of Night,
And clog'd with anxious Thoughts retur'd from Sight.

BARCELONA

CANTO V

NOW *Mordaunt*, walking in his Tent cou'd find
No Rest amidst the Hurries of his Mind
His present *Crosses* met his *Troubles* past,
And all Misfortunes center in the last
Then striving to expectorate his Grief,
In this Soliloquy he sought Relief

Alas what's *Power*, what's *Glory*, *Conquest*, *Fame*,
Things we call Blessings, but mistake the Name
Can they be happy who are forc'd to tread
Those slimy Paths where Snakes their Venom shed
Life's but a glittering Bait, for if it run
In a calm Mind thro' ease and Plenty on,
Its due to Constitution, or to *Chance*,
And thus is only good by Circumstance
But what's all this to numerous Crowds that bear
Its pressing Loads, 'midst *Wants*, *Distrust* and *Care*,
Who strive against the *Slip* of Life to crawl
And lose their footing on the shippery Ball
Oft when our Joys are in full Prospect seen,
Some sullen Disappointment comes between,
The fleeting Pleasure into Shadows go,
And th' Landskip changes to a Scene of Woe
Yet still we drive the fruitless Chace, and still
The Fugitive deceives us with a Smile
Nor tho' thus treated have we Power to make
Th' Advantage rising from our own Mistake
Again we sink into the soft Embrace,
Again we're jilted, and lose all our Peace:
Again we trust the flatt'ring Calms, and toss
The Seas uncaution'd by our former Loss.
O *Hope*, thou great Deceiver of the Mind,
What e'er we lose, by thee we expect to find.
Thou flatt'rest Mankind with Delight at last,
Shews them the Golden Fruit and bids them tast.
But when *Desire*, with greatest Force inclines;
You shew the *Impotence* of our *Designs*

BARCELONA

Thou, thou *Seducer*, makes us seek for Ease
On rugged Paths, and on tempestuous Seas;
But tost and rambling in a Maze of Care,
Y' abandon us a *Prey* to wild *Despair*,
Then prompt us on, by fresh Deceits again,
T' expect Relief in an Exchange of Pain.

How happy is the Man of moderate Store
Who is by another's Toil provided for:
Fortune purveys for *him*, he lives at rest,
Is of his own *Felicity* possess'd,
Which if he understands, he's truly blest
And by exporting Hazards, hope to raise
Immense Returns of profitable Praise.
Thus while our Ease is at our own command,
We love to wade, tho' there's a Bridge at Hand,
He ceas'd, and for some time with Thought oppress'd,
Reclin'd himself upon his Bed to rest.

His Spirits softly thro' their Channels creep,
And straight he sunk into a downy Sleep.
When *Lo!* a Form *irregularly* fair
Of frank *Address*, and of alluring *Air*
Approach'd his Sight: Her Age was in the Bloom
Of blushing Virgins just to Ripeness come,
Easie her *Mien*, and what appear'd to be
In all her Shape, was *volant* and *free*
No Girdle bound her *Waist*, no Knots her *Hair*,
Thus play'd and wanton'd with the sportive Air:
And all her Blandishments seem'd *such* as move
The trembling Needle to its Point of *Love*
Now pensive *Mordaunt*, wondring as he lay,
To see a Form so irregularly gay,
Was *thus* by her address: *Me* Mortals know
By Name of *Fortune*, and where e'er I go,
Regard me as a *Desty* below.

Where now, great *Marlb'rough*, near the *Belguck* Stream
Treads *Nassau's* Steps in the Pursuit of Fame,
Lies my *abode*, with Wreaths of Laurels crown'd,
He has the Fulness of my *Favours* found.
The *Brave* ask big, nor can I close my Hand
To *Vertue*, when she makes a bold Demand.
No arm e'er *his*, was strong enough to stretch
The *British* *Glory* to so wide a Reach.
Nor need our *Hero* now look back as far

BARCELONA

As *Rome* or *Greece* for Presidents in War.
Much greater Masters less remote they find,
Nassau's enough to fire the Warriour's Mind.
In *Marlb'rough* and *Nassau* collected meet
The scatter'd Vertues of the ancient *Great*
Be these your Patterns in th' Affairs of War,
So shall the Nations bless your pious Care
By their just Methods, that *Design* pursue
Which when you clos'd your Eyes you had in View.
And think the Admonition you receive
Is, what the Genius of the Land wou'd give.

With that, th' admonish'd Hero rais'd his Head,
Look'd round, and full of the *Idea*, said,
It must be so, did not the *Vision* name
Nassau and *Marlborough*, as my Guides to *Fame*?
Did it not bid me that *Design* pursue,
Which when Sleep clos'd my Eyes, I had in View.
My busie Thoughts, did e'er I slumber'd, stray
O'er the expected Turns of Yesterday:
How obstinately bent the Leaders were
To abandon *Spain*, and lose good Footing *here*,
And how to gloss their dark Intentions o'er,
They urg'd our Passage to th' *Italian* Shore.
How, when on Board the Fleet I told the News,
The Sea Commanders their Assent refuse
Urging the Dangers met by those that roam
In stormy Seasons, and so far from Home
Considering next, how by inquiring Laws,
The *Consequence* might here involve the *Cause*.
And satisfy'd, this *Choice* was still my own,
To fall in Company, or rise alone,
I purpos'd in my self, no more to be
Encounter'd by an opposite *Decree*,
But by an Attack on *Montjuich Hill*, to have
Or certain *Glory*, or a certain *Grave*.

Now had *Aurora* usher'd in the Light,
And conquering Morning chas'd the Troops of Night,
When th' Hero bow'd to his Creator thrice;
Then to good *Darmstadt* hasten'd for Advice.
Highly the great Design did *Darmstadt* please,
Who fortified it by such Words as these.

By *unruffled Minds* made fearful by Complaints,
Councils are call'd to justify *Events*:

BARCELLONA

It's true, the *Brave* are rid of half their Cares,
When *other* Mens Assents come in with *theirs*.
But where *Despatch* and *Vigour* shou'd be great,
The *Enterprize* grows cool beneath *Debate*

This Action you're upon, affords no less
Then a fair View of probable Success
Their Force is bent on *Thus*, on t'other Side
They fear no Danger, and 'tis ill supply'd
To render 'em securer, seem to make
A Stop, and let your Preparations slack:
Then give it out, that tir'd in an Affair,
Which yields no *Prospect* but of foul *Despair*,
You'll rise from *Barcelona* and sit down
Before th' important Town of *Tarragon*

In *War* Amusements are of wond'rous Pow'r;
But *this* is useful on a double score,
'Twill lull your Foes, and while none knows your Ends,
Bind up the *Laxity* of babling Friends
Thus Secrecy the Business will ensure,
And make the Blow both *sudden* and *secure*,
Your Foes, like Men where Magazines take Fire,
Shall see one *Glance* of Ruin, and *expire*

The Fort, the Hill and Passages thereon,
To *Me* of old, familiarly were known
Therefore, when things are ripe for the Design,
With your Consent, the Conduct shall be mine

Then *Mordaunt*, thus Be yours the sole Command,
The Business calls for a well manag'd Hand,
Therefore, *in Justice* must devolve on you,
Ulysses Arm best bends *Ulysses* Bow.

But you must give me Leave t' attend you *There*
Tho' but as a Companion in th' Affair.

A while their mutual Friendships they renew
By fresh *Civilities*, and so withdrew

As soon as the *Decree* in Council made,
Had thro' the Limits of the Army spread
The Face of things put on an Air of Woe,
And Warmours in dejected Postures go
Dreading the Scandal of a base Return,
They grieve, and with Desire of Action burn
Th' *Italian* Expedition, once made known,
Gave them a *Spring* of Hope, that wither'd soon:
For *this*; but shew'd it self, and pass'd away,

BARCELONA

Shock'd by th' Encounter which it met at Sea
At length, the News of *Tarragona* rings,
Which seem'd to fix th' unsettld State of *Things*
This Way, the Preparations all incline,
As Evidences of a true Design—
Again, the Guns, the wounded and the Weak,
With all th' Incumb'rances of War which make
A Length of lagging March, are sent away,
As if design'd for *Tarragon* by Sea
While the glad People chearfully prepare,
All necessaries for the moving War.

Now *Things* approach'd ne'er to their ripen'd State,
And forward Preparations seem'd to wait
When Orders swift, were thro' the Camp convey'd,
That a Detachment should be quickly made.
A Thousand Men of War; a chosen Band,
At th' Head of which, the leading *Hero's* stand,
All ready for the Fight C—d in place
The first, a Noble of the *Hibernian* Race,
Who thought to encounter *Death* with Gallantry,
Was to live well, and be prepar'd to die
A——n with Age and large Experience blest,
Whose *Soul* denies his *Body* needful rest
S——l whose Youth must plead in his Excuse
Of over Warmth, sprung from an ancient House
Near *Senus's* Banks, where forc'd by adverse Fates,
Hibernian Youth embark'd for foreign Seats.
Nor must the Warriours of inferiour Post,
By the recording Muse b' entirely lost.
All pressing to look Danger in the Face,
And in a larger Volume worth a Place

The Appointed Party ready for Command,
At *Darmstad's* Quarter in *Battalia* stand.
Who at their Head march'd off in open Day,
And on to *Tarragon* directs his Way.
His Friends in Town, with rough Oppression, sore,
Expect Relief of *Grievances* no more
They think of nothing now, but how to make
The Yoke sit light, and easie to the Neck
Thus grieving inward at th' unprosp'rous Day,
Their *Sorrows* double, as their *Hopes* Decay

With stern *Volasco* otherwise it far'd,
As Grief in *them*, so joy in *him* appear'd.

BARCELONA

He from his Walls beholds 'em as they go,
And thanks his Stars for scaping such a Foe.
Spontaneous *Terror* does his Mind employ,
And as he looks, he *shivers* in his Joy.
For threatn'd *Tarragon* he shews his Grief;
Still pleas'd to hav't the Cause of his Belief:
So some lament their Neighbours House pull'd down,
Joyful it stood 'twixt Danger and their own
Mordaunt, who with the Army yet had stay'd,
Order'd another Party should be made,
To march by Noon or Night a shorter Way,
And be at the sustaining Place by Day
Then privately, by secret Ways he went,
And overtook the *Prince* e'er Day was spent.

BARCELONA

C A N T O VI

SUNK deep, below the Level of the Sight,
The Sun had left no Remnant of his Light,
The Flocks upon their resting Places lie,
And the dim Clouds skim o'er the azure Skie.
The Stars thick studded with a glitt'ring Shew,
Reflect themselves upon the Seas below
Relaxing Nature had her self undress'd,
Disposing all things to a State of Rest,
But th' *Hero's* disobedient to her Call,
Refuse that *Tender* which she makes to all.
Forward the Soldiers rush without a Stop;
None lag but such as kill'd or wounded drop.
From Post to Post they press and drive down all,
Nor stop until they reach the Castle Wall:
Where they for Passage search on every side;
But search in vain, then scatter and divide.

BARCELONA

As whilst the surly Waves disturb the Main
No Opposition can their Force restrain;
But when, to shoar, they roul their Fury Home,
They waste their Strength, and dash themselves to Foam.
Amongst the Rocks and Oase a Covert have,
Or, the *leading* forc'd upon the *following* Wave.

The Soldiers thus pursue their driving Course
Up to the Walls but thence recoil with Force:
Then lodge themselves behind the Rocky Ground,
Or any Shelter nearest to be found.

When *Darmstad* saw the staggering Troops give back,
He swiftly hasten'd to the left Attack,
There rally'd 'em, and said: What is't I see!
You combat an inferior Enemy:

But, if you're *English Men*, you'll follow me
With that, he urg'd thro' Dangers, louder far
Then raging Seas, or Elements at War:
From level Engins, thick Irruptions broke,
Involving all the Plain with Sheets of Smoke,
But as the *Hero* negligent of Life,
Urg'd on his Warriors thro' th' important Strife,
Death hit him low, the broken Ballance drop'd
A while Life ran, and then for ever stop'd

Thus *Darmstad* (like to great *Gustavus*) set
To ask the Success of the Day by Fate

Stun'd by their Leader's Loss, they left the Attack,
Stagger again, and *once* again give back.

Things promise but a doubtful Consequence,
And *Success* seem'd to totter in *Suspence*,
When watchful *Mordaunt*, hastens from the *Right*,
Confirms the *Cohorts*, and renews the Fight:
He rais'd his Sword up lifted in the Air,
And dash'd the *Terrors* of the sulph'rous War,
Leading thro' all the *Dangers* that oppose,
He gain'd their former Ground, and lodg'd 'em close.
Then, the sure Instruments of Death, begin
To turn, and pour associate *Horrors* in
In Central Lines the Guns discharge their *Irg*,
And Bombs assist with supplimental Fire:
A blast of ruin follows: and from th' Walls,
Loudly the astonish'd Foe for *mercy* calls.

The Fort thus gain'd, and Success now no more
Seeming to totter as it did before,

BARCELONA

All faintness soon went off, a large supply
Of zeal succeeds, and every pulse beat high.
Encouraged *thus* the confluent Numbers press,
And work ith' great Vocation with success.
By Indefatigable, and an active, toil,
The Guns are forc'd along the rugged soil,
With much constraint up every Steep they go;
But from the top a willing Motion show:
At length, from fifty Mouths, of largest size,
They belch forth sulph'rous Flames, and gape surprize:
Soft rouls of Thunder with unequal pace,
Thickning to hoarsness give each other Chase.

The higher *Batteries*, with incessant pain,
Dismount their *Cannon*, and dislodge their *Men*,
While those, erected nearer to the Town,
Hurl ponderous ruin at the Massy Stone.
Pounded by *Horizontal* Stroaks, *some* flow
In dusty Torrents, and assist below:
Others in abrupt Lumps role piece by piece,
Whilst tumbling rubbish follows by Degrees:
With intermitting Peals the Engins play,
To humble the assent, and clear the way.
At every *shock*, a slice of *Terras* falls;
Till a fair pause is opened in the Walls.

Affairs thus forward, they proceed to make
A disposition for the Grand attack.
The Joyful Leaders struggle for the Fight,
But *Con—m* demanded it of Right.
One without any affectation grave,
Watchful, and indefatigably *brave*
A Lineage destin'd *Glories* race to run,
Thus fell the *Father* and so fell the *Son*
Blest with a large and plentiful Estate,
Possess'd of *Beauty* and in *Honours*, Great,
He pushed for *Fame*, but was attack'd by *Fate*.
Spain, with a *Cales* or with a *Gibraltar*,
May recompence the Nations for the War:
But Oh *Belbasiro*, thou canst nothing give
To make the beautilous Mourner cease to grieve
Pirenian Hills, the Silver *Cinca's* Flood
Behold him fall, and mourn'd in trails of Blood
Next *D—/*, who for the dusty Fields
Bartered those softnesses that plenty yields:

BARCELONA

To *him* (a Noble of th' *Hibernian Isle*)
Quiet was drudgery and *ease* a toil
The mournful *Montjusch* saw the *Hero* slain,
Where he dy'd *Saving*, what he thought to *gain*
G——s was next, inflam'd with martial heat,
The adventerous *Hero* left his native Seat,
In the pursuit of *Glory*, urging far.

Where he fought well, and was himself a War.
L——n, who early with the war began,
Er'e yet his downy Chin confess'd him Man,
Though great in *Title*, greater yet in *fame*,
But greatest in the Lustre of his *Name*

Now Muse proceed——

To, S——l——g, and S——a——d doe right,
Who led the *Belgick Cohorts* to the fight
These *Hero's*, long, on the *Batavian* plain,
Had urg'd their *Squadrons* o'er the reeking slain,
Under a *State*, which in last Age, began
T'assert the native *liberty* of Man
The City gain'd, *one* makes his last Retreat,
And leaves the *Other* to sustain it's fate.

Nor does obscurity to those belong,
Whose Names are unrecorded in our Song:
Their rank secures our silence but desert
Justly to *each*, demands his Name apart:
With Resolutions noble and sublime,
These the *Deliv'ry* wait of pregnant time,
And as the *Action* struggles to get forth,
Exert their utmost Strength, t'assist the Birth.

Whilst Fate stood *thus* with lifted Arm, the *Foe*
Shrinks at the Apprehension of the Blow,
As *Dangers* press, their *Conslancy* retires,
And *Resolution*, in a *Fright*, expires
They saw th' Attack prepar'd, and knew the Fate
Of *Leige*, that call'd for Mercy when too late,
Thence, dreading such a terrible Event,
Clos'd with the Welcome Summons *Mordaunt* sent

Stanhope the Treaty manag'd with Address,
As *they* ask more, *he's* in *Concession* less,
In *Courts*, he made Peace his incessant Care,
But glow'd in *Camps*, with Ardour of the War.
Swift in Design and Execution was,
Thus he became both first and second Cause.

BARCELONA

In the mean while *Hospitality* retires,
The Soldiers *Anger* with its *Cause* expires,
They mix in freindly Parle, and every Night
Conveys revolting Crowds to *Mordaunt's* Sight.

But now from Eastern Skies the Morning shone
That was to look on the surrender'd Town;
Th' appointed Troops arm'd with a martial Grace
Stand ready for Possession of the Place:
When, from *within*, tumultuous Sounds they hear,
Like *shoes* that rise from *Riots* in a Fair
Odd scattering Shots from every Quarter stray'd,
Such as oft straggle when a Volley's made.
Fleeting *Disorders* thicken up and down,
And Shouts of *Popular Fear* involve the Town
This was the Tumult in its Infant State,
But *strong* with Age, and by *Resistance* great,
The Sounds grew fiercer then they were before,
And Peals of War, in rolling Thunders roar.
On Churches level Roofs, thick Crowds of Men
Are in a Mingle of Confusion, seen
While *Priests* and *Women*, crowding on the Wall,
In shuddering Horror, *Help* and *Vengeance* call.

When *Mordaunt* found the Uproar thus increase,
The Troops were order'd to surround the Place.
Some, by th' unguarded Breach ascend, *some* gain
The Walls, where most accessible, with Pain,
The Spaniards careful of their Friends within,
To shew their Zeal, with early Aid begin
By one anothers Help they quickly climb,
Lay Ladders to, and lose but little time

Mean time great *Mordaunt*, with an active Speed,
To *Angel Port* a chosen Cohort led.
The *British* Guards possess the *Ravelin*,
But were not Masters of the Gate within
Hither the *Hero* comes; and first of all
Demanded Entrance with an awful Call,
But *this* refus'd, the Danger prompts him on
With Instruments of Force to beat it down.
Ope flies the Gate, warm'd with a martial Fire,
He drives thro' Deluges of fluid Fire
From either Side the *Missive* Lightning broke
Mingles half way and mounts in Hostile Smoke
Till urging thro' the crowded Danger, on

BARCELONA

Th' opposing Party fac'd about and run
 Now as the *Hero* rais'd his Voice to grant
 A loose to *Rage* and military *Want*,
 The Goddess *Peace*, descended o'er the *Throng*,
 And stop'd the fault'ring *Order* on his Tongue.
 Unseen to th' Crowd she stood · *He* only there,
 Undazled, cou'd the Shine of *Glory* bear.
 All soft she seem'd, all affable and kind,
 Like what in painted *Cherubins* we find
 Her Mien was *lovely, cheerful*, full of *Grace*
 And smiles of *Gladness* dimpled all her Face
 Diffusive of themselves her *Beaunes* were,
 And shed their Influence on the ambient Air
 A flowry *Garland* deck'd her Brows, and thence,
 With grateful *Odours* struck the ravish'd Sence.
 Her *Golden Locks* fell, curling every way;
Bright, as a Sun Beam at the Noon of Day;
 With a soft Motion round her Shoulders flew,
 And hid the *Beautes* of her Neck from View
 Over a Garment, white as *Alpine Snow*,
 Loosly did her embroidered *Mantle* flow:
 This shews a stately Oak, the Forreſts grace,
 Deep furrow'd by the *Ivy's* close Embrace,
 That, how the *Hop*, the *Briony* and *Vine*
 With clasping *Tendrills* round their Standards twine.
 A num'rous *Senate*, in profound Debate,
 Sat brooding *here* o'er an *Affair of State* ·
 Their *Councils*, cent'ring in the Peoples Good,
 Receive their Sanction from a *Regal Nod*
 Hist'ries of Friendship, in another Place,
 Are mixt with *Emblems* of *Concord* and *Peace*:
 And *Lovers* clasp'd in one anothers Arms,
 Show *Love* and *Friendship* in united Charms.
 The *Hero* thus surpriz'd into a stand,
 She rais'd an Iv'ry *Scepter* in her Hand;
 And thus began——Let *Rage*, let *Slaughter* cease,
 And *here* erect a Monument to *Peace*.
 Enough of War——By gentleſt Means go on,
 T'appease the bleeding Tumults in the Town,
Volasco arm'd with Arbitrary Sway,
 Forces th' imprison'd *Citizens* away,
 Guiltless of *Error*, to submit their Cause
 Before a *foreign* Judge, to *foreign* Laws,

BARCELLONA

To stop whose Progress in its early Course,
The Town prepares t'oppose it self with Force
Add if it shou'd be sack'd or sink in Flames :
All Help from *thence* th' Alliance vainly claims,
'Twill stop the Fountain, or cut off the Streams. }

Then be't your Care t'interpose, and bar
The Mischiefs rising from th' intestine War :

Thus having said——The Goddess mounted high
Into the Upper *Regions* of the Skie,
And soon all *Tumults* in the Town did cease,
And *War* was turn'd into a State of *Peace*

Thus *Discord*, *Envy*, *Malice*, strove in vain,
T'eclipse the *Glory* of great *Mordaunt's* Fame.

FINIS

**TEXTUAL
NOTES**

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TEXTUAL NOTES

The Stage-Coach

L=First London Edition (1705)

D=First Dublin Edition (1704)

The Title Page of the Dublin Edition reads

The | Stage-Coach | A | Farce | as it was ACTED at the Theatre in Lincolns-
Inn-Fields | By Her Majesties Servants | [rule] | Written by Mr George Far-
quhar | [rule] | Dublin | Printed, and are to be Sold by the Book- | sellers,
1704 | Price 4d

There is no *Epistle Dedicatory* in the Dublin Edition

The *Dramatis Personæ* in D reads .

M——, | the Old Uncle.
Isabell, His Niece
SS
Basil | A Captain, in Love with Isabella
Fetch, His Man
Mac, An Irish-Man
Landlord
Servants
Several Guests in the *Inn*
Hostler *

The time of *Action*, the same with the time of *Representation*

Where no other indication is given the italic reading is the London edition, and what follows the Dublin edition

- p 1, | 4 *Comedy Farce*
- p 1, | 6 *the New Theatre* the Theatre
- p 9 Prologue not in D.
- p 10 A New Prologue first appeared in 1775
- p 15, l 6 *why this* this
- p 15, l 7 *Change* Play
- p 15, l 24 *Masters* Master
- p 15, l 25 stage direction not in L
- p 15, l 32 *of mine* omitted in D
- p 16, l 21. *Pshaw* transferred to end of previous speech in D
- p 16, l 22 *of this* of the
- p 16, l 23 *Master* Maister.
- p 16, l 26 *it is* ish
- p 16, l 27 *Saint* Shaunt

THE STAGE-COACH

- p 16, l 30. *is* . *Harwer* ish . *Rawwer*.
 p 16, ll 30, 31 *Curroughabegely* *Curough* a *Begeley*
 p 16, l 31 *Esquire* *Eshquire*
 p 16, l 36 *That is* *That's*
 p 16, ll 37, 42 *By my* *Be me*
 p 16, l 37 *shoul* *shoul*, *Sir*
 p 16, l 42 *I faith* *Fait*
 p 17, l 8 *Orange-wench* *player*
 p 17, l 9 [*Aside*] at end of speech in *L*, "To him" in *D*
 p 17, l 12 *another* *anoder*
 p 17, l 14 *You are* *You're and so elsewhere, as well as "we're" for "we are."*
 p 17, l 15 *O Chra* *O, Ara*
 p 17, l 16 *to make* *for mauking*
 p 17, ll 21, 22 *and no permissions* *be after using* *and permission* *use the*
 p 17, ll 22, 39 *t'other* *too'ther*
 p 17, l 24 *Not at all* *Not all*
 p 17, l 31 *will* *wou'd*
 p 17, l 39 *them* *'em*
 p 18, l 2 *D* has a stage-direction [*Groves* *foli the Brandy* .
 p 18, l 5 *London to-morrow* *London by to morrow*
 p 18, l 7 [*Shews Money*] *is pressing* [*Pulls out a purse*] *is so pressing*
 p 18, ll 10, 11. *de see* omitted in *D*
 p 18, l 13 *can fly* *and the* *can* *the*
 p 18, l 16 *than thy* *than these*
 p 18, l 19 *Pot* *Empty Purse*
 p 18, l 24 *kill* *kills*
 p 18, l 25 *such* *so much*
 p 18, ll 27-33 The letter is not typographically distinguished from the speech in *L*
 p 19, l 4 *Isabell, woons why* *Isbel, why*
 p 19, l 5 *gotten* *got and at p 20, l 16 "had got"*
 p 19, l 7 *Banboxes* *Why Mrs Isabell* *Bandboxes, Isbel, why*
 p 19, l 9 *starts* *she starts*
 p 19, l 13 *left* *lost*
 p 19, l 14 *go see* *go and see*
 p 19, l 16 *Exit Sq* *D adds "having laid down the things"*
 p 19, l 18 *They embrace* *They meet and embrace*
 p 19, l 19 *thee* *you*
 p 19, l 26 *come* *come up*
 p 19, l 28 *Amanadab, D* *Amanadab L*
 p 19, l 30 *Gentlewoman, odd* *Oh Lord, Gentlewoman* *See what your Uncle*
 will say to you
 p 19, l 31 *thus* *so*
 p 20, l 8 *Then D, Than L, and so at p 22, l 28 and p 23, l 10*
 p 20, l 10 *truly* omitted in *D*
 p 20, l 11 *now ? hey ! wo not* *Somebody* *won't* *Young Somebody*
 p 20, l 12 *we'll* *we shall*
 p 20, l 13 *your* *her*

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 20, l. 15. *know not . . . the Fellow* can't tell . . . this Fellow
p. 20, l. 16 *dwindled . . . Mothers* whimble the Mother's
p. 20, l. 17. *good Fortune* Luck
p. 20, l. 18 *Uncle Micher* Mr Micker
p. 20, l. 20 *Father* the Father
p. 20, l. 21 *this same* this
p. 20, l. 22 *she's mad . . . devilish mad* she is vexed because
p. 20, l. 23 *poor Dog, he's like to be broke* Ha, ha, ha [*laughs*], poor Dog, he's broke
p. 20, l. 31 *D* adds stage-direction [*Laughs* and inserts "*Capt* Ha, ha, ha [*Laughs*"]
p. 20, l. 33 *this rate* that rate.
p. 20, l. 35 *my dear Friend* my Friend
p. 20, l. 36 *D* adds stage-direction [*Shaking the Captain by the Hand*
p. 20, l. 40 *think much* think now much more
p. 20, l. 43 *D* omits "ever"
p. 21, l. 7 *in the lurch* here in the lurch.
p. 21, l. 9 *De'ls Devils*
p. 21, l. 10 *think! Ecod my self, and now I think* believe! Cod too
Udsogkers, now think
p. 21, l. 11 *that you know is* that's
p. 21, l. 12 *do not you these* do you thefn
p. 21, l. 13 *better Men than* better than
p. 21, l. 20 *Well Well, well, and contrarwise at l* 37
p. 21, l. 22 *Waters* Water
p. 21, l. 23 *with a Bill* with a Bill in his hand
p. 21, l. 24 *Oh Ha!*
p. 21, l. 25 *yonder* omitted in *D*
p. 21, l. 31 *your Supper* yours
p. 21, l. 37 *curry this Club* qy "*Curry this Club*" An edition of 1778 has "*club*
this matter"
p. 21, l. 38 *she that t'other that*
p. 21, l. 40 *But your part* Ecod, but you
p. 21, l. 41 *because that*
p. 21, l. 42 *self* omitted in *D*
p. 21, l. 42 *a Song Coach* the Song that makes it Stage Coach Law
p. 22, l. 6 *gayly be* daily by
p. 22, l. 7 *Whilft* While and *D* repeats the line
p. 22, l. 9 *L* adds an "&c" and omits lines 10-13
p. 22, l. 27 *We'll fumble* *D* repeats this line
p. 22, ll 34, 35. *'em them D, three times*
p. 23, ll 1, 2 omitted in *D*
p. 23, l. 5 *dear Friend* my dear Friend, Sir
p. 23, l. 6 *as the saying is* omitted in *D* Cf its frequent use in *The Beaux*
Stratagem
p. 23, l. 8 *your way home* the way back
p. 23, l. 10 *Then . . . good night* Good Night Sir [*Exit Squire*
p. 23, l. 11 *D* adds stage-direction. [*Exit with Micher who leads her off*

THE STAGE-COACH

- p 23, l 13 *Exeunt* *Isabella* omitted in *D*
p 23, ll. 13, 14. *Here's Fortune* any terms Ha! Fetch, Here's Fortune for
you Now my dear Lad run and at any rate, get some horses.
- p 23, l 16 *Exeunt* *Exeunt* severally
p 23, l 17 *Jolt* Jolt, the Coachman
p 23, l 18 *plaguy* *D* plaguy *L*, and so at p 24, l 27
p 23, l 19 [*puts it out*] omitted in *D*
p 23, l 24 *Odsings* *D* Odsings *L*.
p 23, l 28 *Reel off* shear of
p 23, ll 31, 32 *Fetch* *Light* and Fetch with a Candle.
p 23, l 34 *I have* I've and so twice at top of p 24
p 24, l 7 *Out the Candle* Fetch puts out the Candle
p 24, l 8 *Enter* Re-enter
p 24, l 10 a great I set this great I have set
p 24, l 16 *That's* unlucky omitted in *D*
p 24, l 17 *Hush!* Hush [*aside*]
p 24, l 18 *creeping to* creeping in
p 24, l 19 *Stay*, omitted in *D*
p 24, l 19 *she'll* shall
p 24, l 20 *whatever we'd* what we'll
p 24, l 21 *Jolt* Will she so, you *Jolt* [*aside*] Will she faith yc
p 24, l 22 *knock at her* warrant knock her warrant you.
p 24, l 24 *Jolt* Jolt [*aside*]
p 24, l 25 'Tis main Dark, and omitted in *D*
p 24, l 25 *dab of* dab on
p 24, l 26 *O confound* Confound
p 24, l 27 *plaguy* deadly
p 24, ll 27, 28 *Her door* I'm sure Her door is on this side—to hereabouts
p 24, l 29 *ware* ware nose.
p 24, l 30 *Jolt* the Coachman
p 24, l 31 *Feels his mouth* He puts his finger in the Coachman's mouth, who
bites it
p 24, l 34 *Jolt whips him* Jolt let's his fingers go and lays em on with his whip
as whipping his horses
- p 24, l 39 *Osler* Hostler and so at p 25, l 15
p 25, l 3 or *Mad* omitted in *D*
p 25, l 6 *dreamt* dream'd that
p 25, l 12 *good* omitted in *D*
p 25, l 14 you you rascal thee Sirrah
p 25, l 16 *Adzooks* they are goes Odzooks they're . . . re-
tires
p 25, l 19 *the Wench* Dolly
p 25, l 20 *consented* consents *D* adds a stage-direction
[*Holds the Key in his hand.*]
p 25, l 21 *The Key* The Key [*Aside*]
p 25, l 23 'twou'd it would

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 25, ll 26, 27 *I'm afraid . are you, Captain* He should be here Captain
[In a low voice]
- p 25, l 28 *D* adds stage-direction *[In a low voice]*
- p 25, l 29 *Jolt Jolt [aside]*
- p 25, l 31 *Mich Mich [aside] and so at l 35*
- p 25, l 32 *I'm resolved* omitted in *D*
- p 25, l 33 *D* repeats the stage-direction *[In a low voice]*
- p 25, l 36 *Jolt . to Bed I shall Jolt [aside] to't I'll*
D adds a stage-direction *[The Captain and Isabella meet]*
- p 25, l 37 *my Writings* the writings
- p 25, l 38 *Mich Coachman Micher* meets the Coachman, they lay hold of
each other
- p 25, l 39 *lights there* lights here
- p 25, l 40 *Ha' Sir,*
- p 26, ll 1, 2 *L* prints "*Fetch* takes up the things" as part of the Captain's speech
. If it were so "*Fetch* takes" should be "*Fetch, take,*" but the Dublin
variant makes this a stage-direction, thus "*Fetch* taking up the things
drops the key, and exit" It is therefore printed here as a stage-
direction
- p 26, l 3 *Lights, lights there* Lights here, lights
- p 26, l 10 *Jolt Jolt [aside]*
- p 26, l 11 *kill Horses with him* quit scores with him *[to Micher]*
- p 26, l 12 *his Whore* a Whore
- p 26, l 13 *Oh! the Devil* His Whore,
- p 26, l 16 *Squire* Squire Somebody
- p 26, l 19 *been here* and omitted in *D*
- p 26, l 26 *that must be* that's to be
- p 26, l 28 *Then* A Constable,
- p 26, l 29 *Ay, ay,* omitted in *D*
- p 26, ll 31, 32 *D* has "Here one appears at the window or Balcony, and after he
has spoke another appears on the opposite side, in Night-Cap"
- p 26, ll 33, 34 1st *What's Confounded Inns* (In a Masculine Voice)
What's Confounded Inns
- p 26, ll 34, 35 *What noise people mad* (A Feminine Voice) What
noise people mad *[Here several People pop out at several
windows and Balconies with Night Caps, and cry out all at once in
different Keys]*
- p 26, ll 36, 38 These speeches are ascribed to "*Omnes*" in *D*
- p 26, l 39 *Why matter a Gentleman is* Nothing, nothing, Mistress
a gentleman who's
- p 27, ll 1-3 omitted in *D*
- p 27, l 4 Enter Landlord and Jolt, with a Leaver in his Hand, Servants. *D*
- p 27, ll 5, 7 etc *Constable* Landlord
- p 27, l 5 *bring 'em before me* omitted in *D*
- p 27, l 6 *Ah dear, Sir* here, here Here, Sir
- p 27, ll 7, 8 *to come out Queen's name* in the King's name?
- p 27, l 8 *stay there* stay where you are

TEXTUAL NOTES

Hollandois qui à peine sçait écorcher cinq ou six mots de François dont il vous fatigue sans cesse les oreilles

p 16, ll. 6-22

Cr . . Pour moy qui ne suis pas tout-à-fait aussi delicat que vostre Seigneure, je me réjouis bien à ma portiere de tous ces originaux-la, car or vous & moy, il n'y en a pas un qui ait de l'esprit

Cl J'enrage contre ma blessure qui m'expose a toutes ces impertinences Tu dis que nous n'arriverons que demain au soir à Paris

Cr Ouy, Monsieur

Cl En es-tu certain?

Cr Je sçay cela mieux que personne Mon père est un honneste Bourgeois de Paris, qui sert les carosses en qualité de crocheteur

Cl Demain au soir! Ce seroit ruiner entierement mes affaires Il faut que je parle au cocher, & que je tâche avec quelque argent de precipiter nostre arrivée Va le faire venir Voicy le Hollandois qui me paroist yvre

[Sc iv]

Le • HOLLANDOIS Pardy ly estre bon Stotellerie, moy ly suis fort content de ly

p 17, ll 16-27

Le H Pour ly point perdre dy temps moy ly vas promptement coucher mon personne, afin dy precipiter mon digestion Dans sti Champfort fostre champre ly estre deux lits, foutez-vous coucher fostre personne dans toutes les deux

Cl Selon toutes les apparences je ne coucheray que dans un

Le H Moy prendre l'autre s'il fous plaist, moy n'apporter point a fous d'incommodement, moy dort tout bas

Cl J'y consens de toute mon ame Le sot

Le H Moy rends grace a fous

Cl (*bas*) Le fat

Le H Moy suis grandement oblige a fous

p 17, ll 28, 32-5, p 18, ll 7-23 [Sc v]

Crispin Monsieur, voicy le Cocher

Cleante Mon pauvre Cocher j'ay une grace à te demander

Le Cocher Oh, Monsieur, vous pouvez commander

Cl Tiens, voila ma bourse, tu auras bonne part à ce qu'il y a dedans si tu peux presser nostre arrivée a Paris

Le C Ce n'est que cela, cela vaut fait Je ne devons arriver a Paris après demain qu' à dix heures du soir, mais pour l'amour de vous j'y arriverons a sept

Cl Après demain! te moques-tu? je pretens que ce soit demain, & tu le peux si tu veux

Le C Quand vous me donneriez toutes les rentes de la Biauasse, je n'en ferois pas un iota davantage

Cr Quoy, tu resistes à une tentation comme celle-la, sçais-tu bien

THE STAGE-COACH

qu'il y a dans cette bourse de quoy gagner Blavet luy-mesme & tous ses Commis

Le C Il y a ce qu'il y a, est-ce que tu me prends pour un niais, t'imagines-tu que je ne sçachions pas nostre mequie?

p 18, ll 24-36 [*Sc vi*]

Gr Hé bien, Monsieur, je vous l'avois bien dit

Cl Non, quand j'en devrois mourir il faut que je prenne la poste

Gr D'où vient ce grand empressement

Cl Une lettre d'Angelique que voila écoute

Il lit

Ma mere est morte, ja suis sous la tutelle de mon oncle, qui sans considerer les droits que vous avez sur moy, par la consentement de feu ma mere, prétend me marier à un autre Hâtez-vous mon cher Cleante, de venir rompre ce mariage, si vous ne voulez que je sois la plus malheureuse personne du monde

ANGELIQUE

Il continue

Tu vois bien que je n'ay point de temps à perdre Je crains même d'arriver trop tard, va promptement à la poste — Mais qui sont les gens-là

Gr Ce sont les gens d'un Carosse qui vient de Paris

p 19, ll 9-14, 18-27, 29-32, 36-37, p 20, ll 1-24, 32-33, 37-43, p 21, ll 1-9, 14-17, 20-24 [*Sc vii*]

Angelique [apercevant Cleante] Ah! c!

Dodinet Qu'avez-vous, Mademoiselle? est-ce que vous vous trouvez mal?

Ang Non, mais je crains d'avoir oublié ma montre à la dinée, voyez je vous prie si elle n'est point dans mon sac de nuit Quoy, Cleante, avez-vous perdu la memoire d'Angelique, & ne me reconnoissez-vous pas?

Cl Quoy c'est vous, Mademoiselle, & par quel miracle êtes-vous dans ces lieux?

Ang Par la fatalité de mon étoile Vous avez dû recevoir une lettre de moy, qui —

Cl La voicy, & c'est elle qui m'a obligé de me mettre en chemin

Ang Mon oncle qui ne vous connoît que de nom, & qui craint votre retour à Paris, s'est avisé de nous mener à Bourges pour faire mon mariage Le sot a qui je tiens de dire que j'avois laissé ma montre pour l'éloigner d'icy, est l'époux qui m'est destiné Il est fils d'un Monsieur Dodinet de Bourges Mon oncle est dans la cuisine qui compte avec l'Hôtesse, & qui va venir à la chambre ou nous allons coucher, c'est à vous de songer aux moyens de —

Dod (revenant) Ne vous affligez point, elle est retrouvée, elle est retrouvée, la voila.

Cl Ou je me trompe, ou voila une voix qui ne m'est pas inconnue N'estes vous pas le fils de Monsieur Dodinet de Bourges

Dod Ouy, Monsieur, c'est moy qui suis le fils aîné de Giles Dodinet, & je m'appelle Nicolas Dodinet

TEXTUAL NOTES

Cl Je sçavois bien que je ne me trompois pas Je suis ravi de vous voir, & de vous embrasser pour l'amour de Monsieur Gilles Dodinet votre pere Qui est cette Demoiselle-la qui est de votre compagnie?

Dod C'est une fille qui n'est encore ma femme qu'à demi, mais elle la sera bien-tôt tout-à-fait Nous allons à Bourges pour faire la conjonction de nos deux personnés

Cl Ha, Monsieur, puisqu'elle doit être Mademoiselle votre femme souffrez que j'aye l'honneur de la saluer

Dod N'est-il pas vray que j'ay fait la une belle trouvaille Elle est un peu triste, mais avec le temps nous la ragaillardirons

Cl Qui luy peut causer cette tristesse a la veille de votre mariage?

Dod C'est qu'il y avoit un certain Cleante qui l'aimoit, & elle aimoit aussi ce certain Cleante Sa mere les avoit accordez ensemble par contract, mais comme ella a pris la peine de se laisser mourir, Monsieur Cascar son oncle, qui s'est trouvé son tuteur par le trépas d'icelle, a rompu tout net le contract, a cause de l'aversion qu'il a pour la famille de ce Cleante Comme il est amy de la mienne, il a écrit a mon pere, & de concert ensemble ils ont conclu le mariage que nous allons consommer a Bourges par la vous voyez que ce Cleante n'en croquera que d'une dent, & voila ce qui la chagrine

Ang Si vous croyiez que ce Cleante fust icy, vous ne parleriez pas comme vous faites

Cl Doucement, Mademoiselle, Monsieur Dodinet est un homme que vous devez ménager, avec le temps vous serez contente

Dod Que je vous suis obligé, Monsieur N'est-il pas vray que je seray aussi bien son fait que Cleante?

Cl Je suis votre caution, & je veux bien assurer Mademoiselle, que vous ne la chagrinez plus

Dod Assurément

Ang Il faudroit pour cela que Cleante fût icy & qu'il fîst tout ce que je luy dirois.

Cl Hé que feroit ce Cleante quand il seroit icy?

Ang Il pourroit m'enlever en vertu du contract que ma mere a passé avec luy, & je le suivrois de tout mon cœur

Dod Vous voyez comme elle est folle de Cleante

Ang Hé bien, pour vous micux attraper je ne ferois semblant de rien, & quand vous seriez endormis mon oncle & vous, je sortirois tout doucement de ma chambre, & j'irois me jeter entre les bras de Cleante, qui m'emmeneroit a Paris pendant votre sommeil

Cl J'entends, Mademoiselle, nous y mettrons bon ordre

Dod Que vous avez de bonté Il faut que ce Cleante l'ait ensorcelée. Voyez Monsieur Cascar

[Sc viii]

Cascar Ah quelle écorcherie que cette maison

p 21, ll. 38, 39 [Sc iii]

Cr cette bonne Dame, qui a son âge ne peut retenir son eau, & qui sans cesse fait arrêter le carosse pour rendre des tributs a la nature

THE STAGE-COACH

p 23, ll 3-5, 12-13, 17.

[Resumes Sc VIII]

Cascar Allons promptement nous coucher afin d'en sortir demain plus matin

Dod (a *Cleante*) Monsieur je vous donne le bon soir, si je n'avois pas envie de dormir je vous tiendrois compagnie davantage

Cl (à *Angelique*) Adieu, Mademoiselle, vous serez satisfaite, je vous en réponds

p 23, ll 13-16 [Sc IX]

Cl Ah! Crispin l'heureuse rencontre

Cr Elle ne pouvoit arriver plus juste

Cl Va, cherche, & n'épargne rien pour avoir une voiture avec laquelle je puisse l'emmener a Paris en diligence, cours, je vais de mon côté

p 23, ll 18-28 [Sc XII]

Le Cocher (seul) Paix, chut Voicy une chandelle qui nuit a mes desseins, soufflons-là La nuit est noire comme je ne sçay quoy, mais elle est tout fin droit comme il me la faut Je m'en vais doucement bailler quelques coups de poing à la porte de Basquienne, & si elle est d'humeur a entendre mon amour, palsangué je varrons beau jeu Mais il ne faut pas qu'il soit tant tard Voicy de la lumiere qui vient icy, il faut remettre la partie a tantôt Retirons-nous tout doucement, & ne faisons pas semblant de rien

p 23 ll 33-35, p 24, ll 1-4 [Sc XI].

Cl Hé bien, Crispin?

Cr A deux pas d'icy j'ay trouvé une cariole attelée de trois bons chevaux, qui vous meneront a Paris vite comme le vent Elle est toute prête, & quand vous voudrez en servir je n'ay qu' a donner un coup de sifflet

Cl Il faut nous disposer à — J'entends quelqu'un, allons dans ma chambre querir mes hardes, & revenons attendre Angelique

p 24, ll 5-7 [Sc XIII]

Cr Monsieur

Cl Que veux-tu?

Cr J'entends du bruit

Cl Éteins promptement la lumiere, afin que nous nous puissions cacher plus aisément

p 24, ll 9-39 [Sc XVI]

Le Cocher Il me semble que je ne vois plus de lumiere Approchons de l'huis a Bastianne, & faisons-luy entendre nos soupirs amoureux par le trou de la serrure.

Cr [r Cl] A propos, Monsieur, quand Angelique sera descendue, par où sortirons-nous de cette maison? Il n'y a point de porte ouverte a l'heure qu'il est

Cl Tu devois avoir la précaution d'en tenir une ouverte.

Cr Je n'y ay pas songé

Cl Hé comment faire donc?

TEXTUAL NOTES

Le C Il me semble que j'entens bourdonner des voix humaines
Ne seroit-ce point quelqu'un qui en voudroit à Bastianne? Ecoutez

Cr Attendez La servante est une bonne fille, elle fera ce que nous voudrons.

Le C L'ay-je dit? c'est tout justement ça

Cr Je vais fraper à sa porte, moyennant quelque somme d'argent je la rendray souple à nos volontez

Le C Tu en auras menti, j'y bouterons quelque petit empêchement

Cr J'auray bien du bonheur si par l'obscurité qu'il fait j'échape mon nez de quelque taloche.

Le C (*prenant un bâton*) Il ne s'attend pas à ce que je prepare pour le recevoir

Cr Ouf, non, ce n'est rien, c'est quelque tuile qui tombe d'une cheminée, sa porte est de ce côté-cy Frapons

[*Il frape dans l'estomach du Cocher*]

Le C (*bâtonnant Cr*) Dia, dia, huriau, dia

Cr A l'aide, a l'aide, a moy, je suis mort

Cl (*mettant l'épee à la main*) Qui va là? arrête, ou je te tue

Le C (*bâtonnant Cl*) Huriau, dia, allons, dia, huriau

Cr Au voleur, au voleur, au voleur

p 24, l 40—p 25, l 8 [Sc xvii].

Le Cusmer (*avec de la lumiere*) Quel bruit est-ce là? Pourquoi tout ce tintamarre?

Le Cg (*le bâtonnant*) Allons garçons, dia, dia, dia

Le Cui Qu'avcz-vous donc, maître Philipe, êtes-vous fou?

Le Co (*les bâtonnant tous*) Huriau, huriau, huriau

Le Cui Encore, qui vous oblige à faire tout ce vacarme, qu'est-ce donc?

Le Co (*feignant de s'éveiller*) Ha, ha, ha! qu'y a-t-il? quoy? qu'est-ce? comment?

Le Cui Êtes-vous yvre, ou endormi?

Le Co Que me veut ou? où suis-je? Ah ah, c'est vous Monsieur le fricasseux Tatigué, je m'imaginois être dans mon lit, où je songeais que mon carrosse étoit embourbé dans une orniere, & que je fouetois mes chevaux à tire-langot

Cl Peste soit le coquin Je ne sçay ce qui me tient que je ne te coupe le visage avec tes songes

Le Cui N'avez-vous point de honte de nous avoir bâtonnez comme vous avcz fait

Le Co Oh dame, c'est que je révois

Cr Sçais-tu bien que je ne réve pas moy, & que je te pourrais bien donner un soufflet à poing ferme au beau milieu du visage

Le Co Ha, Messieurs, je vous demande pardon de vous avoir pris pour mes chevaux, mais vous sçavez bien que quand on dort on ne voit goutte

THE STAGE-COACH

p 25, l^{re} 10-24 [Sc XVIII]

Bastienne Quel bruit est-ce là? N'avez vous point de honte par votre sabat de réveiller les gens à l'heure qu'il est?

Cr Parbleu tu viens fort à propos pour ce faquin, sans toy j'allois le frotter en diable & demy Mais viens-ça que je te parle.

Cl [au cocher] Rêture-toy maraut, que je ne t'assomme Vous autres, allez a vos affaires, & me laissez faire les miennes

[*Le Cusnier emporte la lumière*]

Le Co Tatigué, voila le marché qui se va conclurre, j'enrage

Cr [a Cl.] L'affaire est faite J'ay donné deux louis à Bastienne, elle fera tout ce qu'il vous plaira

Le Co La gueuse, elle accorde tout du premier coup ce qu'elle m'a refusé plus de cent fois a moy Voyons à quoy aboutira tout cecy

p 25, ll. 26, 27 [Sc XIX]

Angelique Je crains d'avoir fait attendre Cleante, mais mon oncle ne fait que de s'endormir & je n'ay pû venir plutôt

p 25, l 29—p. 26, l 3 [Sc XX]

Caspar [en habit de nuit] Je viens d'entendre sortir ma nièce, où peut-elle aller à l'heure qu'il est Il faut que je la suive pour le sçavoir.

Ang Cleante

Cas Cleante! est-ce qu'il seroit icy? écoutons

Ang Où estes-vous? st, st, Cleante

Cl J'entens qu'on m'appelle st, st, Angelique

Le Co Les voila qui s'appellons, approchons pour mieux entendre

Cl Où êtes-vous?

Ang Me voicy

Cl Est-ce vous, Angelique?

Ang Est-ce vous, Cleante?

Cl Ne perdons point de temps en paroles, suivez-moy

Ang Partons promptement, de peur que mon bourru d'oncle ne s'éveille

Cas [prenant le cocher]. Ah pendarde, je te tiens Hola, quelqu'un, hola de la lumière

Ang J'entens mon oncle

Cl Suivez-moy promptement

Cr Laissons-le crier tout son sou, fuyons, Monsieur, la vache est à nous

Cas De la lumière, de la lumière

p 26, ll 5-12, 23, 24 [Sc XXI]

Le Cusnier Encore? je croy qu'on ne cessera point de toute la nuit de faire du bruit Qu'y a-t-il de nouveau?

Cas Où est ma nièce? qu'est-elle devenue? Ah coquin, où est Cleante?

Le Co Vengons-nous du drôle qui est là dedans avec Bastienne, & faisons les prendre sur le fait, tenez, tenez, Monsieur, ils sont dans cette chambre

Cas Il faut jeter la porte à bas Main forte, main forte, à la Justice

TEXTUAL NOTES

p 26, ll 17-30. [Sc xxii]

Dodinet [en habit de nuit] Qu'est-ce donc? qu'avez-vous mon oncle?
Casc Ah! mon neveu, tout est perdu Cleante est icy, il vient d'enlever ma nièce, & ils sont enfermez tous deux dans cette chambre

Dod Oh oh, ce ne sont pas la des jeux d'enfans Allons, allons il faut les prendre sur le fait, à la justice, à la justice

Casc Il faut jeter la porte dedans, des Commissaires, des Commissaires, des Archers, des Archers

Le Co Je m'en vais querir un levier pour enfoncer la porte

p 26, ll 31-33 [Sc xxiii]

*La Provinciale** [sur un Balcon en habit de nuit, une chandelle à la main] Quel desordre est-ce la? Qui sont les canailles qui ont l'insolence de faire retentir la discordance de leur voix par ces clameurs si contraires aux gens que la nature invite à reposer

p 26, ll 34, 35 [Sc xxiv]

La Plaideuse [sur un autre Balcon, etc] Hé grand Dieu, quel charivari est-ce la? il n'y a pas moyen de fermer l'œil dans cette maison, j'aimerois mieux être couchée au milieu des Halles

p 26, l 36—p 27, l 1 [Sc xxv]

La Prov Hé mon Dieu, n'y a-t-il, point la bas quelqu'un assez charitable pour satisfaire nôtre curiosité, en nous disant la cause de ce bruit?

Dod Ce n'est rien, Madame, ce n'est rien, c'est ma Maîtresse qu'on veut enlever

La Plaid Sainte Dame! quand ce seroit l'enlèvement de la belle Helenc, il n'y auroit pas plus de tintamarre

p 27, ll 5, 18-27, p 28, last line [Sc DERNIERE]

Le Co [venant d'un côté] Gare, gare, je m'en vais enfoncer la porte avec ce levier

Bastien [venant de l'autre côté] A quoy vous amusez-vous à chercher Cleante dans cette chambre, il est déjà à deux lieues d'icy avec votre nièce qu'il emmène dans une chariole qui va vite comme le vent

Casc Allons, courons après Des chevaux, des chevaux

Dod Prenons la poste, allons, courons mon oncle

[Ils s'en vont]

Bast Ils auront beau courir avant qu'ils les rattrapent

L'Holandois Pardy moy ly vas laisser courre eux toute leur sou, moy ritourne coucher moy

La Prov C'est fort bien fait

L'Hol Bonneser Mondame, bonneser l'autre Mondame, bonneser toute l'assistance, & bonneser toute ly compagnie

FIN.

* Un jeune Provinciale qui n'a jamais vu Paris, qui ne songe qu'aux ajustemens qu'elle s'y donnera, & qu'avec un langage affecté vous fait cent questions impertinentes

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

The Recruiting Officer

A=The First Edition, 1706

B=The Second Edition

C=The Third Edition

D=The Comedies of Mr. George Farquhar, 1707.

B, *C*, and *D* usually agree, and where no indication is given the italic reading is *A*, and the variant in roman type following the colon is common to *B*, *C*, *D*

Title page (motto from Virgil) *dolus Acolis A*, corrected in the Errata

- p 41, ll 4, 22 } *Wreckin* Rekin *A*, corrected in the Errata
 p 42, l 24
 p 45, l 21 William Archer assigns the speeches marked *Mob* to Pearmain
 p 46, l 15 *better built Man* Man better built
 p 46, l 29 Scene [II] not so marked in the early editions
 p 46, l 38 *you are* you're and contrariwise at p 52, l 37 and elsewhere
 p 47, l 27 *Humph* *B*, *C*, *D* omit
 p 48, l 9 *famous* faithful
 p 48, l 11 *trusty* *confided* faithful *trusted*
 p 49, l 4 *Pickle* *miraculous A*, *B* Condition wonderful *C*, *D*
 p 49, l 12 *Impossible A*, *B* That's impossible *C*, *D*
 p 49, l 26 *your Blockade* *B*, *C*, *D* omit "your"
 p 50, l 15 *my own* mine
 p 50, l 23 *I'm* I am and so elsewhere
 p 50, l 39 *I lay* I'll lay
 p 50, l 40 *Lookye* Look'e and contrariwise at p 62, l 22, p 85, l 27
 p 50, l 42 *gave a Fig for* value
 p 51, l 8 *was a saying* was saying "
 p 51, l 18 *Here be* Here are
 p 51, l 19 *word that the* word the
 p 52, ll 13-15 *Airs in Conversation* *impudent Airs* omitted in *B*, *C*, *D*.
 p 52, l 19 *You may* You might
 p 52, l 21 *such Airs* such an Air
 p 52, l 23 *Noses drop* Fingers ake
 p 52, l 26 *a Horse* an Horse.
 p 52, l 28 *Salt* Salts
 p 52, l 39 *You're* "You are and so elsewhere
 p 52, ll 40, 41 *B C D* omit *sure* and print as prose
 p 53, l 2 *over* o'er *B*, *C*, o'er *D*
 p 53, l 4 *corner* part
 p 53, l 16 *endeavour* have endeavoured
 p 53, l 22 *inhumanely* inhumanly

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p 53, l 23 *beside*: besides
 p 53, l 31. *Pound* Pounds and so usually
 p 53, l 39. *assur'd* . . . *Rakely* sure . rakehellly
 p 54, l 2 *advu'd* persuaded
 p 54, l 7 *swells* swelled
 p 54, l 18 *shall* should
 p. 54, l 27. *Armes A, B Army C, D.*
 p 54, l 30 *odsmylife* Ad's my life
 p 54, ll 30, 33. *Mareschal* Marshal.
 p 54, l 38 *Hochstet* Hochstat
 p 55, l 2 *Generals* General
 p 55, l 4 *again, A, B agen C, D*
 p 55, l 33 to p 56, l 2 *A has*
 Plume Blessings in Heaven we shou'd receive in a prostrate Posture,
 let me receive my welcome thus [Kneels and kisses her Hand
 Sil Pray rise, Sir, I'll give you fair Quarter
 Plume All Quarter I despise, the Height of Conquest is to die at
 your feet [Kissing her Hand again
 Sil Well, well, you shall die at my Feet, or where you will, but
 first let me desire you to make your Will, perhaps you'll leave me some-
 thing
 p 56, l 16 *No, no* No, no, no and so at p 60, l 33 Compare note on p 109, l 22
 p 56, l 17 *Servant* a Servant and so at p 98, l 25 Contrast p 100, l 31
 p 57, l 2 *which three or four Years hence will amount to* which you know is about
 p 57, l 21 *Twitnam* 'I wittenham
 p 57, l 23 *here's A, B* here is C, D
 p 57, l 35 *Sikna* Ho *Sikna* B, C, D
 p 58, l 7 *Advice proceed* Advice, sir, proceed
 p 58, l 16 *will never A, B* never will C, D
 p 58, l 32 *or Snipe* or a Snipe
 p 58, l 39 *Advuces* Letters
 p 59, l 8 William Archer inserts stage-direction *Tears the letter*
 p 59, l 16 *hank upon* power over
 p 59, l 23 *Bull* 'Tis probable, I am satisfy'd omitted in B C D
 p 59, l 26 *she is* she's and so at p 100, l 14, and similarly he is he's at p 91,
 l 23
 p 59, l 42 *us afterwards I'm* William Archer, following many eighteenth-
 century editions, reads "us Afterwards, I'm"
 p 60, l 2 *with one of the Mob* with a Mob
 p 60, l 16, etc William Archer gives "1st Mob's" speeches to Appletree and
 "2nd Mob's" to Pearmain, as authorized by p 64, ll 9, 11
 p 60, l 24 *No, but* Ay, but
 p 60, l 31 *did you ever* did you never
 p 61, l 7 *I present* you I'll present ye
 p 61, ll 8, 27 *them* 'em and so elsewhere
 p 61, l 18 *Ouns* Ounds B, C, 'Ounds D
 p 61, l 21 *Flesh, I'se* s'flush, I'll

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

- p 61, l 31, 33 *Wouns* Wounds and so elsewhere.
- p 62, l 31 *in the Greek* in Greek
- p 62, l 36 *offers here to* offers to
- p 62, l 41 *you Rascal* Rascal
- p 63, l 14 *pretty A, B* honest C, D
- p 63, l 19 *may go* may do
- p 63, l 28 *alway* always
- p 63, ll 36, 39 *duna* do'na
- p 64, l 5 *cannot* canno
- p 64, l 17 *B, C, D* insert '[*Exeunt*]' and so at the end of Act IV
- p 64, l 21 *Plume and Worthy* Enter Plume and Worthy
- p 64, l 22 *Can't* Cannot and contrariwise at p 90, l 11
- p 65 *B, C, D* omit the Song
- p 66, l 11 *Sarvice* Service *Contrast* p 110, l 6 desert A, D desert B, C
- p 66, l 26 *hast ye* hate a whome haste . lait hoame
- p 66, ll 30, 37 *Crawn* Crown
- p 66, l 31 *Stracke o'* Strick of
- p 66, l 37 *Bargain is* Bargain's
- p 66, l 39 *I con't* I can't
- p 66, ll 40-41. *you shall bring home the* B, C, D omit this and change "Chickens" to "Chicken" as a term of endearment
- p 67, l 2 *pick* pick'd
- p 67, l 25 *Year* Years.
- p 67, l 29 *Brandy* Ratafia
- p 67, l 34 *Total will amount* Total amount
- p 67, l 39 *I gad* egad
- p 68, l 10 *an't* an and so elsewhere
- p 68, l 11. *o' th'* of the and so in first line of Act IV, and similarly "o'" for "o'" elsewhere
- p 68, l 12 *Thou art a mad Fellow* Tho'rt mad, Fellow
- p 68, l 20 *Luord* Lord
- p 68, l 31 *and I desire* and desire
- p 68, l 40 *much such* just such
- p 68, l 41 *make me* make myself
- p 69, l 23 *Causes, Springs, or* Causes or
- p 70, l 1 *Ribbond* Ribbon
- p 70, l 10 *you rid* you must have rid
- p 70, l 39 *B, C, D* omit "what she pleases"
- p 71, l 6 *by't* by it
- p 71, l 8 *Mangeree* Mangere but surely a misprint in all editions for Orangeree
- p 71, l 9 *learnt* learr'd
- p 71, l 21. *Familarity* Fam-mam-mull-yar-rality 1770, Leigh Hunt, Ewald, and Messrs Peter Davies's edition of 1926
- p 71, ll 23-27 omitted in B, C, D William Archer says "The intention [in A], though the stage-directions are imperfect, evidently was that Plume should meet Rose outside and bring her back with him It

TEXTUAL NOTES

was doubtless found more effective that Rose should not leave the stage, but that Plume should enter and embrace her, not at first observing Ballance "

- p. 71, l 34. *Takes hold on.* Takes hold of
 p. 72, l 25. *ty'd on* ty'd upon
 p. 73, ll 5-10. *B, C, D* omit from "I'll draw up" to the end of the quatrain
 p. 74, l 23 *tell'e* tell you *and so* at p 84, l 27 *and similarly* thank'e. thank you at p 101, l 34
 p. 74, l 24 *A Platoon* Platoon.
 p. 74, l 32 *I suppose.* I suppose, Sir
 p. 75, l 3 *a fine spot of work* Cf *Coriolanus*, I, iii 57
 p. 75, l 27 *B, C, D* expand this to
 It cost me twenty pistoles in France, and my Enemies
 thousands of lives in Flanders, Sir.
 p. 75, l 38 *the Country* this Country
 p. 76, l 1 *where I shou'd* where I stand
 p. 76, l 7 *shall have* has
 p. 76, l 9 *A Corporal* Corporal
 p. 76, l 28 *dage nos* dares not
 p. 77, l 3 *B, C, D* omit "Hold, hold"
 p. 77, l 16 *B, C, D* omit "and Superscription"
 p. 77, l 17 *Caliber* Caliver
 p. 77, l 19 *C fa* Effa
 p. 77, l 24 *Halberd* Halbert
 p. 77, l 31 *the t'other* the other *and so* at p 91, l. 19
 p. 78, l 10 *that we* out o' we out of
 p. 78, l 13 *Convenience* Conveniency
 p. 78, l 14 *ye* you *and so* at p 80, l 32
 p. 78, l 15 *again* agin
 p. 78, l 32 *he could play* he play'd
 p. 78, l 33 *for a Drum-Major* for Drum-Major
 p. 79, l 3 *'um* 'em *and so* at p 82, l 31
 p. 79, l 8. *Horse Cart* Horse and Cart *B, C.* Horse and a Cart *D*
 p. 79, l 30 *sold him my* sold my
 p. 79, l 31 *B, C, D* omit tho' there be an ugly Song of Chickens and Sparragus
 p. 79, l 38 to p 80, l 21 *A* has
 Plume Thou art a bloody impudent Fellow—let her go, I say
 Sil Do you let her go.
 Plume *Entendez vous Francois, mon petit Garçon.*
 Sil *Ouy*
 Plume *Si voulez vous donc vous enroller dans ma Compagnie, la*
 dame de la sera a vous
 Sil *Avez vous couche avec elle*
 Plume *Non.*
 Sil *Assurement ?*
 Plume *Ma foi*

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Sil C'est assez—Je serai votre soldat

Plume *La prenez donc*—I'll change a Woman for a Man at any time.

Rose But I hope, Captain, you won't part with me [Crys.
I have heard before, &c

- p 80, l 20 *use us'd D*
 p 80, l 31 *Ahl Sir O! Sir*
 p 80, l 42 *I won't sell I'd sell*
 p 81, l 12 *Mistresses Mistress*
 p 81, l 17 *Fatigue . is Fatigues is A*
 p 81, l 26. *among amongst*
 p 81, l 35 *you will you can*
 p 81, l 43 *Circumstances Circumstance*
 p 82, l 36 *Design that I Design I*
 p 82, l 40 *Pound the day Pound upon the day*
 p 83, l 23 *incourag'd encourag'd*
 p 83, l 27 *slave use*
 p 83, l 35 *so late so lately*
 p 83, l 43 *C, D omit "as free for me as you, Madam, and "'*
 p 84, l 4 *Middle Waste D*
 p 84, l 17 *ha' have and so at p 88, l 38*
 p 84, ll 23, 24. *that is that's*
 p 85, l 3 *the Table a Table*
 p 85, l 18 *for fear you for fear that you*
 p 85, ll 19, 21, 24 *B, C, D omit "Metinda's," "Ticho," "Coppernose"*
 p 85, l 30 *You're You are Your you're*
 p 86, l 13 *So am I, Sir Sir, I am above 'em*
 p 86, l 23. *Pen'worth Pennyworth.*
 p 86, l 35 *C, D omit "Right,"*
 p 86, ll 37, 38 *Tom a Lincoln Tom o' Bedlam, Tom Fool*
 Tom o' Lincoln Tom a' Bedlam, and Tom Fool.
 p 87, l 7 *Master Conjuror Mr Conjuror*
 p 87, l 37 *the Porter their Porter*
 p 88, l 5 *errant arrant*
 p 88, l 8 *a hundred an hundred and so at p 107, ll 27, 31-32*
 p 88, l 14 *'Flesh sflesh*
 p 88, l 17 *your you're A.*
 p 88, l 30 *with the general with general*
 p 88, l 39 *and a half and half and contrarwise at p 89, l 1*
 p 88 l 41. *B, C, D omit "Pray"*
 p 89, l 3. *B, C, D omit "so"*
 p 89, l 5 *I tell I'll tell*
 p 89, l 17. *halring halling*
 p 89, l 34 *or with the or the*
 p 89, l 41 *let us let's*
 p 90, ll 16, 17 *Cacodemon del fuego Cacodemo del Plumo.*

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p 90, l 18 *Character A, B* Characters *C, D*.
p 90, ll 25-36. *B, C, D* omit from "Oh! oh! the Devil" to "I'm sure the Blood comes——"
p 90, l 36 *but there's* There
p 91, l 8 *Demon* Dæmon
p 91, l 38. *B, C, D* omit "*laughing*"
p 91, l 39 to p 92, l 3 Omitted in *B, C, D* as dependent upon the previous passage (p 90, ll 25-36) omitted
p 92, l 6, 7 *you ever made in your Life* ever I made in my life
p 92, l. 27 *some pitiful Place* Highlands of some Place Highlands in
p 92, l 29 *I've* I have
p 92, l 36 *Billets Deux A, D* Billets Doux *B C*
p 93, ll 27, 28 *I once* Advantage omitted in *B, C, D*
p 94, l 2 *Efforts* William Archer conjectures "effects"
p 94, Act V, SCENE I is omitted in *B, C, D*
p 96, l 7 [*Ex Const &c*] *Ex* Constable and Watch, *C, D*
p 96, l 13 *have you not* have not you
p 96, l 22 *Ministers* Minister,
p 96, l 40 *a sword, bien troussée* a Sword, a Hat *bien troussée*
p 96, l 42 *Piquet* Piquet
p 98, l 20 *adventuring* adventuring
p 99, l 4 *never* ne'er
p 99, l 34 *the Privateer A, B* a Privateer *C, D*
p 100, l 1 *me ever* me for ever
p 100, l 31 *Enter a Servant* Enter Servant *D*
p 101, l 7 *to the front of the Stage* forward
p 101, l 37 William Archer says "The stage-directions in this Scene are very imperfect. Evidently several Rustics have been forcibly brought before the Justices for enrolment. Two of them are among the "Mob," while others (as we shall see presently) have slipped through the Constable's fingers."
p 102, l 1 *an't please ye* an please you
p 102, l 15 *County A, B* Country *C, D*
p 102, ll 17, 18 *best natur'd* best natur'dst
p 102, l 24 *Plume* William Archer suggests that this should be Kite
p 102, l 25 *Partridges* Miles Partridge . . . Mile.
p 102, l 39 *loose* lose
p 103, ll 12, 13 *means of a Livelihood* means of Livelihood
p 104, l 13 *B, C, D* print this as a stage-direction

"Plume reads *Articles of War*," &c
The emendation, "manifestly right," as William Archer says, is due to an eighteenth-century editor

p 105, l 9 *and now that* but now, since that
p 105, l 35 *dam't* dam it
p 106, l 4 *Fire when you* Fire you when you
p 106, ll 8, 13, 19, 23 *Luc* Lucia *A, C*
p 107, l 37 *Lodgings* Lodging

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

- p 109, l 3 *provided you* provided you'll
 p 109, l 20 *was Captain* was a Captain
 p 109, l 22 *ha, ha, ha* Ha, ha, ha, ha
 p 110, l 6 *desert, A, D* desert B, C
 p 110, l 16 *lasting A, B* endless C, D.

The Beaux Stratagem

A = First Edition, 1707

B = The Comedies of Mr George Farquhar [1707]

Where no other indication is given the italic reading is *A*, the roman *B*

- p 125, l 14 *wait, farther* wait, Father
 p 129, l 9 *Ten Thousand* in *A* "Thousand" was misplaced to follow "besides" in l 7, making nonsense, in *B* it was omitted, in desperation.
 p 132 *Song* Only the first 2 lines were given in *A*
 p 133, l 33 *I'mm* I'm *B* William Archer interprets the "I'mm" as Cherry's struggle to say "My father," and adds "The 'I'm' of later editions is meaningless."
 p 135, l 7 *Landscape B* Landscape *A*
 p 136, l 8 *naughty B* naught *A*
 p 139, l 1 Leigh Hunt begins a new scene here "*Another Room in the same*" William Archer says "It is not indicated in early editions and is quite unnecessary," and adopts it himself!
 p 141, l 3 A great part of the following dialogue appears elsewhere (pp 347-9, *post*) as *Love's Catechism* The textual notes on that piece show its relations to *The Beaux Stratagem*
 p 141, l 14 *are the Objects B* are objects *A*
 p 143, l 26 *Mirth A, B* William Archer conjectures "Mind"
 p 152, l 11 *Scrub* Ours, ours *B Arch* Ours, ours *A*
 p 154 *Song* *A* gives only the first two lines
 p 156, last line, *heark'ye* heark'e
 p 157, l 22 *must be B* must be *A*
 p 159, l 10 *be vera little B* de vera little *A*
 p 160, l 32 *Choping-Knife* Chopping-Knife
 p 168, l 20 *a Plot, and a horrid Plot* a Plot, a horrid Plot
 p 170, l 40 *Look'ye* Look'e
 p 171, l 1 William Archer has "SCENE II, *The Inn*" here
 p 172, l 28 *dat is Naame* dat ish Naame
 William Archer suggests "dat ish my Naame."
 p 174, l 21 'um 'em and so at p 189, l 4
 p 175, l 15 *go to the Devil B* go the Devil *A*
 p 175, l 26 *Gaal B* Goal *A*

TEXTUAL NOTES

p. 178, l 11	<i>Almena B</i>	<i>Alimena A</i>
p. 185, l 24	<i>shannot</i>	<i>sha'not.</i>
p. 186, l 25	<i>haß</i>	<i>haß haste haste</i>
p. 187, l 29	<i>Mesieurs B.</i>	<i>Masseurs A</i>
p. 188, l 11	<i>maake</i>	<i>make</i>
p. 188, l 18	<i>Billet-doux</i>	spelt correctly for <i>oncè</i>
p. 189, l 22	<i>Ribb</i>	<i>Rib</i>
p. 189, l 24	<i>Almanak</i>	<i>Almanack</i>
p. 192, l 13	<i>Friends' B</i>	<i>Friend's A</i>

Love's Catechism

This is for the most part a patchwork of passages from *The Beaux
Stratagem*, as below

- p 347 to p 348, l 1, is the dialogue between Archer and Cherry in Act II, Sc II (p 141, ll 3-41), with no other variants than (in ll 19, 20) "But what must a Lover do to obtain a Mistress?" for "What must his Mistress?"
- p 348, ll 5, 6 correspond to p 128, ll 11, 12 with "Betty Because 'tis a Maxim nowa-days" for "Archer for 'tis still my Maxim"
- p 348, ll 8, 9 correspond to p 128, ll 32-34, with "Why the World's wide enough, let Men bustle, for Fortune etc.," for "the Worlds let 'em bustle, Fortune, etc."
- p 348, ll 11-14 correspond to p 130, ll 12-15
Archer Ay, you're such an amorous Puppy you can't counterfeit the Passion without feeling it
Amwell Tho' the whining part be out of doors in Town, 'tis still in force with the Country Ladies
- p 348, ll 14-17 revert to Archer and Cherry, p 132, ll 24-27
A S'death, Child, you have a pair of delicate Eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em
C Why, Sir, don't I see every body?
A Ay, but if some Women had 'em, they would kill every body.
- p 348, ll 20, 21 are Dorinda to Mrs Sullen at the beginning of Act II (p 134, ll 12, 13) "your Example gives me such an Impression of Matrimony, etc"
- p. 348, ll 24-27 are Mrs Sullen to Dorinda, p 135, ll 15-28 "if ever you marry beware of a sullen, silent Sot . and since a Woman must wear Chains, etc"
- p. 348, ll 31-6 are Dorinda and Mrs. Sullen at the beginning of Act III, with "the young Whipter has got to some of his boon Companions" for "the Gentleman has got to his Confident"

BARCELONA

- p 348, ll 40-42 are Mrs Sullen to Dorinda, p 169, ll 33-5: "You're in the right,
Dorinda, Pride is the Life of a Woman, and Flattery is our daily Bread,
 etc "
- p 349, ll 1-3 are the same to the same, p. 170, ll 24-26
 "O *Dorinda*, I own my self a Woman . . might lodge," i.e.
 omitting "in a chast Inn "
- p 349, ll. 6-8 correspond to p 170, ll 40-2
 Mrs *Sullen* Look'ye, Sister, I have no supernatural Gifts,
 I can't swear I cou'd resist the Temptation,—tho' I can safely promise
 to avoid it, etc "
- p 349, ll 12-14 are Archer to Amwell, p 183, ll 8-10
 "Throw yourself at her feet, etc "
- p 349, ll 19-31 These couplets occur at the end of Act III

Barcellona

Misprints, mis-spellings, and false concords have been corrected as
 below, where the correction is given first

- p 363, ll 25, 26 *transcendent* transcended
- p 366, l 28 *Blenheim* Bleinhem
- p 368, l 20 *His Veins have* His Veins has
- p 370, l 24 *Promiscuous* Promiscuous
- p 371, l 25 *Chiefs Chiefs and so at p 374, l 14*
- p 372, l 29 *Sometime* Somtime
- p 372, ll 3, 4 *no Rods . Were* no Rods Was
- p 372, l 13 *Household* Houshold
- p 372, l 23 *Villains* Villans
- p 373, l 20. *harraſt* harreſt
- p 373, l 24 *Relief* Releif
- p 375, l 2 *Hibernian* Herbernian
- p 376, l 25 *The Bird retires* The Birds retires.
- p 376, l 29 *Troops do* Troops does
- p 380, l 15 *Ruvignues* Ruvigne's
- p 380, l 30 *staring* starring
- p 382, l 16 *Volumes* Volums
- p 383, l 26 *Mischief* Miscief
- p 386, l 28 *Chiefs sit Chiefs sits*
- p 387, l 14 *To some* The first edition has 'To' in italics, and 'some' in roman,
 unmeaningly Compare line 16
- p 387, l 38 *Preparations* are Preparation are
- p 394, l 40 *grieve greive and similarly at p 395, l 40*

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p 395, ll. 2, 9, 35 *Tarragona, Tarragon* Terragona, Terragon and so at p 396,
/ 5
- p 395, l 15 *Detachment* Detachment
- p 395, l 26 *Near* Ne'er
- p 397, ll 26, 27 *they Stagger* and . *give back* they Stagger and gives
back
- p. 398, l 1 *went off* went of
- p 398, l 19 *abrupt* abrupt.
- p 400, l 17 *fiercer* feircer
- p 400, ll 40, 41 *the . Lightning* . *Mingles* the Lightning Mingle
- p 401, l 33 *Friendship* Freindship. Cf "Friendship" in l 30
- p 401, l 35 *Iv'ry* Ivo'ry
- p 401, l 38 *gentleſt* gent'leſt
- p 402, l 7 *Mischeifs* Mischeifs

**EXPLANATORY
NOTES**

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The Stage-Coach

- p 7, l. 4 *Samuel Bagshaw* not in the *D N B*
- p 8, l. 7 *a piece I lately published* *The Twin Rivals* (1702) See the Preface to that play.
- p 10, l. 23 *Monimia* Otway's "Orphan" (1680)
- p 13 *Dramatis Personæ* In the French version, the characters have the following names Micher, M Cascar, Isabella, Angelique, Squire Somebody, Dodinet, Basil, Cléante, Fetch, Crispin, Dolly, Bastienne, Macahone, Le Hollandois Several of the minor characters are different in the English version
- p 15, l. 7 *Rose Tavern* in "Russell Street, Covent Garden, adjoining Drury Theatre See note to *The Constant Couple*, Vol I, p 153, l 6
Sun Tavern behind the Royal Exchange See note to *Love and a Bottle*, Vol I, p 33
Devil Tavern nearly opposite St Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street
- p 16, l. 1 *a disbanded Captain* demobilization had set in after the Peace of Ryswick, 20 September, 1697, and unemployment was as acute then as now.
- p 16, l. 4 *Teague* the general nickname for Irishmen till displaced by Paddy late in the eighteenth century
- p 16, l. 15 *Blossums Inn*, Laurence Lane, Cheapside, was rebuilt after the Fire of London, in *The Present State of London*, 1690, says "there are some carriers that lie at this Inn, whose names, through the moroseness and disingenuity of the Master of the Inn, we could not learn"
- p 16, l. 20 *Macahone*, the Irish Teague, is represented in the original by a Dutchman, in whose mouth was put French just as bad as Macahone's English The Dutch, at that time, occupied a position in the eyes of the French comparable to that which the Irish held in England at the same date
- p 17, l. 4 *Vinegar-yard*, or, more properly, Vinegar Garden Yard, was a disreputable street of the class of Lewknor's Lane (the comparison is Gay's) to which Mr Lovely, the Wild Gallant, so much objected
- p 17, l. 38 *trusted to the Fall of the Leaf* given him credit till the autumn
- p 20, l. 16 *dwindled* The *O E D* does not explain this word in any sense that would fit here. Qy a misprint for "windled" as in 1778 *D* has "whumbled," from "wimble," a gimlet Shakespeare has "to wind," to insinuate oneself, in *Coriolanus* III, iii 63, and *Lear* I, ii 109, and this would help to justify "windled"

THE STAGE-COACH

p 21, ll 21-22 *watch your waters* To keep a strict watch on anyone's actions. Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, revised by Pierce Egan, 1823 Cf Jerry Blackacre to Freeman in Wycherley's *Plain-Dealer*, end of Act I "but I'll watch your waters, Bully, i'fac"

p 21, l 28 *The French in Spittlefields* the French refugees who colonized Spitalfields were so numerous that thirty churches had to be erected to care for their spiritual welfare

p 22, l 28 *Up tails all* Mr Thorn-Drury (*Covent Garden Drollery*, 1928, p. 151) says "As a tune "Up tails all" is more or less familiar [it is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book and in *The Dancing Master* from 1650 to 1690], and there was also a card game so called, enquiry into the present application of the name would perhaps be considered too curious"

p 25, ll 6, 7 *Hockley-in-the-Hole* Hockley-in-the-Hole was the chief centre of bull-baiting and bear-baiting Every Monday and Thursday great crowds assembled to watch this sport, which sometimes grew most exciting, as when the proprietor, Christopher Preston, fell into the ring and was eaten by his own bears The sport is well described in the following circular (1710)

This is to give Notice to all Gentlemen, Gamesters and Others, that on this present Monday is a match to be fought by two Dogs, one from Newgate market, against one from Honey-lane market, at a Bull for a Guinea to be spent, five let-goes out of hand, which goes fairest and farthest in wins all, likewise a green Bull to be baited, which was never baited before, and a Bull to be turned loose with Fireworks all over him, also a Mad Ass to be baited, with a Variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting, and a Dog to be drawn up with Fireworks Beginning exactly at three of the clock

There was also some wrestling here, usually for a prize of a pair of gloves, worth 2s 6d

p 26, l 11 *to kill Horses with him* an edition of 1778 has "to quit scores with him"

p 26, ll 33-34 *a Paper Mill* Cf Vanbrugh, *The Provok'd Wife* (1709) III, 1 *Belinda* . our prittle prattle will Cure your spleen *Sir John* Will it so, Mrs Pert? Now I believe it will so increase it, I shall take my own House for a Paper-Mill", and Etherage, *Love in a Tub* (1664) I, 1 "Set not her Tongue a-going agen Sh'as made more Noise than half a dozen Paper-Mills"

p 27, l 26, *Splaterdash* properly "spatterdash," a covering for the leg to keep it clean from water or mud, a gaiter, our "spats"
Gambados leather boots, fastened to the saddle, protecting the rider's legs from the mud

l 27 *Sashoons* a leather stuffing put into a boot for the wearer's comfort Squire Somebody believed in plenty of paraphernalia

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The Recruiting Officer

- p 41, l 35 *Mr Rich* Christopher Rich, the producer
- p 42, l 24 *Durfey's third night* The third night, or author's benefit, of Thomas Durfey's *Wonders in the Sun*, produced at the Queen's Theatre, Haymarket, April 5th, 1706 In the last act, *Gonzales* and *Diego* are carried to the Kingdom of Birds Cf the Introduction for a discussion of this incident
- p 42, ll 20, 21 *The Duke of Ormond the Earl of Orrery* Farquhar's patrons, on whose benevolence he counted, but who, at the last moment, let the dramatist fall into misery Cf Introduction, pp xxv-xxviii
- p 45, l 4 *Granadeer Match*, not 'The British Grenadiers,' but a composition printed as early as 1686 in Playford's *Dancing Master*
- p 45, l 10 *The Raven* This famous hotel is still the best known in Shrewsbury
- p 45, l 16 *This Cap* the "tall pointed cloth caps" of the period
- p 45, l 18 *Tricker Trigger*
- p 45, l 30 *The Crown or the Bed of Honour* The first badge of the Grenadier Guards was a Crown above the royal cipher, but this motto ("the writing") does not appear to have been used by them We need not be surprised to find Kite improvising for the occasion But compare the "Butt of Honour" and "Bed of Honour" in *Love and a bottle*, Vol I, p 28
- p 45, l 32 *The Great Bed of Ware* This famous bed, twelve feet square, and capable of accommodating twenty-four people, was formerly at the Saracen's Head, in Ware (Hertford), but has been removed to Rye House two miles distant Shakespeare refers to it in *Twelfth Night*, and there are numerous references to it in Elizabethan plays
- p 47, l 5 *Strong man of Kent* William Joy was known by this title Cf note to the Prologue of *The Constant Couple*, Vol I, p 87, l 34
- p 48, ll 1, 2 J Hill Burton, quoting this passage in his *Reign of Queen Anne* (1880), l 205, says
 "If such an incident never occurred, the practice of the day made it possible," and he quotes an instance in 1711 .. "Her Majesty having been pleased to grant Tilton Minshull, a child, a commission of insign in order for the support of his mother and family has likewise given him a furlough to be absent from his duty until further order"
- p 49, l 15, p 53, l 32 *capitulate* not to surrender, but to treat, bargain, parley

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

p 52, l 27 *Silvia's speech* this is apparently Farquhar's ideal of womanhood, since his sojourn in the country. He stands almost alone (except for Shakespeare) at this date, in his admiration of the natural woman. Mrs Behn had upheld the Natural Man, but the Natural Woman was unheard-of.

p 52, ll 38, 39 *And there's a pleasure, sure, in being mad* Silvia is quoting Dryden, *The Spanish Friar*, II, 1.

p 54, l 26 *The last war*, with the French, 1689-97, had been dull and unexciting. The succeeding war, which was in progress at the time of the writing of this comedy, was marked by the brilliant strategy of Marlborough.

p 54, l 28 *Prison bars* a game on a par with hide-and-seek, or perhaps "prisoners' base."

p 54, l 30 *Another Mareschal of France* Marshal Tallard was taken prisoner, at Blenheim (or Hochstadt) 13 August, 1704. During his captivity he was interred at Nottingham. Mareschal Boufflers had surrendered at Namur.

p 56, l 38 *punctual* punctilious

p 57, l 12 *A captain of foot worth twelve hundred pounds a year 'tis a prodigy in nature* The following were the officers' pay in Her Majesty's Forces in Ireland at about this time (British Museum, Add MSS 9762)

	per diem	per annum
Captain	5/6	£100 7 6
Lieutenant	3/-	£ 54 15 0
Ensign	2/6	£ 45 12 6
Colonel	8/-	£146 0 0
Lt-Colonel	4/8	£ 85 3 4
Major	3/-	£ 54 15 0

It is interesting to note that a lieutenant-colonel was less than a captain, and a major the same as a lieutenant. A sergeant's pay was the same as the major or lieutenant, a corporal's, as the ensign.

Mounted officers received rather a higher pay. Captain, £173 7s, Lieutenant, £109 10s, Colonel, £146, Lt-Col £100, Major, £73. A corporal, according to this contemporary manuscript, was paid the same as a lieutenant. One troop consisted of a captain, one lieutenant, and fifty men and non-commissioned officers.

p 57, l 26 *Prince Prettyman* in Buckingham's *The Rehearsal*. This is Farquhar's slip, not Silvia's, as Archer says. Prince Volscius was the one who is torn between Love and Honour, but Farquhar made this same mistake in *Love and Business* (p 305), writing, "when, like Prince Prettyman, I have one boot on and t'other off, Love and Honour have a strong battle."

p 57, l 31 *a Pad* an easy-pated horse, a horse for a path

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p 60, l. 6. *Over the hills* An additional stanza was added to this song on one occasion (Genest, II, 340) "On Sept. 16, 1706, the Recruiting Officer was acted at Bath—several persons of quality were present—the news of the victory gained by the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene, reached Bath that day—Estcourt added to the song in the 2nd act—
- 'The noble Captain Prince Eugene
Has beat French, Orleans and Marsin,
And march'd up and relieved Turin,
Over the hills and far away ' "
- p 60, l 20 *Pressing Act* The Mutiny and Impressment Acts, 1703, 1704, 1705, occasioned by the war of the Spanish Succession These Acts empowered Justices of the Peace "to raise and levy such able-bodied men as have not any lawful calling or employment, or visible means for their maintenance and livelihood, to serve as soldiers."
- p 60, l. 35 *Broad-pieces*, of the value of £1 3s. 6d. each
- p 61, l, 10 Farquhar was born too early to prefix to his play its predestined motto, we must therefore add it for him,—from the English translation (1757) of Maurice de Saxe's *Réveries*, or *Memoirs upon the Art of War* "Troops are raised either by voluntary engagement, or by capitulation, sometimes too by compulsion, but most commonly by artifice . The method of raising troops by artifice, is likewise altogether scandalous and unwarrantable, such, amongst other instances, as that of secretly putting money into a man's pocket, and afterwards challenging him for a soldier "
- p. 61, l 16 *my Men of Mirth* "my lucky lads" as we used to say in 1914-18.
- p 61, l 22 *Nab* hat
- p 61, last line, p 62, l 1 *St Mary's St Chad's* Two Shrewsbury churches, the former founded in the tenth century, the latter supposed to have occupied the site of the palace of the Princes of Powis, was destroyed in 1788, and rebuilt in 1792
- p 63, l 11 *a Month's mind* originally, a daily commemoration of the dead for a month after death, with masses on the third, seventh, and thirtieth days, hence a continued intention
- p 65 A song This song, which was omitted in later editions, was set to music for the play by Mr Leveridge The tune figured later as Air XV in *The Beggar's Opera*
- p 65, l 29 *Break her windows* This was frequently done to whores, particularly when the angry party had a grudge as the "goute militaire" Cf *The Twin Rivals*, I, 1
- p 67, l 27 *Pistols* a name formerly applied to certain foreign gold coins, and sometimes to the Scottish twelve-pound piece of William III, 1701 = £1 English
- p 67, l 41 *the Savoy* in the Strand "In this Savoy, how ruinous soever it is, are divers good houses, next a Prison Here be also harbours for many refugees and poor people"—*Strype*, ed 1720, IV 107

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

- p 68, l. 28 *the Hungarians* at this time allied to England in fighting the Turks, who sided with France. See also p 73, ll 15, 16
- p 69, l 42 *Battle of Landen*, 19 July, 1693, where William III was defeated by the Duke of Luxembourg, and where Corporal Trim was wounded
- p 70, l 11. *like my countryman* I have no explanation to offer
- p 70, l 42 *The Tombs and the Lions* in Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London
- p 72, l 13 *Punners* A woman's headdress, having long flaps hanging down the sides of the cheeks
- p 73, ll 24, 25. *Her stove disgusted me* Dr Strauss suggests that this is a misprint for "love" Herein, he shows finer sentiment than would be true of the swashbuckling Brazen Obviously, Brazen wishes to show how he rejected a fortune for a trifle—he who was so impudent
- p 77, l 19 *C fa ut flat* "Effa ut flat" in B, C, D The fuller name (F fa ut) of the note F which was sung to the syllable *fa* or *ut* according as it occurred in one or other of the Hexachords to which it could belong O E D
- p 77, l 27 *Silvia What, men kiss one another!* Kite *We officers do* In the same scene (p 76, l 12), Plume offers the "recruit" as a final temptation, "You shall lie with me, you young rogue," and kisses him In Act IV, 1, of this play, there is another such scene In the final scene of Act V, Bullock offers himself to Plume in the place of his sister
- p 80, l 22 *don't send Ruose to the West Indies*, as a penal settlement 'The Plantations'
- p 85, l 5 *Tide-waster* Customs official
- p 91, l 29 *the Hour of Tea-Drinking* cf *The Beaux Stratagem*, effd of Act II, Sc 1 "my Lady's Tea is ready, and 'tis almost church-time," when the husband is having a belated breakfast
- p 92, l 8 *Chops of the Channel* The entrance to the English Channel from the Atlantic
- p 98, l 21 *till Lent be over* one must suppose that then, as still in the Roman Catholic Church, marriages were not celebrated in Lent
- p 101 Scene V This scene, and indeed the whole play, forms a commentary on the Mutiny and Impressment Acts (1 Anne, c 16, 2 and 3, Anne c 16 and c 19) called forth by the pressure of the War of the Spanish Succession
- p 101, l 35 *Come, honest Captain, sit by me* "The regular officers of the army," says J H Burton, "were excluded from acting as justices for the enrolment, and the Mutiny Acts and Articles of War were to be read over to the recruit before he was sworn and enrolled" It would appear, then, that there is a touch of satire in the Justice's invitation to Plume, as showing that the restrictions of the Act were observed in the letter rather than in the spirit
- p 102, l 14. *Cheshire round* A folk-dance

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p 102, l 24. *Plume* Archer suggests that this speech should be in the mouth of Kite, but as the wife presently addresses the Captain, this seems unlikely
- p 103, ll 9-11 By the Impressment Acts Justices of the Peace were empowered "to raise and levy such able-bodied men as have not any lawful calling or employment, or visible means for their maintenance and livelihood, to serve as soldiers." Scrub has something to say about this in *The Beaux Stratagem*, Act III, Sc 3
- p 111, l 15 *Schellenberg* here Marlborough and Prince Louis of Baden defeated the Elector of Bavaria
Vigo where the English and Dutch fleets destroyed the Spanish 'Plate Fleet', 12th October, 1702
- p 111, l 22 *Bononcini* Marc Antonio (or Giovanni, his brother) Bononcini, one of whom composed *Il Trionfo di Camilla* (1697) The libretto was translated from the Italian of Silvio Stampiglio by Owen MacSwiney, and produced as "Camilla," an opera at Drury Lane, March 29th, 1706, only ten days before the first production of *The Recruiting Officer*. Genest discards it with the remark "contemptible" Farquhar was safe in sneering at the piece As Mr W J Lawrence wrote, "All operas were produced at that period by subscription, and, the theatre not being particularly concerned in their success, Farquhar was at liberty to gird at *Camilla*" Nevertheless, this was rather tactless of Farquhar, as Mrs Katherine Tofts, who played the lead in *Camilla*, also sang at the theatres Thus, in the autumn of 1706, we find "The Recruiting Officer" advertised at Dorset Garden, along with "several entertainments of singing by Mrs Tofts, and Entertainments of Dancing" A few days later, however, it appeared with "singing by Mr Leveridge, Mrs Linsey and (the late boy) Mr Holcomb, and Dancing by Monsieur Cherrier and Miss Santow his scholar" We do not know whether Mrs Tofts took offence at the Epilogue
- p 111, l 29 *Grand Alliance* between Holland and Leopold I, and later subscribed to by England, Spain and Saxony Its objects were to get France out of the Low Countries, and to prevent the union of the crowns of France and Spain

The Beaux Stratagem

- p 123, l 5 *Plain-dealer*, i.e. Wycherley. ...
- p 123, ll 9, 10 *Union* This couplet must have been written just before the first performance of the play, as the union between England and Scotland was only finally effected on the 6th of March, 1707, when Queen Anne gave her consent The play was first produced on March 8th

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

- p. 124.^{*} *Dramatis Personæ* Scrub, according to one source, was taken from the character of one Thomas Bond, a servant in the family of Sir Theophilus Biddulph Bond, it is recorded, lived until 1759. Another statement, by Thomas Wilkes (i.e. Samuel Derrick), is that Scrub was a servant in Salisbury, and that he died in 1744. Boniface, who gave his name to generations of innkeepers, had his original in the landlord of an inn in Litchfield, whose portrait, says Wilkes, was still to be seen there in 1759.
- p. 125, ll. 22, 23 *the Rose* *the Lyon* rooms in the Inn
- p. 126, l. 17 *Glass* not "a glass" but "glassware" Cf. our use of "china" or "plate"
- p. 126, l. 35 *Tympanies* distension of the abdomen by gas or air in the intestine
- p. 126, l. 42. *Greensickness* Chlorosis or anæmia in young women.
- p. 127, l. 1 *Fits of the mother* hysteria *King's evil* scrofula
- p. 127, l. 2 *Chun-Cough* chink-cough, whooping-cough
- p. 127, l. 15 *Whisk* whist, then a tavern game.
- p. 128, l. 42. *Tit.* a nag, a serviceable horse
- p. 129, l. 35 *Kind keepers* Cf. title of Dryden's comedy, *The Kind Keeper*, or, *Mr Lamberham*, 1680
- p. 134, l. 8 *Doctors' Commons.* The College of Doctors of Civil Law in London
The advocates practising there dealt with wills, marriage-licenses, and divorces The charter was surrendered in 1857
- p. 135, l. 6 *Within the weekly bills* that is, within London The *Weekly Bills of Mortality* for London were issued from 1538 to 1837
- p. 138, l. 19 *Blazing Star* a comet Also used in this sense in *Barcelona*
- p. 138, l. 38 *Coronation*, of Queen Anne, April 23rd, 1702. It is therefore about five years since Aimwell has been to church
- p. 139, l. 31 *Cereuse* a white-lead cosmetic
- p. 139, l. 36 *Premises* the articles before mentioned
- p. 139, l. 40 *Gentleman o' the Pad* highwaymen
- p. 140, l. 10 *Brentford* As late as 1748 we find Brentford referred to as "a town of mud," in Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*
- p. 144, l. 4 *cephalic-plasters*, obviously, were for the head, not the feet Mrs Sullen intended this as a comment on Dorinda's state of mind
- p. 146, l. 1 *Oroondates* in La Calprenède's *Cassandra* (translated 1652 and, by Cotterell, 1661, often reprinted)
Cesar in *Twelfth Night*
Amadis de Gaul hero of a prose romance, begun by a Portuguese of the 14th century, continued by a Spaniard First printed in 1508, and immensely popular
- p. 146, l. 9 *Demi-cannons* one of the larger kinds of artillery
- p. 146, l. 18 *Quoif* A little close-fitting white hood
- p. 146, l. 31. *Tofinda* Mrs Katharine Tofts, the celebrated English *prima donna* Her successes, both musical and amorous, were very great She married Mr Smith, the Consul at Venice, and retired from the stage, but her later years were clouded with insanity. See note to the Epilogue of *The Recruiting Officer*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p 147, l 35. *Roman* In military parlance, a *Roman* was a soldier of foot who gave his pay to his captain to be allowed to serve, and thus, like an ancient Roman, serving only for the good of his country
- p 147, l 36 *One of the first* Dr Strauss thinks this means of the rabble that, in legendary history, responded to the offer of Romulus of a refuge to all in his new city Dr Schmid is of the opinion that Aunwell had in mind the Rape of the Sabine Women, and implies that Gibbet would have been first in this encounter
- p 149, l 23 *Teague* the general nickname for an Irishman till late in the eighteenth century
- p 149, l 27 *What King of Spain* in 1707 the War of the Spanish Succession was still in progress, and it was doubtful whether Philip, grandson of Louis XIV, or Archduke Charles of Austria was to be King
- p 151, l 16 *Pressing Añ* See note to *The Recruiting Officer*, p 60, l 20
- p 154, l 13. *the purest Ballad about a Trifle*, inspired Dodsley's amusing comedy, *The Toy Shop*
- p 154, l 16 "Sir Simon the King" a popular tune first printed in Playford's *Musick's Recreation* (1652), said to take its name from Simon Wadloc, master of the Devil Tavern, near Fleet Street
- p 155, l 2 *Gold Keys*, the insignia of the Lord Chamberlain Both the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord High Treasurer carried a white staff Among the other duties of the Lord Chamberlain is the control of the theatre, in which, at this date, that officer allowed himself to show partisanship For instance, Powell left Drury Lane and went to Lincoln's Inn fields This passed unnoticed, but when in 1704 Powell returned to Drury Lane, the Lord Chamberlain, who favoured Betterton's company, had the actor taken up by a messenger and confined for several days in the Porter's Lodge Something of the same sort happened to Dogget The arbitrary power exerted over the persons of the actors was largely because they were considered to be the King's menial servants,—at the Restoration, about ten of the King's company were put on the Royal Household Establishment, having about ten yards of scarlet cloth and a quantity of lace allowed them for liveries, and in their warrants from the Lord Chamberlain they were styled "Gentlemen of the Great Chamber" In the announcements of plays, we read at this date of "Her Majesty's Servants", and an alteration of *Wit without Money*, acted at the Haymarket, January 4th, 1707, is dedicated to Thomas Newman, Servant to Her Majesty, one of the Gentlemen of the Great Chamber, and Bookkeeper and Prompter to Her Majesty's company of Comedians at the Haymarket
- p 155, l 7 *His Grace* the Duke of Ormond, who disappointed Farquhar of a commission See Introduction
- p 155, l 19 *Peace* Alluding to the efforts of the Tories to conclude a peace with France

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

- p 159, l 13. *Fair Dorinda* I take this to be the eleventh song in Swinney's *Camilla*, though it does not deal with revenge, *Fair Dorinda, happy happy may'st thou ever be*, originally sung by the Baroness as *Lavinia*. In the third act, Dorinda herself sings a song about revenge, and the Count may have hummed bits from both. In Mountford's *Greenwich Park* there is no printed "Dorinda" song which answers to the description. Farquhar may have been trying to make up for his sneer at *Camilla* in the Epilogue to *The Recruiting Officer*.
- p 165, l 30. *Cedunt armæ toga* the Sword gives way to the Gown. Cicero *Offices*, Book I, Chap. 22.
- p 167, l 2. *Le Brun* Charles Le Brun (1619-1690) the French court painter, famous for his grandiose pictures of the battles of Alexander. Archer goes on to contrast the campaigns of Marlborough with those of Alexander.
- p 169, l 17. *Beg that fellow at the gallows-foot* To beg a person was to petition for his custody in the Court of Wards. The gallows-foot is the space immediately in front of the gallows, where relatives came to take away the body of one who had been executed. While it is not quite clear what Dorinda meant by the combination of the two, the general intent is obvious enough. In certain cases, if a woman would marry a man about to be hanged, he was released.
- p 171, l 17. *Morris* the keeper of a coffee-house. See *Sir Harry Wildair*, Act V, Sc. 4.
- p 171, l. 21. *Real two Acts of a Play* payment for a side-box was not demanded till after the second act. Thus they might see one act at each house, as Pepys did on 7 January, 1667-8, for, having missed his wife at the Nursery, he went "to the two other playhouses into the pit, to gaze up and down, to look for them, and there did by this means for nothing see an act in 'The School of Compliments' at the Duke of York's house, and 'Henry the Fourth' at the King's house, but not finding them, nor liking either of the plays, I took my coach again, and home."
- p 172, ll 21, 22. *Mynheer, Ick wet neat, &c.* Sir, I don't know what you're saying, I don't understand you, indeed.
- p 174, l 11. *Vigo* In Sir George Rooke's action off Vigo on 12 October, 1702, much valuable booty was taken. See also *The Twin Rivals*, II, 1, *The Recruiting Officer*, Epilogue, and *Barcellona*, st. 5.
- p 176, l 29. *All-fours* a low game at cards, played by two, so named from the four particulars by which it is reckoned, and which, joined in the hand of either of the parties, is said to make *all-fours* — Johnson.
- p 184, l 19. *Eddystone* The first lighthouse at Eddystone, completed in 1699, was destroyed by a storm on the 27th November, 1703. Mr Winstanley, its builder, and others perished at the same time.
- p 189, l. 10. *Who are to be our judges* This scene is reminiscent of Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*. The question of divorce for incompatibility of temper had been raised by Milton in his prose-writings, and mentioned by Halifax in his *Advice to a Daughter* (1686).

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 189, l 14. *Charles, Viscount Arundell*. Up to this point he has been called *Tom*, see II, 11
- p. 190, l 2. *Ombre*. The fashionable game of the time. It was played with forty cards, the eights, nines, and tens of the ordinary pack being thrown out
- p. 190, l 26. *Stiver* a small Dutch coin, in value about one penny
- p. 192, l. 5. *Expiring author*. Farquhar is reputed to have died on the third night, March 13th, but he was not buried until May 3rd. See discussion of date of his death in the Introduction
- p. 192, l 12. *Leuctra* Theban. At Leuctra, 371 B.C., the Thebans, under Epaminondas, defeated the Spartans. Their leader, however, was not killed there.

The Adventures of Covent-Garden

- p. 193, ll 5, 6. In Imitation of Scarron's City Romance. Although (by confusion with *Le Roman Comique*) *The City Romance* is attributed to Scarron in the English edition of 1681, it is actually a translation of the *Roman Bourgeois* (1666) of Antoine Furetière (1619-1688)
- p. 195, l 4. *Will's Coffee-House* on the west side of Bow Street and at the corner of Russell Street. It was named after Will Unwin, the landlord, and was much resorted to by literary men. Here Dryden had his chair reserved.
- p. 197, l 16. *Collierist*. one who sided with Jeremy Collier in his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, March 1697-8
- p. 197, l 17. *Nor Poet* i.e. one of the poets and dramatists who replied to Collier
- l 17. *Neither Æsop of Tunbridge, nor Æsop of Bath*. In 1698 there appeared a series of Æsop poems: *Æsop at Court*, *Æsop at Tunbridge*, *Æsop at Bath*, *Æsop at Epsom*, *Old Æsop at Whitehall*, *giving Advice to the Young Æsops at Tunbridge and Bath*, *Æsop Return'd from Tunbridge*, etc. etc. *Æsop at Tunbridge* has a Tory bias, the Fables having a moral in favour of the conclusion of peace with France, and crying out against the taxation which was the result of the huge army. *Æsop at Bath* makes the retort

If our deliverance from our Foes,
And Popish Tyranny,
Ben't worth the Money has been rose,
'Tis pity we are free &c

l 17. *Nor the Dragon of Bow, nor the Grasshopper at the Exchange*. The Dragon of Bow represented the Church of England, and the Grasshopper of the Exchange, the Catholics, in a poetical dialogue of this year, entitled *A Dialogue between Bow-Steeple DRAGON, and the Exchange GRASSHOPPER*. (The Grasshopper of the Exchange was the crest of Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, 1565.)

ADVENTURES OF COVENT-GARDEN

p 197, l. 18. *For an Englishman, etc.* This is certainly a broad hint of the author's nationality.

p. 197, l. 20. *'Tis for the most part matter of Fact, and all Transacted within these Three Months* It is impossible to determine the truth of this statement. For a discussion of the possibilities, see Introduction.

p 197, l. 23 *a Novel* in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a "novel" was frequently contrasted with a "romance" as being shorter, and having more relation to real life.

p 197, l. 32 *Fight Dog, fight Bear* See note on *Hockley-in-the-Hole* in *The Stage-Coach*

p 198, l. 1 *a famous Modern* not yet identified, unless Farquhar is imputing the following absurdity to Milton

p 198, l. 3 *all Powder'd o're with Stars* cf Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vii 577

that milky way
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
Powder'd with stars

p 198, l. 8 *Immorality and Profaneness* a gibe at Colher

p 198, l. 21 *her Cunning more admired* this sentiment is typical of Farquhar's acknowledged works, and very close to the feelings of Sir Harry Wildair in *The Constant Couple*.

p 199, l. 10 *In another Kingdom* if, as Farquhar says, this story is based on fact, this "other Kingdom" is Ireland, whence he had recently come

p 200, l. 30 *The Rose* See note to *The Stage-Coach*, p 15, l. 7

p 201, l. 34 *Bartholomew Fair, Cloysters* Bartholomew Fair was an annual event at Smithfield, beginning on the Eve of St Bartholomew's, and continuing for two days after. In the Cloisters, which occupied a passage from King Street into Smithfield, there were shops, exhibitions and raffics. For a vivid picture of Bartholomew Fair, see Ben Jonson's play of that name

p 202, l. 39 *Montagu House* The town house of Ralph, 1st Duke of Montagu. It was bought by the Government in 1753 to hold the national collection of antiquities, and on its site was built the present British Museum. Behind it were fields which were a favourite duelling-ground between 1680 and 1750

p 206, l. 23. *clear off the Laughing pin* not in the key for laughing. The origin of this use of the word "pin" is obscure. The *Oxford English Dictionary* has quotations in this sense from Chaucer onwards, and notes that in later use (e.g. 1658) it was sometimes associated with the musical tuning-peg

p 206, ll. 40, 41 *Somewhat disband'd Rogue* there were a great many disbanded officers about after the Peace of Ryswick, Sept. 20, 1697

p 207, l. 22 *Captain Va*— Sir John Vanbrugh answered Collier in June with his *Short Vindication of the Reprise and the Provok'd Wife from Immorality and Profaneness*. He had held a Captaincy in Lord Berkeley's Marmes Regiment of Foot

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 207, l. 23 *Mr. C*— William Congreve replied to Collier with *Amendments of Mr Collier's False and Imperfect Citations, &c., from the Old Bachelor* (etc.) *By the Author of Those Plays*
- p. 207, l. 25 *Mr S*—le This I have not identified It is certainly not Steele, and from the context cannot be Settle
- p. 207, l. 25 *Mr Settle* Elkanah Settle, now chiefly remembered by his tragedy, *The Empress of Morocco*, was at one time a serious rival to Dryden He was a most prolific writer not only of plays, but of poetry, and on political subjects
- p. 207, l. 26 Farquhar argues, and with justice, that *the best way of answering Mr Collier, was not to have replied at all* It is certainly true that Congreve in particular, but also Vanbrugh, made themselves ridiculous in their attempts to refute Collier Dryden came off better than they by confessing to a certain amount of profaneness, etc
- p. 207, l. 37. *The Indian Emperour* or, *The Conquest of Mexico* by the Spaniards, a tragi-comedy, by John Dryden, which was first produced at the Theatre Royal in 1665
- p. 207, l. 40 *You Critics* • This argument is distinctively Farquhar's, not only in the Prologues to *The Constant Couple* and *Sir Harry Wildair*, but • in the *Discourse on Comedy*
- p. 208, ll. 20, 21 *Double Dealer* and *Plot and No Plot*. The former by Congreve (1693), the latter by John Dennis (1697) *The Double Dealer* did not meet with the same success as Congreve's other plays, either at the time of its first production, or with later audiences The failure of *Plot and No Plot* can also be accounted for by its political bias against the Jacobites
- p. 208, l. 23 *Beauty in Distress* a tragedy by Peter Motteux (1698), is, for the reason admitted by Dryden below, not a pleasing play
- p. 208, l. 26 *A commendatory Copy from Mr Dryden* Dryden, who wrote the Prologue, complimented Motteux with a poetical epistle, saying
- Thy Incidents perhaps too thick are sown,
But too much Plenty is thy Fault alone
At least but two can that good Crime commit,
Thou in Design, and Wycherley in Wit
- p. 208, l. 32 *Guyomar* the son of Montezuma, Dryden's "Indian Emperor"
- p. 210, l. 1 *The Nights black Curtain, &c* This piece was reprinted by Farquhar, with the addition of six lines, in his *Love and Business* (see p. 284), and he quotes from it in *The Constant Couple*, Act III, Sc. 1

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